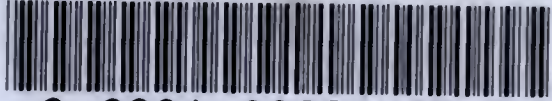


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THE GUARDIAN:

July 1855

A Monthly Magazine,

DEVOTED TO
THE SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS INTERESTS
OF YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

EDITED BY REV. H. HARBAUGH.

VOLUME VI.

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OF THE CITY OF PHILADELPHIA

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The Guardian.

VOL. VI.—JANUARY, 1855.—No. I.

THE NEW YEAR.

THE Editor greets his friends of The Guardian, known and unknown, near and far, with a happy New Year.

The heart lingers when it is called to leave behind it that which it will meet no more forever. Thus, somewhat sadly, do we turn to the year that is just gone, while we say to all its joys and sorrows, Farewell!

The Old year is gone. We stand upon the threshold of the New. What it will bring to us, or take away from us, who can know? Whatever shall meet us, may it meet us in the path of duty. What if the year should transfer us into the company of the white-robed saints—into the bliss of an endless life! What if it should shut us out forever from hope, happiness, and heaven! How many of those whose hearts and hopes, on last New Year's day, were living and fresh as ours are now, have gone to return no more.

Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below:
We a little longer wait,
But how little none can know!

What changes can a year bring forth. The last eventful year lifts its warning voice like a trumpet: "Be ye also ready!" How have the gates of Death been thronged by the hosts, who went at but a moment's warning. From the foaming waves, that clapped their hands over sinking ships, went up the wail of horror, and the last sad sigh for the "loved ones at home." In many of our cities and towns the noisome pestilence, walking in darkness, has borne away its thousands. Still nearer to us has death silently stepped into the circle of our own nearest friends, and has carried them off, one by one, to the land of silence. They have gone. "Till the heavens be no more, they shall not awake, nor be raised out of their sleep!"

We are following after. This year will bring us nearer, if not entirely to our eternal home. Let us pass on humbly, prayerfully, and reverently into the mysteries of the Future!

PICTURES OF HOME.

[See Engraving.]

THE ATTRACTIONS OF HOME.

THESE are sweet words. Home! Who is not charmed with its music? Who hath not felt the potent magic of its spell?

By home I do not mean the house, the parlor, the fireside, the carpet, or the chairs. They are inert, material things, which derive all their interest from the idea of the home which is their locality. Home is something more ethereal, less tangible, not easily described, yet strongly conceived—the source of some of the deepest emotions of the soul, grasping the heart-strings with such a sweet and tender force, as subdues all within the range of its influence.

Home is the palace of the husband and the father. He is the monarch of that little empire, wearing a crown that is the gift of heaven; swaying a sceptre put into his hands by the Father of all; acknowledging no superior, fearing no rival, and dreading no usurper. In him dwells love, the ruling spirit of home. She that was the fond bride of his youthful heart, is the affectionate wife of his maturer years.

The star that smiled on their bridal eve has never set. Its rays still shed a serene lustre on the horizon of home. There, too, is the additional ornament of home—the circle of children—beautifully represented by the spirit of inspiration as “olive plants round about the table.” We have been such. There was our cradle. That cradle was rocked by a hand ever open to supply our wants; watched by an eye ever awake to the approach of danger. Many a livelong night has that eye refused to be closed for thy sake, reader, when thou, a helpless child, wast indebted to a mother’s love, sanctified by heaven’s blessing, for a prolonged existence through a sickly infancy. Hast thou ever grieved that fond heart? No tears can be too freely, too sincerely shed, for such an offence against the sweet charities of home. If there was joy in the palace at thy birth, O, never let it be turned into sorrow by any violation of the sacred laws of home.

We that had our happy birth, like most of the human race, in the country, recall many tender and pleasant associations of home. There is earnest poetry in this part of our life. We remember with delight the freshness of the early morn; the sprightly walk among the dewy fields; the cool repose amid the sequestered shades of the grove, vocal with the music of nature’s inimitable warblers; the “tinkling spring,” where we slaked our thirst with the pellucid waters, as they came from the hand of the Mighty One; the bleating of the flocks, the lowing of the herds,

the humming of the bees, the cry of the whippoorwill, the melancholy, monotonous song of the night-bird, relieved only by the deep bass of that single note, which he uttered as he plunged from his lofty height into the lower region of atmosphere—these are among our recollections of home. And they come softened and sobered through the medium of the past, but without losing their power to touch the heart, and still endear that word, home.

There, too, perhaps, we saw a father die; having lived to a patriarchal age, he bowed himself on his bed, saying, "Behold, I die; but God shall be with you;" and was gathered to his people. Nor can the memory ever forget that mother, in her meek and quiet old age, walking through many a peaceful year on the verge of heaven, breathing its atmosphere, inhaling its fragrance, reflecting its light and holy beauty, till at length she left the sweet home of earth for her Father's home in heaven.

"So gently dies the wave upon the shore."

MARRIAGE AT HOME.

Home, too, is the scene of the gay and joyous bridal. When the lovely daughter, affianced to the youth of her heart, stands up to take the irrevocable pledge. What an interesting moment! I saw, not long since, such an one. She stood unconscious of the blended charm which innocence and beauty threw around her face and person; her soft, smooth, polished forehead was circled with a wreath of flowers; her robe was of purest white, and in her hand was held a boquet of variegated roses. Beside her stood the happy man, for whom she was to be—

"A guardian angel, o'er his life presiding,
Doubling his pleasures, and his care dividing."

As I pronounced the words that made them one, adding the nuptial benediction, a tear fell from the eye of the bride on the wreath in her hand! It was a tribute to "home, sweet home." Not that she loved father and mother less, but husband more. That piece of music, "The Bride's Farewell," plunges deeper into the fountain of emotion in the soul, than any other combination of thought and song to which I ever listened. Was the bride ever found who was equal to its performance on the day of her espousals, or rather in the hour of her departure from her long-loved home, when the time had arrived to bid farewell to father, mother, brother, and sister?

MUSIC AT HOME.

Music in a family is the means of domestic cheerfulness. A musical family will, in spite of cares, perplexities, and even of trials, be a cheerful family. Not gay do I mean; for there are many points of difference between cheerfulness and gaiety. But cheer-

ful in that sense of the term which implies good spirits, and freedom from what Robert Burns calls "carking care;" and in which needless depression of spirits and morbid melancholy are kept out of a family. You can have the sunshine of cheerfulness in your house on the most rainy, cheerless, or wintry day that ever was, if you can have music. And if affliction, by some trying providence, has caused tears to flow, or aching of heart and sorrowfulness of spirit, music, coming to the aid of divine consolations and the sympathy of friends, will be a sweet soother of the pain which is experienced, and lighten the weight which oppresses the spirit.

Music promotes good nature in a family. And in this world, where there is so much of old Adam manifested in a thousand ways, and in the family, sometimes, as well as elsewhere, any thing which will promote good nature is to be prized. Who can be mad in the midst of music? or fret and scold with sweet sounds falling upon his ears? or keep up sour and sulky manners, when the very air around him is bland with soft harmony?

MAKING A PLEASANT HOME.

It is a duty devolving upon ever member of a family to endeavor to make all belonging to it happy. This may, with a very little pleasant exertion, be done. Let every one contribute something towards improving the grounds belonging to their house. If the house is old and uncomfortable, let each exert himself to render it better and more pleasant. If it is good and pleasant, let each strive still further to adorn it. Let flowering shrubs and trees be planted, and vines and woodbines be trailed around the windows and doors; add interesting volumes to the family library; take a good paper; purchase little articles of furniture to replace those which are fast wearing out; wait upon and anticipate the wants of each; and ever have a pleasant smile for all and each.

Make home happy! Parents ought to teach this lesson in the nursery and by the fireside, and give it the weight of their precept and example. If they should, ours would be a happy and a more virtuous country. Drunkenness, profanity, and other disgusting vices would die away; they could not live in the influence of a lovely and refined home.

Does any one think, "I am poor, and have to work hard to get enough to sustain life, and cannot find time to spend in making our old house more attractive." Think again—is there not some time every day which you spend in idleness, or smoking, or mere listlessness, which might be spent about your homes? "Flowers are God's smiles," said Wilberforce; and they are as beautiful beside the cottage as the palace, and may be enjoyed by the inhabitants of the one as well as the other. There are but few homes which might not be made more beautiful and attractive. Let all study

to make their residence so pleasant, that the hearts of the absent ones shall go back to it as the dove did to the ark of Noah.

LOVE OF HOME.

O, not the smiles of other lands,
Though far and wide our feet may roam,
Can e'er untie the genial bands
That knit our hearts to HOME.

RETURNING HOME.

Sweet is the hour that brings us home,
Where all will spring to meet us ;
Where hands are striving, as we come,
To be the first to greet us.
When the world hath spent its frowns and wrath,
And care been sorely pressing,
'Tis sweet to turn from our roving path,
And find a fireside blessing.
O, joyfully dear is the homeward track,
If we are but sure of a welcome back.

LITTLE CHILDREN AT HOME.

Somebody once said, beware of that man who does not love children; and we have abundant proof that great minds have always been delighted with the frolics of innocence. The Duke of Wellington was remarkable for his fondness of children; and when the veteran Blucher beheld the children assembled at St. Paul's, the unconscious tear trickled down the cheek of the hardy warrior. The great Burke delighted to unbend his mighty mind amid children's play, and would lie his listless length on the floor, whilst they jumped over him in laughing sport; and as for the fairer portion of creation, Euripides hath long ago declared, they are "all fond of children."

Children are human flowers. Cares crush the spirit, and labor sobers animal life. Disappointment blights and treachery sours the sympathies of the soul, and mildew and rigidity would gather upon the face of human existence but for infancy, springing up in all highways and by-ways, with smiling and bounding step, and joyous laugh, carrying the wayworn man back to his own spring-time, whence, plucking a boquet for his buttonhole, he forgets what manner of person he is, and joys on to the smile and the tune of other days.

MOTHER AT HOME.

What is so faithful as a mother's love? From infancy to age, "through good report and through evil report," the dews of maternal affection are shed upon the soul. When heart-stricken and abandoned, when branded by shame, followed by scorn, her arms are still open; her breast still kind. Through every trial that love

will follow, cheer us in misfortune, support us in disease, smooth the pillow of pain, and moisten the bed of death.

Happy is he who knows a mother's love.

HOME IS WHERE THERE'S ONE TO LOVE US.

Home 's not merely four square walls,
 Though with pictures hung and gilded;
 Home is where affection calls—
 Filled with shrines the heart hath builded!
 Home?—go, watch the faithful dove,
 Sailing 'neath the heaven above us!
 Home is where there's one we love,
 Home is where there's one to love us!

Home 's not merely roof and room,
 It needs something to endear it;
 Home is where the heart can bloom—
 Where there's some kind lip to cheer it!
 What is home, with none to meet?
 None to welcome, none to greet us?
 Home is sweet—and only sweet—
 When there's one we love to meet us!

TO YOUNG MEN.

WE extract the following beautiful paragraph from the address lately delivered before the graduating class of Rutger's College, by the Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen, and commend it to the perusal of the young.

“Resolve to do something useful, honorable, and do it heartily. Repel the thought that you can, and therefore may, live above labor, and without work. Among the most pitiful objects in society is the man whose mind has been trained by the discipline of education—who has learned how to think, and value his immortal powers, and with all these noble faculties cultivated and prepared for an honorable activity, who ignobly sits down to nothing; and, of course, to be nothing; with no influence over the public mind—with no interest in the concerns of his country, or even his neighborhood—to be regarded as a drone without object or character, with no hand to lift, and with no effort to help the right or defeat the wrong. Who can think with any calmness of such a miserable career? And however it may be with you in active enterprise, never permit your influence to go in hostility to the cause of truth and virtue. So live, that with the Christian poet, you may truthfully say, that—

‘If your country stand not by your skill,
 At least your follies have not wrought her fall.’”

THE TREES OF THE BIBLE.

NO. I.—THE ALMOND TREE.

BY THE EDITOR.

[In the last number of *The Guardian* we closed our series of sketches on the Birds of the Bible. We found both pleasure and profit in preparing them, as it led us into the study of the scriptures amid rural scenes. The Bible is a true Paradise of joys and delights when studied within doors; but, some portions of it at least, seem to assume new freshness and beauty when we transfer ourselves into the midst of that rural world which brings those interesting objects of Natural History, to which it so frequently alludes, in their living forms around us. Those holy men of old, who recorded the Scriptures; lived and moved much of their time in the rural world. They were, many of them at least, husbandmen and shepherds. The Saviour himself, as well as the Apostles, taught much out of doors; and in many instances their allusions to objects of nature were suggested by what their eyes saw at the time before them. It is quite natural, therefore, that the study of their writings should possess new freshness when we look upon them from the same point of view.

It must be remembered, too, that the Scriptures were written in a distant part of the world from us, in a climate the productions of which are, in many respects, quite different from those familiar to us. This makes it necessary for us to transfer ourselves into a rural world different from our own, in order to be fully at home in the varied allusions of Holy Writ.

Then, too, these objects of Scripture natural history must not be brought to us in dry descriptions, so as to appear before us as the dead skeletons of a cabinet; but, as far as may be done, livingly ornate. This cannot be done, or at least it is not done, in any of the systematic treatises on the natural history of the Bible. We have attempted this in our former series on the Birds, and shall aim at the same thing in this on the Trees.

It must not be regarded immodest in us when we say that many assurances have been given us that the series on the Birds were well received by our readers. Before they were finished we received a request from Lindsay & Blakiston, publishers, in Philadelphia, to prepare them for publication in book form. They were accordingly carefully re-written, somewhat enlarged and improved, and have been so published, with some dozen beautiful colored embellishments of the Birds, such as the dove, swan, stork, eagle, quail, partridge, sparrow, peacock, pelican, ostrich, and swallow. In this form the matter, which the readers of *The Guardian* received for \$1, is now sold in its present beautiful dress for \$5 and \$7, according to the binding. The conception and general manner of treating the subject has been approved by the religious papers which have noticed the book.

Having this kind of encouragement, and the approbation of our readers, we cheerfully proceed still farther to cultivate this field of sacred inquiry. We ask, therefore, that our kind friends of *The Guardian* follow us pleasantly for another year, while we lead them over the hills and vallies which once were trod by the blessed feet of the Prophets and our adored Saviour, and show them the Trees of the Bible.

It is our design to treat in this series, also, the Plants and their Flowers; but we wish to accommodate our subjects somewhat to the seasons of the year. The bleak winter, which now knocks at our doors, and which, with its vegetation retired to the bosom of the earth, and its snows crowning the hills and mountains, suggests to us to begin with—]

THE ALMOND TREE.

“Mark well the flowing almonds in the wood:
If odorous blooms the bearing branches load,
The glebe will answer to the sylvan reign,
Great heats will follow, and large crops of grain.”

The Almond Tree is several times mentioned in the Scriptures.

It is a very beautiful tree, resembling very much the peach in its leaves and blossoms, but is larger in size. It abounds in the Holy Land. It is also, at the present day, cultivated in England for its beauty, and in the south of Europe for its fruits.

The fruit which it bears is enclosed in a tough shell, and this again in a horny husk, which, like our chestnut and hickory-nut, opens of itself when the fruit is ripe. The almond was regarded as among the fruit that Canaan produced. It is a favorite nut in all lands. It is said that four hundred and fifty tons are imported into England every year, on which the duty alone amounts to the extraordinary sum of \$80,000. It appears among the desserts of most of our best American hotels, and is a great favorite among children.

Among our earliest and pleasantest recollections is the semi-annual visit of our white-haired and venerable grandfather, with a paper of raisins in one pocket and a paper of almonds in the other. Sometimes, too, there were dates. By the way, I wonder whether it was designedly that he always made his presents to his grandchildren in fruits that are the native products of Canaan. We would regard the matter of sufficient importance to address to him a letter of inquiry on the subject, but he has long since gone to the peaceful bosom of the grave! Whether this idea was in his mind or not, I will take a hint from it. It is this: the very next Christmas-tree that is made for my children and friends, shall have a little round heap of almonds at its base, and a little bag of them hanging on one of its branches. Besides this, it shall be richly overhung with bunches of raisins, figs and dates; and as many kinds of Canaan fruits as I can find. This is a fancy of my own, and it shall be done. Then I will call them around it, and tell them all I can learn of these fruits from the Bible.

Perhaps my grandfather knew that among the presents which aged Israel directed his sons to carry to the King of Egypt, to induce him to be friendly to them, there were also almonds. (Gen. 43, 11.)

The word SHAKAD, which denotes this tree, is derived from a root which signifies to make haste, to awake early, to watch. This name was suggested from its nature. It is of hasty growth, it is the first tree that feels the genial warmth of the sun in spring-time, and is first covered with a beautiful crown of flowers, thus awaking to bloom and beauty while all other trees are yet slumbering in the benumbing embraces of winter. In Canaan it flowers as early as January, and so speedy is its development, that its fruit is already ripe in the latter part of March.

This forwardness and haste of the almond tree in bringing to perfection its fruit, explains the allusion which the Prophet Jeremiah makes to it, (Jer. 1, 11:) "Moreover the word of the Lord came unto me, saying, Jeremiah, what seest thou? And I said, I see a rod of an almond tree. Then said the Lord unto me, Thou

hast well seen; for *I will hasten my word to perform it.*" Thus the Lord himself gives an exposition of his design, in showing to the prophet in a vision an almond rod. "This is the first vision with which the prophet was honored; and his attention is aroused by a very significant emblem of that severe correction with which the Most High was hastening to visit his people for their iniquity." The rod indicates that the punishment will be severe; and the kind of tree from which it is taken shadows forth that the judgments are drawing near, and will speedily come upon them.

It is no doubt on account of the same natural significance that the mystic rod of Aaron was of the almond tree. (Num. 17, 8.) It is likely that the rods of the twelve princes, which are mentioned in the same connection, and which lay with that of Aaron, were of the same tree. This indicated to them that they were to be watchful and quick in their duties. Their influence among the people should be prominent, full of promise, early in fruitfulness, like the almond tree among the other trees.

The rod of Aaron which "budded, and bloomed blossoms, and yielded almonds" in one night, we are told was "for the house of Levi." It is a beautiful emblem of the influence which this tribe of priests should exercise among the other tribes. They should have authority; this was indicated by the rod. They should watch the spiritual interests of Israel, and in this they should be quick and active. They should be the flower and the fruit of the tribes, for the sceptre of Aaron "bloomed blossoms, and brought forth almonds." Some have supposed that the almond rod of Aaron, which, though withered and dead, was made in a short time, by the miraculous power of God, to bud, blossom, and bear fruit, is emblematic of the great High Priest, who, though crucified, dead and buried, was the first to rise from the grave, the first bloom of hope from the rigorous winter of death, the first-fruits of an immortal life.

The bowls of the golden candlesticks, which Moses was directed to have made for the tabernacle, were to be "made like unto almonds, with a knob and a flower in each branch." (Ex. 25, 53.) These candlesticks were the emblems of the light of truth in the tabernacle; they were the watchers of the purity of the ceremonial worship, and were, therefore, appropriately shaped like the almond-flower, which appears early and beautiful, the first to represent, in bloom and fruit, the warmth and vigor of the great light of heaven.

The almond tree, with its crown of snow-white flowers, is made by Solomon a most beautiful emblem of old age. He calls upon the young to remember their Creator in the days of their youth, before the evil days shall come, when the limbs of the body and the faculties of the mind shall bow under the weight of age, and the hoary head, like an "almond tree shall flourish" with the

blossoms of the grave. Eccl. 12, 5. The emblem is appropriate and touching. The almond blossoms bloom out of the bare branches, before any leaves appear; so the crowning flower of life, upon the head of age, blooms out of the remains of departed freshness and vigor.

“The hope, in dreams of a happier hour,
That alights on misery’s brow,
Springs out of the silvery almond flower
That blooms on a leafless bough.”

Look over the landscape of Canaan; solitary and alone, on the plain and along the distant hill, is seen the white crown of the almond tree. So, when you cast your eyes over the community, or over a congregation of people, appears the venerable head of the aged. This crown is an honorable distinction, if there is purity beneath it. “The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness.” Like a flower which precedes the fruit, it is a prophecy and promise of “the fruits of righteousness, which are quietness and assurance forever.” It is like the robes of the sainted in heaven; and indicates a speedy transfer of those that are worthy, into that happy land. It is the earliest sign of the near approach of eternal spring.

LEARN ALL YOU CAN.

NEVER omit an opportunity to learn all you can. Sir Walter Scott said that even in a stage coach he always found somebody who could tell him something he did not know before. Conversation is frequently more useful than books for purposes of knowledge. It is, therefore, a mistake to be morose and silent among persons whom you think ignorant, for a little sociability on your part will draw them out, and they will be able to teach you something, no matter how ordinary their employment.

Indeed, some of the most sagacious remarks are made by persons of this description, respecting their particular pursuit. Hugh Miller, the Scotch geologist, owes not a little of his fame to observations made when he was a journeyman stone-mason and working in a quarry. Socrates well said that there was but one good, which is knowledge, and one evil, which is ignorance. Every grain of sand goes to make a heap. A gold digger takes the smallest nuggets, and is not fool enough to throw them away, because he hopes to find a huge lump some time. So in acquiring knowledge, we should never despise an opportunity, however unpromising. If there is a moment’s leisure, spend it over a good or instructive talking with the first you meet.

NEW YEAR'S VISION.

BY X. Y. Z.

ONCE struggling up a rugged steep,
 What time I cannot say,
 I reached the mountains highest peak,
 Thence sloping either way,
 And down the hill, on either side,
 I saw a spacious plain,
 It seemed much like a chequer-board,
 Tho' not alike the twain:

The one, o'erhung by gloomy shades,
 Without one brilliant ray,
 The only light by mortals seen
 Seemed like to dawn of day—
 The other, 'neath a cloudless sky,
 Was brighter far and fair,
 And yet the plain seemed varied by
 A shadow here and there.

Across this chequered plain I spied
 The pathway trod by me,
 The length, if I remember right,
 Was thirty miles and three;
 Enough, my sluggish spirit seemed
 Aroused to strong desire,
 And in my waking eyes now beamed
 The meditation fire.

While gazing thoughtful on the scenes
 Which 'round this pathway lay,
 And anxiously concerned to know
 How I had passed that way;
 An angel, clothed in purest white,
 Stood by—with wisdom rife—
 And kindly offered to unfold
 The mystery of my life!

The angel raised his hand and said,
 "Far yonder, do you see
 A spot in richest garb arrayed,
 From sorrow mostly free,
 And in that spot of innocence
 An object strange and new,
 An infant watched by Providence—
 That infant once—were you!

"The garden gate is open wide,
 The infant, now a boy,
 Is out among the pitfalls seen,
 Of laughter full and joy—
 E'en there God's arm protected him,
 But how no mortal knew;
 Unharm'd that wayward boy is seen,
 That wayward boy—were you!

"Full out upon Life's chequered plain,
 More perilous than all,
 Behold what crowds of heedless youths
 Are yearly seen to fall;
 Lo! one, by sovereign grace, is seen
 In Christ created new:
 That rescued one—O favored youth—
 That rescued one—were you!

"And now upon this lofty ridge
 Of manhood's riper years,
 Review Life's imperfections all
 With penitential tears—
 And O, with manly gratitude
 In every such review,
 Confess the grace of Him who could
 Such mercy grant to you!"

Thus far the angel: when he ceased
 My heart grew faint within,
 I saw me with a vasty crowd
 Still here exposed to sin,
 While down on yonder side the ridge
 Dark lay the gloomy plain;
 I begged him to my friends and me
 The mystery to explain.

In answer to my earnest pray'r
 The angel-friend replied:
 "To mortals what is future yet
 Is wisely here denied;
 Be quiet, then, but child-like look
 To Him alone who knows;
 Whatever lies within this plain
 The Future will disclose!

"One thing or two I fain would tell,
 And solemn things they are—
 How mortals may escape from hell,
 And life eternal share;
 One light—'the light of life'—is come
 To chase the gloom away,
 And thro' the thickest shades of night
 To lead to endless day!

"God, in the gospel of his son,
 Invites his children home,
 And offers Grace to cheer us on
 Each foe to overcome;
 Gives Faith to conquer death and hell,
 And Hope, to make us strong;
 And Love, the bond of perfectness
 That binds the happy throng.

"And see what endless stores of grace
 In Jesus Christ are found:
 Life, peace and joy to every soul
 That hears the blissful sound;
 And in his word the choicest rules
 To mortal men are given,
 Directions how to walk secure
 Thro' yonder plain to Heaven!"

'Tis well—I know it must be so
 Just as the angel said—
 'Tis rashness to attempt to know
 That which is future yet;
 O God! may I be satisfied
 With what each good man hath,
 Thy word—"a lamp to guide my feet,
 A light unto my path!"

"LET ME IN."

WHEN the summer evening's shadows
 Veiled the earth's calm bosom o'er,
 Came a young child, faint and weary,
 Tapping at a cottage door;
 "Wandering through the winding wood-paths,
 My worn feet too long have been,
 Let me in, oh, gentle mother,
 Let me in!"

Years passed on—his eager spirit
 Gladly watched the flying hours;
 "I will be a child no longer,
 Finding bliss in birds and flowers;
 I will seek the bands of pleasure,
 I will join their merry din;
 Let me in to joy and gladness,
 Let me in!"

Years sped on—yet vainly yearning,
 Murmuring still the restless heart—
 "I am tired of heartless folly,
 Let the glittering cheat depart;
 I have found in worldly pleasure
 Nought to happiness akin,
 Let me in to love's warm presence,
 Let me in!"

Years flew on:—a youth no longer.
 Still he owned the restless heart;
 "I am tired of love's soft durance,
 Sweet-voiced syren, we must part;
 I will gain a laurel chaplet,
 And a world's applause will win;
 Let me in to fame and glory,
 Let me in!"

Years fled on:—the restless spirit
 Never found the bliss it sought;
 Answered hopes and granted blessings
 Only new aspiring brought;
 "I am tired of earth's vain glory,
 I am tired of grief and sin,
 Let me in to rest eternal,
 Let me in!"

Thus the unquiet, yearning spirit,
 Taunted by a vague unrest,
 Knocks and calls at every gateway,
 In a vain and fruitless quest:
 Ever striving some new blessing,
 Some new happiness to win—
 At some portal ever saying,
 "Let me in!"

RANDOM.

BY THE EDITOR.

"You flee with wings of after change at random where you please ;
But that in time will breed in you some foul and fell disease."

SOME men *live* at random. They go by no system, and they aim at no end. They are not idle, but are always doing something; yet they do one thing without any concern as to how it shall connect with other things. What comes in their way they do, and when nothing presents itself they are just as content to do nothing. This we call living at random. Such persons may be found in any community. It would be strange indeed if such random *livers* should make any progress. They may indeed happen to move forward in a straight line, and thus get away from their starting point, but just as like as not they will, after years of random moving, be found just at the place where they started.

Some men *talk* at random. Who has not heard a random talker? You may talk with him an hour, and when you think back over the conversation you will find yourself entirely unable to say what the subject has been. Still greater is your misfortune if you get into an argument with a random talker. You will soon give up the argument from pure weariness in following him. The only way you can conquer him is to lead him off, by one of his tangent movements, till he forgets the subject. The more you endeavor to keep to the subject, the more hopelessly do you prolong the discussion. Play the ruse, like a bird—lead him away as far as you can, and then make your escape.

There are also random *readers*. They read whatever comes in their way. They read much—enough to make them wise, but wise at random. They can pick up any anything, read anything, and stop any time. They never read a whole book, never master a whole subject. Whatever falls into their hands occupies them for a whole sitting, long or short. If it is a dictionary, they will read words and definitions. If it is a newspaper, they will read advertisements, if their eye falls first on that side. If it is a child's primer they are equally interested. If it is an almanac, they will read over the weather tables, and the sittings of the courts for the year. A genuine random reader would not even stop if he should open a book in the midst of a table of logarithms!

Our young readers will permit us to warn them against forming random habits. No one that either lives, talks, or reads at random, will ever become either an agreeable, useful, or successful man. If we would make progress, we must aim at an end, and then proceed by some kind of system. One year's advance by system will accomplish more than a life-time spent at random.

MARY MAGDALENE.

III.

BY THE EDITOR.

IN our last article we delineated the Christian character of Mary Magdalene as it was exhibited in her ministering unto her Saviour. We have seen that for this purpose she attended him from the day she became his disciple to the end of his life. Where do we find her next? The sacred writers shall answer. John says: "Now there stood by the cross of Jesus, his mother, and his mother's sister, Mary the wife of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalene." John 19, 25. Mark says: "And when the centurion which stood over against him, saw that he so cried out, and gave up the ghost, he said, Truly this was the son of God. There were also women looking on afar off, among whom was Mary Magdalene."

Here is a scene for the painter. There are few sights more beautiful and more moving than this.

MARY MAGDALENE AT THE CROSS.

In order fully to feel its sublimity we must contrast her present with her previous condition. Think of her former deep degradation and ruin—think of her as the habitation of seven foul and fierce spirits—think of her spirit as the embodiment of every evil passion—think of her banquetings, her revellings and riotings, her hatred of all that is holy and good—and then see her again!—is that the same Magdalene who now stands at the cross! Those eyes, which were once bleared with the vaporings of passion and lust, now beaming with the radiance of more than angelic love upon the cross! Those ears, which once drank in with satanic delight the most daring curses and blasphemies, are now intent upon catching the softest sounds of complaint that might proceed from the lips of the divine sufferer upon the cross. That countenance, once so fearfully dark with the shadows of sin, now lit up with the beauty of holiness. What a change! What a contrast!

But look also at Magdalene as she stands in contrast with others who are gathered around the cross. There were many on Calvary to witness the crucifixion of Christ. We see them—some separate and alone, others in small groups—some nearer, and some farther off—some sitting and some standing. Some seem engaged in silent meditation upon the scene, while others are conversing with each other about the sufferer. Some are wagging their heads, and some are reviling him. Some countenances are clouded with anger, others are burning with revenge, and upon others is seen the smile of ridicule and the sneer of contempt. Some are deriding him, some are

mocking him, and one is directing a spear towards his side! In what lovely contrast with all these stands the faithful, devoted and sympathising Magdalene!

In what company is she? Who are they which compose the interesting group of which Magdalene is one? There is Mary, the mother of Jesus, whom the angel had once hailed as blessed among women: there is the other Mary who once sat and learned at his feet, the Mary who had chosen that good part, the Mary of the family of Bethany to which the Saviour so often retired from the noise and bustle of Jerusalem—there was also that “disciple standing by whom Jesus loved.” Besides these, also “many women were there which followed Jesus from Galilee, ministering unto him.” What a leveler is grace. The vilest become the companions of the purest, under its moulding power. She who was once at home among devils, now forms one of the loveliest and holiest groups which the earth ever bore upon its bosom. Once she would have appeared among those who are now wagging their heads at the immaculate sufferer—once she would have cried with the rest in derision, If thou be the son of God come down from the cross. Once she would have smiled approval to him who put the spear into his sacred side, but now she feels herself every pang, and her heart echoes every groan. Now she looks upon his enemies with deep pity, and is ready to join the Saviour’s prayer, “Father, forgive them, they know not what they do.”

“With such, I own, I once appeared,
But now I know how great their loss,
For sweeter sounds were never heard
Than mercy utters from the cross.

But let me not forget to own,
That if I differ aught from those,
’Tis due to sovereign grace alone,
That oft selects its proudest foes.”

Let us endeavor to fathom the feelings of Mary Magdalene, and ascertain why she stands at the cross. Now, more than at any time previous, does she manifest the deep feelings which have moved her heart ever since she became a follower of Jesus. We may learn something that shall be of importance to our own piety by beholding Mary Magdalene at the cross.

SHE EVINCES HER STRONG FAITH IN CHRIST.

There is a faith which rests merely on a selfish ground, which is actuated only by selfish motives, and which therefore only lasts till some inconvenience or difficulty rises in the way. Such was the faith of those who followed him, not because of the mighty works which he did, but because they did eat of the loaves and were filled. These cried out with the rest, He is a prophet, as long as his cause was popular and apparently prosperous; but when the

day of trial came they turned back and walked no more with him. This is a faith founded like the house of which the Saviour speaks, which a certain man built upon the sand, which the winds and the tide soon levelled with the earth. It is a faith like the seed upon the rock, which springs up suddenly out of a shallow soil, but in time of temptation dies away. Such was not the faith of Magdalene.

There are also different degrees of *good* faith; some weak and wavering, and some strong and firm. Weak faith is subject to ebbs and flows. Sometimes, as by a spasm, it seems to exceed its native strength; and then again by reaction it becomes so powerless as to put itself and its cause to shame. Such was the faith of Peter. When there was no danger in sight, and when a zealous mood was upon him, he could say, "Lord I am ready to go with thee both to prison and to death;" and, "Though all should be offended because of thee, yet will I never be offended!"—and yet, when the trial came, Peter denies thrice that he knows him; and does it even with the awful emphasis of an oath!

Even the faith of all the disciples, except John, had more or less of this weakness about it; for when they saw that he was indeed taken fast by his enemies, "then all the disciples forsook him and fled." No one but John "went in with Jesus into the palace of the High Priest." When they led Jesus away to the cross, where are the other disciples?—where is Peter, so forward and bold in his professions? There is none there but the quiet and modest John, who is too diffident to write his own name, but calls himself "that disciple," or "that other disciple." The rest had all fled for fear, like timid lambs when the wolf approaches. John is the only representative of the twelve at the cross! and by his side is Mary Magdalene! How strikingly does her faith contrast with the other disciples. She followed him, not by loud professions but by silent deeds of faith; and now she follows him to the cross in the face of danger. She knows in whom she has believed; and therefore she believes on against all appearances. Her faith rested not upon the outward fortunes of Christ and his cause, but upon an inward union of life with him. Though she did not profess in words that she would do so, yet she really did carry out what Peter said he would do—go with him into prison and death. Such was the faith of Mary Magdalene.

We need not understand that Peter and those disciples who fled when Christ was apprehended and led to the cross, had had no true faith at all. As already said, there are different degrees of faith. They did believe; yet for a season they were overwhelmed with fear. Although the Saviour had been preparing them for it by his instructions, yet they were slow to believe that he who had all power in heaven and in earth, would suffer himself to be led away as a lamb to the slaughter. They did not fully apprehend the truth that Christ must needs suffer these things in order to redeem man, and

that he must enter into his glory through the sufferings of death. They, no doubt, expected that he would put forth his power, as he had often done before, to deliver himself triumphantly from the hands of his enemies. But when they saw that he was actually taken, and that he suffered himself to be led away to the cross, their hearts failed them for fear. That was the hour of his enemies, and of the power of darkness, and they made use of that opportunity to "sift them as wheat." Their faith was yet much mixed with chaff, and fierce winds of trial were needed to cleanse the precious seeds of faith. For a brief period, therefore, the storm was permitted to beat upon them, while Christ prayed that their faith fail not entirely. Cast down, but not destroyed. Bent down like a slender stem before the storm, they were bent only, but not broken. They regained their original position once more when the hurricane had passed over them. When Christ appeared to them again, after his resurrection, their faith rallied anew; even the slow and deliberate Thomas, when he laid his hand into the Saviour's side, was at length brought to exclaim, with the most child-like faith, "My Lord, and my God!"

How different from this, in quantity at least, was the faith of Mary Magdalene. Her faith was constant and steady like the bright blaze of a light-house, in the midst of black and howling storms. It was regular and ever-increasing from the beginning, as evinced by her constant ministrings to him. She had much forgiven, and therefore she believed much. Her faith was a deeper and more inward life than that of the fleeing disciples. Her faith was more like the quiet reliance of John, who was wont to lie upon the Saviour's bosom. Her faith was more like that of Mary, the mother of Jesus, who "kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart." Her faith had passed beyond reason and mere outward calculation. She hung to Christ by a deep, holy, spiritual instinct, like the infant hangs upon its mother's bosom, because her life was there. Her faith was almost entirely absorbed in her love—it was the life of a loving soul. This led her to the cross. This fixed her there, in full view of her suffering Saviour. She felt that though they crucified him they could not destroy the power of his life in her, nor sever the tie that bound her to him for life or for death. Job could say, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him;" but she could say, though they slay him, yet will I trust in him. When gazing upon the cross, and hearing the groans of the sufferer, her heart could exclaim in inward triumph, "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ." Such was the faith of Mary Magdalene, as evinced at the cross of her Saviour.

SHE EVINCES THE PURITY OF HER LOVE AT THE CROSS.

The relation between faith and love is so intimate that, in the life of grace, the two cannot be separated. Love is but the continuation

of faith. Love is the mode in which faith expresses itself. Hence it is said that "faith works by love"—i. e., it works out its own life in acts of love. By faith we are united to Christ; and by love we live and are active in him. The two are united like the body and its members—like cause and effect—like life and action—like the foundation and the building erected upon it—like a fountain, and the stream which flows from it.

Faith must evidence its own genuineness by bringing forth love, or in working by love. For if faith is alone it is dead—that is, it is not faith; for faith is a living principle. This also the apostle Paul declares in that strong passage in 1 Cor., 13: "Though I have all faith, so that I can remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing." That love rests upon faith, he declares when he tells us that, "love believeth all things."

We cannot have full confidence in any object without loving it; neither can we love it without full confidence in it. This we can see in the exhibitions of human love. Whenever suspicious fears enter the heart love dies out—the two cannot live together. So it is with love to Christ. No one ever loved him who had any suspicion that he was not all that he professed to be. Hence we find, in the case of all his followers, that the first thing they did was to believe on him; and then to love him followed as a necessary consequence. Hence also, the apostle says, "There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear: because fear hath torment. He that feareth, is not made perfect in love." When the last cloud of fear has passed away from before the heart, then the sun of holy love shines into it with all its light, its beauty, and its joy. Then faith has become perfect in love. This was the case with Mary Magdalene. She believed in him fully, and therefore she loved him perfectly.

"There she stood
With folded arms, and brow bent meekly down
Beside the cross; and when from time to time
She raised her dark wet eyes, oh! what a light
Of holy worship and adoring love
Lay deep within them."

But how particularly did she manifest her love to him by being at the cross? We answer, In the same way that love always manifests itself—by her desire to be near him. She stood at the cross!—this is enough; it speaks its own language. Judas was not there—nor Peter—nor those disciples who fled because their faith failed. But John was there—and Mary, the mother of Jesus—and Mary Magdalene.

It is one of the plainest, simplest, and most striking characteristics of love that it cleaves closely to its object, and desires to be always near it. David loved Jonathan, and they always sought each other. Ruth loved her mother-in-law, Naomi, and therefore she did not consent to be separated from her: "Entreat me not to

leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest I will go; and where thou lodgest I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: when thou diest I will die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."—*Ruth* 1: 16-17. John loved the Saviour, and therefore he lay on his bosom at supper, followed him into the judgment hall, sat by his side during the shameful trial, and then went with him to the cross. Mary, the mother of Jesus, loved him, and therefore we read: "Now there stood by the cross of Jesus, his mother." So also Mary Magdalene, loved Jesus, and hence she stands with the beloved disciple and the mother of Jesus at the cross.

The strength and purity of her love to him is still more strikingly manifest when we consider that she did not shrink back from him when, in the eyes of the world, he was put to an open shame. Others loved him as long as his person was honored, when his cause prospered, and when miracles and triumphs attended his way; but Magdalene loved him when even his disciples had fled, when his person is insulted, when his cause is derided, and when, to all human appearance, his sun seemed going down in a hopeless night. Many cried "Hosanna," when that was the popular cry, but Mary honored him with her firm attachment when the popular cry was "Crucify him!"

That only can be called pure love which clings devotedly to its object for its own dear sake—which does not die, but gathers new strength in adversity—and which burns with the same steady light amid triumphs of glory, or amid dishonor and shame. Love in adversity—love that stands in pure self-sacrificing devotion by the side of its object after all others have fled—this is pure and holy. Such was the love of Mary Magdalene at the cross.

SHE EVINCES HER DEEP SYMPATHY WITH THE SAVIOUR.

Sympathy is that warm fellow-feeling which moves us to enter with deep interest into the feelings of those with whom we sympathise. Sympathy belongs to our emotional nature. It is a melting tenderness of heart towards them, either in their joys, or in their sorrows. It leads us to rejoice with them that do rejoice and weep with them that weep.

Our sympathy is always in proportion to the love we bear for those with whom we sympathise. If our interest in them is deep, our sympathy will be also deep and real. From the love of Magdalene towards the Saviour we may feel assured that her heart entered fully into his sorrows and sufferings. Every sign of agony in him affected her. Every groan sent its arrow through her heart. In her, as well as in the other Mary, the prophesy was fulfilled, "A sword shall pierce through thy own soul!"

Her sympathetic sorrow must have been vastly increased by the fact that she dare not now minister to him. Before, she could fly to his relief; but now swords, and staves, and stern faces are between her and her suffering friend. When he says, "I thirst," she cannot reach him with the refreshing cup; but has new anguish added to her grief by seeing that instead thereof he receives vinegar and hyssop! When he cries out, "Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani?"—which is, being interpreted, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"—instead of a soothing word from her, he hears only the language of derision and mockery, "Behold, he calleth Elias. Let alone; let us see whether Elias will come to take him down!" She sees his wants, but dare not approach to relieve them. How this would deepen her sympathy, and open still deeper the wounds of her devoted heart! Oh, who can measure the deep waters that are gathering around her heart; who can count the heavy waves of anguish that roll in quick succession over her soul?

Yet in the spirit of undying love, she gazes still upon the scene that rends her heart—and would count it sin to avert from it for a moment her steady eye. She will not let the sufferer feel one pang alone.

"She cannot save—
But she will soothe, and solace, and sustain
With strength that never fails—the strength of Love."

How like balm to a wound, must have been this sympathy to him, in that hour of deep loneliness, and fearful agony!

When the scene of suffering ends—when he cried, bowed his head, and gave up the ghost, what then were the feelings of Magdalene? Now indeed is the earth dark, and drear, and lonely. Now she can roam the earth alone, and cry in vain into the ears of an unfeeling world, "Saw ye him whom my soul loveth!" But who can doubt that he who shared her affectionate sympathy while hanging on the cross, remembered her when he had entered into his glory, and fulfilled to her with special tenderness the promise, "I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you!"

HOME.

HOME! 'Tis a blessed name! And they who rove,
Careless or scornful of its pleasant bonds,
Nor gather round them those linked soul to soul
By nature's fondest ties—whose priceless love
And holy truthfulness make up a "Home,
And make a heaven of home"—and more, far more!
Enfold the spirit in a sweet content,
And bid it hope a second home in Heaven—
But dream they're happy.

THE FIRST MARRIAGE.

III.

BY THE EDITOR.

It will be noticed that there is a marked difference in the language which relates to the creation of the man and woman, and that which records the bringing forth of the other parts of the creation. The creation of man and woman was *direct*: "Let us make man"—the Lord God made woman; while the production of the other parts was *secondary*. "Let there be a firmament, lights,—let the waters bring forth, let the earth bring forth." The spirit of the Lord, which moved upon the face of the chaos, it seems, impregnated the yet unorganized mass with the seeds of organized life; and the bringing forth of vegetable and animal life was not a pure creation, but only a further evolution of what was at hand after the first direct creation of "the heaven and the earth," "in the beginning."

The vegetable and animal existences were products from the earth, developed under the influence of a general power; but man, though his body was also taken from the earth, was created, as to his best side, from heaven down, and by the direct hand of God. He was lord from heaven over the lower orders. He was not, like them, to fall again upon the earth, but to rise to heaven. He was to have his life from above, and his home there. His connection with the earth was to be one of superiority and dominion. He was to be the image of God in the earth; in which God, heaven, the infinite, were to be connected with man, earth, and the finite. "Man became a living soul"—a living spirit, like that spirit which moved upon the face of the chaos—a being in which spirit reigned over matter, causing it to culminate in its highest and most perfect form around itself.

The vegetable and animal creations were perpetuated and increased, not from one, by procreation, but from many by separate productions from the earth and water. The waters brought forth, not one, but "*abundantly* the moving creature that hath life." God created not a whale, but "*whales*." This is no doubt the ground of *species* in the vegetable and animal kingdoms. Creative power was in the way of extension, not concentration. This secondary creative power was more scattered, consequently less intense, and not of so high and perfect an order.

How different in the creation of man! Here there must be unity, inasmuch as God's image is to be represented. This will allow of no species. Here creation must find its centre, both from heaven down, and from the earth up. There must be a union in the divine exertion of creative power: "Let us make." The re-

sult must be to culminate the secondary creative energies from the earth up: "Let us make MAN"—one man.

Now the increase of this higher order of creation must be by procession. The unity must be preserved. There must be no species in the human race; for God has only one image.

The image of God in *Trinity*, must be represented in man. "Let us make man in *our* image, after *our* likeness: and let *them* have dominion." Thus the unity of man, in his extension, must manifest itself in a way which will represent the divine extension in three persons. This is done. The woman is an independent being, but yet exists by procession from the man. Here are two beings, the man and the woman. Their union forms a third. The two united form a third mystic being. The language warrants this conception: "Let us make *man* in our image, after our likeness, and let *them* have dominion"—"*male* and *female* created He *them*." They, the man and the woman, perfect beings in themselves, shall, after the union, "be one flesh." This is a mystery.

Thus the unity is preserved; the woman proceeding from the man and gaining a personality of her own, and then falling back again to the man, and in union with him constituting one mysterious being. Thus in the Trinity the Son is born from the Father, and the Holy Spirit proceeds from the Father and the Son, and is the bond of union again of both.

The Trinity is the ground of the social in God. God is not a solitary but a social being. His social nature requires for its satisfaction beings equal with Himself. Thus, He loves the Son, is loved of Him again. He enjoys communion with the Holy Spirit, and, through both, with all his creatures. Now, His image, in its social side, must be represented in man. How wonderfully is this done in the mystery of marriage.

"But for Adam there was not found an help-meet for him." Among all the creatures that passed before him, to receive their names, there was none meet, suitable, to answer to the dignity of his own being—none fit to fill out the wants of his social nature—none that he could love without stooping.

That the being which should be an help-meet might be a true original creation; and not like the plants and animals, a secondary one, He placed Adam in a negative state. She was to be produced as independently of Adam, as he himself was, that she might have an origin of equal dignity. Hence, "The Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, and he slept." The LXX. translate the word sleep, *ecstasy*. He was accordingly not only insensible to pain, from the opening of his side, but he felt those dawnings of joy, which in the gift of his wife should be consummated. In this ecstatic vision there seems to have been shown to him what was done to him, as well as the mystery of the transaction. For when Eve was brought to him, without any information, but by intuition,

he at once recognizes her in her intended character, mentions her origin, and gives her a name wonderfully expressive of her nature. "This is now bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh: she shall be called Woman, because she was taken out of Man."

"And he took one of his ribs." Though she was an independent and direct creation, yet she was not, like Adam, made out of the ground. She was taken from the man, that she might still be part of himself. This he recognizes when she is presented to him: "This is now bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh." Here is the same being extended, made objective to himself. "Meet for him"—that is, *as before him*. She shall stand before him, in the Hebrew sense of that phrase, to be an "help-meet," to answer to him, to observe him, and to be the completion of his own being. The vulgar Latin translates help, "meet for him," an help *like him*. Like him in dignity, but only later than he as to time, and from him as to order. Her equality to him is in this, that she is a complete echo of his own being. He from God; she from God through him; and so she is now to exist to God through him.

God "brought her unto the man." That is, to present her to him as his wife. God himself joined them together. The mere formation of the woman did not constitute her his wife. That requires a new exercise of goodness, a sanction from God, and a holy consecration from him. Hence Adam does not say, I will take her to wife, but he receives her as his wife: "This is *now* flesh of my flesh." The instinctive readiness with which he recognizes and receives her as part of himself, shows that her procession from him laid the ground of a deep natural preparation and affection in which lies the mysterious basis for marriage. Marriage is a consummation—a completion of what already exists before.

"She shall be called Woman." The word which denotes woman is the same as that which is used for man, except that it has a feminine termination; *ish* is the man; *ishah* is the woman. She shall be called the female-man, because she was taken out of the man.

"Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and cleave unto his wife." "Therefore"—that is, because she was taken from him, and is the complement of his being, and it is not good that he be alone without her; therefore she shall return to him. The deep natural necessity which requires this union, forms a tie stronger than that which binds the man to father and mother. When he becomes "a man" the ties that bound him back to the unity of the family to which he belonged shall be now broken. He shall himself become the centre of a new circle; "not remain alone," for this "is not good;" he shall cleave unto his wife. "His wife;" she exists, God has provided one for him. It is *his* wife, he shall acknowledge and cleave to her.

“They shall be one flesh.” Here shall be a full, perfect consummation of social life. It shall be a stronger, more intimate, more perfect union than that which unites parent and child; for that shall be broken to form this. Our Saviour says, “they *TWAIN* shall be one flesh;” they are twain, but so completely shall their social natures answer to each other that it shall be the harmony of one being. “One flesh.” This is the highest form of union that is known on earth; hence it is the symbol of that between Christ and his church. It is a mystery. It is the image of the trinity—the three are one. The *man*, the *woman*, and the *one flesh*, which is the joint being—each in the other, each in all, and all in each.

The image of God then comes to its full revelation in the mystic man, constituted by marriage. “Male and female created he *them*,” this same *them*, had just before been called *him*. The unity of the “him,” is not broken, but completed in the “them.” The male and female, “one flesh,” is the mystic man which represents God’s image. As in the Trinity in Heaven, so here in marriage on earth, “each to other like,” is exhibited the highest form of sociality. Hence it is the symbol of the union of Christ and the church. Hence the relation of saints to God and Christ is so frequently set forth by reference to this union. Hence the consummation of the church militant with the church triumphant is to be a marriage. Hence home is, more than anything else on earth, like heaven.

SUMMER IN THE HEART.

BY C. D. STUART.

THE summer days may smile again,
 The flowers may blossom bright,
 And earth may wear o’er hill and plain
 Her robe of golden light;
 Soft winds may sigh, and birds may sing,
 In vain is nature’s art—
 If love be cold, she cannot bring
 A summer to the heart!

’Tis only smiles of love can warm
 The spirit’s flowers to life;
 ’Tis friendship’s voice can quell the storm,
 And soothe the spirit’s strife
 When smiles of love and friendship’s voice
 Forsake us and depart,
 Though summer days the earth rejoice,
 ’Tis winter in the heart.

THE WALL WHICH GOD BUILT.

(From the German of Rukert.)

BY THE EDITOR.

"O MOTHER, how the snow-flakes are storming down from heaven. The snow will bury us. And what is worse, there sounds through the village the din and tumult of thronging troopers; they tramp and trot. If we only had bread in the house, it would not be so much to quarter a few soldiers."

"The night is upon us, O child, and the winds are raving without. Go, lock the door and close the shutters. God will protect us from the storm and the perils of the night, and also graciously from enemies. My child, I will pray; pray with me. If God, the Lord, will stand before us, the enemy will not be able to do us harm."

"O mother, what good will praying and pleading do? It cannot help us against the troopers. Hark, mother, they come riding fast. O, listen, how the little dogs are barking. Go to the kitchen quick, and make ready, so that when they come we may please them, and keep them as well as we can."

The mother sits, and moves not from the place. The cellar is empty and the kitchen. She holds fast to the last, the only refuge. She prays by the feeble lamp from her book: "Build a wall around us, that our enemies may be afraid before it." She refreshes her heart with the consoling passage.

"O mother, who will build us a wall that can keep out the troopers on horses. They go where they will, and are not afraid of mounds and walls."

"Child, think, as a good Christian should, that nothing is too great for God to do, if only we do not lose our faith in him."

The mother prays, the child smiles. He listens at the bolted door. He hears the troopers trotting. The peasants are hastening to and fro in the village. Here and there doors are creaking.

"Now surely, now they are coming also to our door to distress us, mother."

Nothing comes to the door but the roaring of the wind, waving, and whistling, and wailing. The troopers ere now have passed by, and are quartered in the houses throughout the village. The silence grows deeper here, and yonder.

"It seems they are all quartered, and we are to have no guests."

"Child, may God forgive you the evil that faith does not dwell in your heart. In penitence pray for pardon, and lie down to sleep. He has rewarded my trust in him."

"Hey! my uncle, the magistrate, has spared us out of special favor, as he has often done before."

The boy falls asleep, but he does not rest well. The mother reposes in sweetest confidence. Early in the morning he is up to see the departure of the troopers. As he opens the little door, he looks and is astonished, and looks again, that heaven after all can build walls.

"This my uncle, the magistrate, has never done; no, never. The servants of heaven, the winds, they silently built this wall; and instead of stones, they have used soft flakes of snow."

Behold a wall of glistening snow round the whole house, to convince the unbelieving child that God can build walls.

Now the boy feels as if he must tell his mother. He runs with the news, and wakes her from sleep. Then he hears the troopers; they are trotting out of the village. But, alas! he cannot see them, for the wall stands high all around.

The mother, as a punishment to the boy, makes him break a way through the wall. Now he must dig and shovel. Now, when by cutting and spading he has made a way through the wall of snow, the troopers are gone! And the neighbors are standing all around talking with each other about the wonderfull wall.

AN ANGEL.

In describing the death and burial of a lovely child, a correspondent of the Ohio Cultivator gives this beautiful and touching glimpse of real life: "And now there came a sadder moment than all; tottering with feeble step, the grandmother, with her weight of years, had come to offer consolation to her stricken children. With wild emotion the bereaved mother leaned her head on her parent's breast, and sobbed out her grief. With holy words the old lady comforted her, and then came and bowed her head to look into that calm, infant face. "She looks like an angel, does she not, mother?" whispered the mourner. "She is an angel, my child," replied the grandmother, a solemn, lofty awe overspreading her face, "she is wiser now than any of us, for she has read the great mystery."

WASTED.

Wasted!

Precious pearl of time,
Moments rich as diadems!
One by one they came unnoted,
One by one afar they floated;
One by one! till myriads sped
Far away to join the dead,
Drifted to the fearful shore,
Helpless, hopeless, evermore!

BAR-OMER AND HIS SONS.

BY THE EDITOR.

MANY ages ago there lived a pious shepherd in a small, but comfortable hut, in the shadow of Mount Lebanon. His name was—Bar-Omer. His good wife, whose chief aim and happiness it was to bless God and her husband, died after they had two sons. On a serene autumnal evening, with the fading of the last summer flower, and the last rays of the sun, her spirit returned to the bosom of her God.

Then it was night on earth, and in the heart of Bar-Omer!

When she had been buried out of their sight, and Bar-Omer sat in the door of his hut in the quiet of the evening, the earnest words which his dying wife had left behind in regard to their two sons, came like sweet voices from heaven into his heart. He thought he heard again what her last accents had whispered, with such a world of meaning in her eyes: "Bar-Omer, the Lord be with you and our sons; teach them to love you, and God, and to do good to men."

Then he looked upon his sons and sighed; and his lips moved in silent prayer.

The good man, as his sons grew up, bethought himself earnestly how to bind their hearts to that which is good. He feared all his words would be forgotten unless he could connect them with something that would bring them ever afresh to their memories.

So he thought he would cause them always to think of his words in connection with the setting sun, and their own mother. So he took them to the brow of the hill near the hut, just as the sun was going down; and as its last yellow beams were falling upon his aged brow and upon those youthful locks, he said to them:

"Ye sons of Bar-Omer, on such an evening, just as the glorious sun went down as it does now, your mother breathed her last, and her spirit rose to the Salem of peace and rest in Heaven! All her thoughts, and especially her last words, were of God, and you, her sons. She entreated me with her last breath to teach you to love God, and do good. But how shall I lead you, O my sons, so that you will not forget?"

"You have taught us, dear father. We will think of our mother's prayers, and of your words, every time we behold the setting sun! Then we will weep over the errors of the day, and pray for protection during the night. Then we will look long into the golden vista between the dark clouds that hang around the face of evening, and it will seem to us as if we saw our mother in Heaven."

Then said Bar-Omer silently, but with a grateful smile, "God be praised, His setting sun shall preach to my sons when I am dead!"

He grasped again the staff of his pilgrimage, and journeyed on toward his rest. It was not far—and his sons followed him.

WORDS OF CONSOLATION.

DR. JUDSON thus wrote to a friend in the hour of trial: "So the light of your dwelling has gone out, my poor brother, and it is all darkness there, only as you draw down by faith some faint gleams of the light of heaven, and coldness has gathered round your hearth-stone; your home is probably desolate, your children scattered, and you a homeless wanderer over the face of the land. We have both tasted of those bitter cups once and again; we have found them bitter, and we have found them sweet too. Every cup stirred by the finger of God becomes sweet to the humble believer. Do you remember how our late wives and others used to cluster round the well-curb in the mission premises, at the close of day? I can almost see them sitting there with their smiling faces, as I look out of the window at which I am now writing. Where are ours now? Clustering around the well-curb of the fountain of living water, to which the Lamb of heaven shows them the way; reposing in the arms of infinite Love, who wipes away all their tears with his own hand. Let us travel on and look up. We shall soon be there. As sure as I write and you read these lines, we shall soon be there. Many a weary step we may yet have to take, but we shall get there at last. And the longer and more tedious the way, the sweeter will be our repose."

MY MOTHER TAUGHT ME.

A GENTLEMAN writing to the American Messenger, relates the following narrative: "I found in prison a sailor considerably advanced in years. A few questions drew out the following short story of his long life. He was born in the State of Maine. He was left an orphan when very young, and went to sea at ten years of age. He had been many years in the commercial marine, and ten in the U. States navy. 'Had you religious instruction,' I inquired, 'when you were young?' 'Yes; my mother was a pious woman and taught me such things.' 'Do you remember any thing you learned from her?' He walked the room for a while, and at length repeated a broken couplet of a hymn. I wish I could remember what it was, but it has escaped me. Nearly, or quite half a century had passed away since that soft and loving voice had spoken the words of divine instruction in the ear of her child. But all the years and storms and temptations and changes through which that rough man had passed, had not quite obliterated them. How deeply do a mother's tones penetrate the soul—how indelible the impressions of God's truth. This poor fellow was in jail for a fit of drunkenness. I saw him after his release, and he was well clad, and seemed serious and thankful for the instruction and the books I gave him. May his mother's God have mercy on him."

Our Monthly Retrospect.

THE UNITED STATES.—The first prominent event of the last month was the opening of the Second Session of the Thirty-third Congress, and the delivery of the President's Message. This being the short session, it commenced on the 4th of December, 1854, and will terminate, by constitutional limitation, on the 4th of March, 1855. In the absence of Senator Atchison of Missouri, President of the Senate and Vice-President pro tempore, Gen. Cass was temporarily elected. On the following day Hon. Jesse D. Bright, of Indiana, was chosen permanently.....

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE to this session was looked for with unusual interest. The organization of the territories of Kansas and Nebraska, by which the restrictions laid upon Slavery by the Missouri Compromise had been removed, and involuntary servitude thus virtually admitted into that virgin territory, had been justly regarded as the most prominent measure the Administration had carried at the first session of this Congress. The fact, also, that this same measure had since been passed upon by the "sovereign people" at the ballot-box in nearly every northern State, and by them overwhelmingly rebuked, placed expectation on tip-toe to know what our President would have to say on the great question. Yet, the over-anxious public were doomed to disappointment. The Chief Magistrate found twenty-nine other topics to discuss—of which the bombardment of Greytown came in for over one-sixth of the space allotted to the whole message—but not a single word on the Kansas-Nebraska fraud! That the Administration has been zealously engaged in a scheme for the acquisition of Cuba, is no secret. Everybody knows the general fact. The diplomatists of France and England, Russia and Austria, are well informed of its chief details. Was it not reasonable that the American people—more deeply interested than all others—should have had some light on the subject? Yet President Pierce carefully avoids an allusion to it! We have a negotiation going on with St.

Domingo—in which that celebrated strong-minded woman "Cora Montgomery" (Mrs. Gen. Cazneau) plays the part of diplomat-in-chief with her usual extraordinary abandon—yet there is no notice of it in the message—no explanation of its objects—no reasons given for it—not even a hint of its progress? And, if we are to believe the newspapers, the Sandwich Islands are on the eve of being annexed to the United States by negotiation. The message was looked to for a little light on this topic also—a very grave question by the way—yet we find not the slightest allusion to it! With these omissions and a due allowance for Greytown exaggerations—or apologies for that outrage—the message is a reasonably well-written document, and contains a large amount of valuable information. We regret, however, to see the Chief Magistrate of a Christian people, in the middle of the nineteenth century, favoring an increase of the army and navy. We had hoped the day for recommendations of this kind had passed by. We want to engage in no aggressive or unjust warfare. The people would not sanction it. A large army and navy are otherwise useless. For defence, this country has something more reliable than the armies and navies of all the despotisms of Europe. It can always be found in the prosperity and patriotism, the happiness and gratitude, of her people. If President Pierce has apprehensions of any encroachments from foreign powers upon our rights and liberties, every intelligent American can assure him they are visionary, and cannot, under any circumstances, justify his call for an increase of the army and navy: the first alarm-note of such aggression would rally an army of freemen—citizen-soldiers of undaunted bearing—whose invincible courage in defending the "land of the free and the home of the brave" might well excite both the admiration and the envy of a Napoleon or a Nicholas. But if the Administration, in the vaultings of an unhappy ambition, should determine to rob Spain of Cuba, in defiance of

England and France, then, an army and navy will indeed be needed; for Americans, whose proclivities as a Christian people are for peace, will ever be found averse to engaging in a bloody contest of doubtful justice. And may the blessed Prince of Peace perfect this sentiment in every heart until we hear no more of recommendations of an increase to the army and navy. THE PROCEEDINGS OF CONGRESS have thus far been marked with nothing of special interest—business there being usually dull during the holidays. An attempt was made to pass the River and Harbor Bill in the House, over the President's veto of last session, which failed by a vote of 95 to 80—not a constitutional majority. The bill for the better protection of life on the Long Island and Jersey coast has, we are pleased to say, been passed, and we hope its provisions will be at once carried out. Mr. Walbridge, in a very interesting and able speech, advocated a repeal of the duty on foreign coal. He examined the coal statistics of the country, compared the facilities for its production here with that of other countries (showing them to be largely in favor of American miners,) together with the prices, the increasing enormous demand, and the extravagant prices now demanded, concluding that every principle of justice demands that the shackles on this trade, which the existing tariff imposes, should be stricken off, and that the traffic in this important necessary of life should be opened to the freest competition. The Slavery Agitation will creep into Congress in spite of all precautions real and feigned to keep it out. In the Senate Mr. Seward moved that a chaplain of a different denomination be elected from the one in the House, who, as well as the old Senate chaplain, Rev. Mr. Slicer, belongs to the Methodist Church, South. This motion was at once assailed by gentlemen of the South as a covert attempt to foist an abolitionist upon them! and called forth a pretty warm discussion, after which Mr. Slicer was re-elected. In the House the war was opened between Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, and Mr. Stephens, of Ga., the latter of whom denied that the late elections of the North were a rebuke to the authors of the Nebraska bill. On this point Mr. Campbell proved too strong for his adversary, when Mr. Richardson, of Illinois, and others, flew to his rescue. Mr. Mace has given notice of a

bill to restore the Missouri Compromise, and the indications are that Slavery discussion will occupy a good deal of the time of the session. FROM KANSAS we have had exciting news. The first battle between Slavery and Freedom was fought there on the 29th of November in the election of a delegate to Congress. Gen. J. W. Whitfield, the pro-slavery candidate, was elected by a large majority over Hon. R. P. Flenniken, opposition. The election appears to have been carried by the Missourians, who sent over large numbers to out-vote the actual settlers. This was done by an organized movement led off by Senator Atchison—which may account for his absence from Congress at the opening of the session! Gov. Reeder has decided not to order an election for a territorial legislature this year, because no census of the inhabitants has yet been taken, and there is no fit place to hold a session. The Missouri slaveholders don't like this decision, as they had made arrangements to carry that election in the same way as they did the one just held, and thus secure the legalization of Slavery in the Territory. The excitement there seems to run very high between the contending parties. IN UTAH, affairs are verging to a crisis. The term for which Brigham Young was appointed governor has expired, and the President has nominated Col. Steptoe, of the U. S. Army, as his successor. The Colonel has been at Salt Lake city for some time, in command of a detachment of United States troops, destined for service in California or Oregon. It is thought that the wintering of these troops in the Mormon city was not accidental. Brigham Young has frequently boasted that he would be governor of Utah until the Almighty should say to him, "Brigham, you needn't be governor any longer." The issue will soon be made direct, and the question settled whether the decrees of the Mormon polygamists or the laws of the United States shall govern the people of that settlement. THE result of the election in New York, so long in doubt, has been finally decided by the State canvassers, Myron H. Clark, the Whig and Temperance candidate, having a majority of 300 over Seymour, opposition. This is regarded as a great triumph by the friends of Temperance in that State, and will secure the passage of a stringent prohibitory liquor law this winter.

THE official recommendation of Postmaster-General Campbell to increase the rates of newspaper postage, in order to enable that Department to meet its own expenses with its own income, does not meet with public favor. No such proposition to increase the tax upon the diffusion of knowledge should be tolerated. There is no more reason why the Post Office Department should support itself than the War Department—not half so much. THE Prohibitory State Central Committee have called a mass convention of the friends of Liquor Prohibition, to meet at Harrisburg on Wednesday the 17th of this month, to agree upon some plan of action in the present crisis. It will be an important meeting. THE closing month of the year has been a very good specimen of winter throughout. We write under the music of the merry bells of the icy-footed sleigh. Happy hearts, in their gay holiday costume, are preparing a merry welcome for 1855. A Happy New Year to you all, dear readers!

NOTE.—It is designed to include in the RETROSPECT several matters not found in this number—among which we may mention a glance at the affairs of OUR NEIGHBORING STATES—Canada, Mexico, South America, Cuba, Sandwich Islands, etc. Indisposition prevented us from giving that attention to it which was desirable, but our readers will no doubt find it interesting—and we promise them that it shall be more so in future. c.

THE OLD WORLD —The news from the seat of war has been most exciting, and the arrival of each mail steamer has been looked for with the most intense interest. The boast of the Allied Powers of the ease with which they would take Sebastopol has turned out to be idle rant. The prediction of that great statesman, Kossuth, is being fearfully fulfilled. He made a speech at Edinburg, directly after the expedition to the Crimea had been agreed upon, in which he held this language: "To take an entrenched camp, linked by terrible fortresses, and an army for a garrison in it, and new armies pouring on your flank and rear, and you in the plains of Crimea, with also no cavalry to resist them, is an undertaking to succeed in which more forces are necessary than England and France can ever unite in that quarter for such an aim. Ask about it whichever staff officer who has learned something about tactics and strategy. And in that position is Sebastopol—thanks to your Austrian alliance, which, having interposed herself between you and your enemy in Wal-

lachia, made the Czar free to send such numbers to Sebastopol as he likes. You will be beaten, remember my word! Your braves will fall in vain under Russian bullets and Dannbian fever. Not one out of five, immolated in vain, shall see Albion or Gallia again." These remarks were made by Kossuth on the 5th day of July—ten weeks before the Crimean expedition embarked. On the 30th of November he made another speech at the Anniversary of the Polish Revolution, in which he thus refers to facts terribly verifying his prediction: "All I have wanted to quote from public reports is these words—'The question is no longer whether we shall take Sebastopol or not; the siege, though not raised, may be regarded as at a standstill. We are reduced to the defensive!' Such is the situation—the leaves have turned: Russia is the besieger—you are the besieged. And at what price has this situation been purchased? *** Now it is a sad reality. Number your dead, your wounded and your disabled—more than 20,000 men out of 30,000 are already lost. My sad anticipations are literally fulfilled. And here, at home? Why here the number of widows and orphans applying for support to patriotic charity amounts to 11,000." Such is a true glance at the state of the war. Our readers must gather the details from the newspapers. And terrible enough they are! The last contest, the battle of Inkerman, is claimed as a victory by the allies—and they did succeed in repulsing the Russians with a loss of 10,000 men—but one or two more such victories would ruin the victors! Their loss was between 4,000 and 5,000, including much of the flower of the army. It is sad to contemplate the character of the war in the East. The active parties in the bloody drama are the representatives of the three great Christian powers of the world. The English represent the Protestant church—the French the Roman Catholic—the Russians the Greek Catholic. The quarrel also—it is sad to remember it—began about the spot of ground where the Prince of Peace proclaimed "peace on earth, good will towards men"—the Roman Catholics denying certain superstitious privileges to Greek Catholic pilgrims to the Holy Land, which Russia insisted upon. The infidels (Turkey) being unable to settle the dispute, the three great Christian powers have taken the matter into their

own hands. "Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done!".....FRANCE AND ENGLAND have been in a mine of trouble, from which there is little hope of early extrication. The visit of Lord Palmerston to the French Emperor has been the subject of much conjecture. The impression is that as England has no men to spare for the war, his lordship has proposed that France shall supply the men and England foot the bill. The equivocal position of Austria still continues a matter of vexation. It is very doubtful whether the House of Hapsburg will join Russia or the western powers. We incline to the opinion that she will fall in with her old friend and ally against Hungary, the Czar. The allies confidently look for her aid—but we fear they look in vain. However, Napoleon is determined that Austria shall do one thing or the other, and we shall soon see the result....AUSTRIA AND PRUSSIA are both very haughty in their language towards England and France, and "the Russian party is rampant both at Berlin and Vienna." A campaign against France in the spring is openly talked of at Brussels by the friends of the Princess Lieven. According to these Russian agents, the armies of Russia, Austria, Prussia and the German States, are to march against Paris "to restore the divine right and the legitimacy of the Count of Chambord, in 1855, and to extinguish the volcano of Revolution for ever." It is believed that Lord Palmerston's visit to Paris has something to do with these schemes, and that the allies will threaten to attack Austria in Italy if she does not at once square up with the western alliance.....THE friends of POLAND are beginning to cheer up. The policy of Kossuth has always been to attack Russia in Poland as her most vulnerable point, and the public now begin to see that his is the true policy after all. In proof of this, in his late speech the Maygar says: "If England did disregard the fact that Poland is the vulnerable part of Russia, the Czar was prudent enough to mind it. In the Crimea proud England and France attack him—he is content to oppose 100,000 men to them; on the Danube the flower of the Turkish army, elated by victory, defies and menaces him—he is content to oppose them with 80,000. But to Poland, where there is not one man in arms, but where the unquestionable fire of a heroic nation's hatred is smoulder-

ing, he sent an army of 300,000 men to be prepared for any emergencies." Regarding this policy, the late Anniversary of the Polish Revolution was invested with unusual interest in England: and any movement in that oppressed nationality will be viewed with deep concern by all Europe. Truly, a political volcano threatens to devastate the Old World!

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.—DR. CUMMING'S LECTURES ON THE SEVEN CHURCHES OF ASIA MINOR—being a third series of that eminent author's "Apocalyptic Sketches"—has been received through the American publishers, Messrs. Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia. Dr. Cumming is minister of the Scotch National Church in London, and is said to be the most eloquent pulpit orator in England. He is certainly one of the most voluminous of modern theological writers, all his works being of a practical and popular character. We have eight or ten of his volumes, published by this enterprising firm, while an eastern house has published as many more—all being works of recent date! These Lectures on the Seven Churches we regard as among the most interesting and profitable for the general reader of any from his pen. In this connection we may be permitted to remark that the publications of Messrs. Lindsay & Blakiston are of a high character, and such as must eventually place them in the lead of American publishers. All that issues from their press is solid—instructive—inviting: gladly would we say as much of other publishing houses; but, we suppose, so long as readers will have literary trash, publishers will be found to furnish it.....LECTURES ON THE LORD'S PRAYER. We are indebted to Messrs. MURRAY & STOEK for a copy of the third edition of this charming work by Rev. Dr. Williams, from the press of Gould & Lincoln, Boston. In the volume before us the author has treated his sublime subject in a captivating manner—happily blending a richly figurative style with a remarkable depth and comprehension of thought—and presenting innumerable hidden beauties of the Model Prayer for the contemplation of the pious reader....In this connection we would speak a word in commendation of Murray & Stoek's extensive variety of books. Their stock of Theological, Scientific, Classical, School, and Miscellaneous Books, is very complete.

The Guardian.

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THE DOMESTIC FOWL.

BY THE EDITOR.

“Within this homestead lived, without a peer,
For crowing loud, the noble chanticleer;
* * * * * Whose singing did surpass
The merry notes of organs at the mass.
More certain was the crowing of the cock
To number hours, than is an abbey-clock;
And sooner than the matin bell was rung,
He clapt his wings upon his roost and sung.”

“O Irusalim, Irusalim, how ofte wolde I gedre togider thi children as an henne gederith togidere here chyckens undir hir wyngis, and thou woldist not.”

WE fear some of our friends who reside in the country have already felt themselves thereunto moved to make hard speeches, or at least to think hard thoughts against us, because, among our Birds of the Bible, they did not find the noble Chanticleer and the plump and quiet Partlet of the barn-yard. Where are our tame domestic birds—the cock and the hen with her loving brood? Are they not prominent in all our associations? Do we not know them well, as they scratch and scrape among the chaff in the barn-yard and the chips of the wood pile—as they huddle in the warm sunny corner on a cold wintry day—as they run toward us from near and far when we sow the daily corn before them? Hold! we plead guilty. It was a sore neglect, and we now feel ourselves fully impelled to give our readers also a chapter on the domestic fowl.

The only domestic fowl mentioned in the Bible is the watchful cock, and the devoted hen with her brood. These, with their habits and ways, are so well known to all, that in our account of them we will confine ourselves more particularly to such matters connected with them as do not so readily come within common observation. Familiar as they are to us, they are not without interest. In addition to their connection with Scripture truth, they bring back to us also many pleasant associations of home and childhood, which clothe themselves with a peculiar sacredness when we view them as

“Pictured in memory’s mellowing glass.”

The cock and hen were evidently the first fowl domesticated,

and seem to be the oldest companions of mankind. Aristophanes, says Goldsmith, calls the cock the "Persian bird," and tells us that he enjoyed that kingdom before some of its earliest monarchs. It does not appear that they were known to the Hebrews before the time of Christ; at least there is no reference to them in the old Testament. It is supposed that they were first introduced into Europe from Persia; but it is not definitely known how early. This fowl was known even in the most savage parts of Europe so far back, that we are told it was one of the kinds of food forbidden among the ancient Britons. It was brought into America by the early settlers of this country.

These fowls are no more found in a wild state in Persia; but they still exist in their state of untamed independence in the woods on the coast of Malabar, in the island Tinian, and in some other islands of the Indian ocean.

In their domesticated state they are found in almost endless varieties. Scarcely two can be found that look alike. In this respect they are like domesticated and cultivated flowers, which are known to become very much modified and altered. We think it will be found even in the human species, that there is a certain sameness in the form, features, habits, and general appearance of savages, which does not appear among civilized nations. The cause may be sought partly in external influences, but chiefly, we think, in the power of the life over the external form and appearance. "All birds," says Goldsmith, "taken under the protection of man, lose a part of their natural figure, and are altered, not only in their habits, but their very form. Climate, food, and captivity are three very powerful agents in producing these alterations; and those birds that have longest felt their influence under human direction, are the most likely to have the greatest variety in their figures, their plumage, and their dispositions."

The male, however much he may have changed in other respects, has not surrendered that majestic independence, and conscious self-importance for which he is so remarkable. "Domesticated, but not subdued, he marches at the head of his train of wives and offspring, with a port of proud defiance, not less ready to punish aggression against his dependants, than to assert his superiority upon the challenge of any rival." The following is graphic:

"The widow hath unbarred the door,
And chanticleer went strutting out before.
With royal courage, and with heart so light,
As showed he scorned the visions of the night.
Now roaming in the yard he spurred the ground,
And gave to Partlet the first grain he found.
He chucked again when other corns he found,
And scarcely deigned to set a foot to ground;
But swaggered like a lord about his hall,
And his seven wives came running at his call."

The bravery, courage, and pugnacity which characterize the cock, have become to man the occasion of sport and speculation. The "mean and ungenerous amusement" of cock-fighting, as Goldsmith calls it, has much prevailed in the world. It is of heathen origin, and truly heathen in its cruelty and inhumanity. It was very anciently practised among the Greeks and Romans. They had cock-fights annually at Athens, to which the great, as well as the vulgar, resorted. "In China, India, the Philippine Islands, and all over the East, cock-fighting is the sport and amusement even of kings and princes." It is well known that this barbarous and brutalizing diversion has been a favorite sport with the English, although it has been repeatedly denounced and prohibited by the laws. It has of late gone out of repute; we can only say, it is high time for Christian nations to put away the childish and cruel practices of pagans. In some parts of Maryland and Virginia, this species of heathenism prevailed yet very extensively only a few years ago. The practice is not only injurious, in that it calls into exercise the cruel passions of men, but that it strengthens and feeds man's own pugnacity. It was ascertained, by experience, that a great deal of human fighting always found place on every occasion of public cock-fighting. A practice so plainly against the Christian spirit, and so repugnant to all the finer feelings of our nature, can only flourish in communities where deep moral darkness and depravity reign.

The cock is celebrated for his watchfulness. He cries the hour with all the regularity of wakeful watchmen; hence he has been called, the clock of the shepherd:

"In the barn the tenant cock,
Close to Partlet perched on high,
Briskly crows—the shepherd's clock—
Jocund that the morning's nigh."

Some derive his name from a Greek word which signifies "without a bed, without rest or sleep;" because he rouses men from their repose. Others trace it to a Hebrew word, which means, "the coming of the light." This is most likely the true derivation. Shakspeare calls him the "bird of dawning," because he ushers in the dawn of day. For this reason also he was, among the heathen, sacred to the sun. So regular and sure is this fowl to note, by crowing, certain periods of the night, that there is real ground for the quick retort in the following apt lines of the poet Montgomery:

"Who taught thee, Chanticleer, to count the clock?
—Nay, who taught man that lesson but the cock?
Long before the wheels and bells had learned to chime,
I told the steps, unseen, unheard, of time."

Our Saviour referred to the cock, in connection with certain periods of time, in the ever-memorable and melancholy case of Peter's denial. In the midst of those strong and confident professions of eternal faithfulness which the impetuous Apostle made, on their way from the upper room in Jerusalem to the Garden of Gethsemane, his Lord confronted him with the fearful prophecy: "Verily, I say unto thee, that this night, before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice!" A few hours pass. The sorrows of Gethsemane are over! The betrayer has come with his band, and the adder has kissed the lamb! Jesus is in the judgment-hall of the high-priest, and John is by his side! See, yonder among the low rabble that has gathered back in the palace, warming himself at a fire, is Peter! A maid passing says to him: "Thou also wast with Jesus of Galilee." But he denied before all: "I know not what thou sayest." Then he goes out into the porch, where another maid passing says to those that stood by: "This fellow was also with Jesus of Nazareth." He again denied with an oath: "I do not know the man." After a little while those that stood around said to him: "Surely thou also art one of them; for thy speech betrayeth thee." Then he, being angry, began to curse and to swear: "I know not the man." The third time! "And immediately the cock crew! And Peter remembered the word of Jesus, which said unto him, Before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice. And he went out and wept bitterly!"

It is known that Peter recovered from his fall. He sought, with tears of penitence, until he found his Lord again, and received His pardon who casts no one out that comes to Him. He became again, and remained to the end of his life, a faithful follower of the Lord. An old tradition beautifully says, that during his whole life, Peter always wept when he heard the cock crow! As it was the voice of the crowing cock that reminded Peter of his sin, and called him to penitence for denying his master, it became customary very early to place weather-cocks upon towers and steeples. It was well, if this emblem reminded men of watchfulness, and became a silent monitor to wanderers.

There is a slight variation in the narrative of Peter's denial, as given by the different evangelists, which may be noted. In Matthew, Luke and John, our Saviour is represented as saying, that "before the cock crow," Peter should deny him "thrice;" whilst in Mark he says, "before the cock crow twice, thou shalt deny me thrice." "These texts may be very satisfactorily reconciled, by observing, that ancient authors, both Greek and Latin, mention *two* cock-crowings; the one of which was soon after midnight, the other about three o'clock in the morning; and this latter being most noticed by men, as the signal of their approaching labors, was called, by way of eminence, "the cock-crowing;" and to this

alone Matthew, giving *the general sense* of our Saviour's warning to Peter, refers; but Mark, more accurately recording *his very words*, mentions the *two* cock-crowings."

It seems, that sometimes the cock-crowing soon after midnight, and that at the early dawn were taken together, in a general way, as the period of cock-crowing, by way of distinction from the other periods of time. The Saviour seems to refer to this more general division of time: "Watch ye therefore: for ye know not when the master of the house cometh, at even, at midnight, or at cock-crowing, or in the morning."

The female domestic fowl differs very much in disposition from the male; being remarkably quiet, patient, modest, and humble. She is very affectionate, faithful, and devoted to her brood. Though naturally averse to strife and contention, she defends her offspring with great courage and determination, attacking with equal boldness, a swine, a mastiff, a horse, or a human being. Strong and deep concern appears in every movement as she leads forth her little family, calling them to the food she has scratched up with her feet, by a variety of tender notes; and warning them, in her own affectionate way, of the approach of danger.

The affection of the hen for her brood is made, by our Saviour, the subject of one of the most beautiful and touching metaphors to be found in the wide range of sacred literature. Think what that divine heart felt, while you read what those sacred lips pronounce: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, which killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee; how often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings, and ye would not!" Who has not noticed how affectionately a hen gathers her brood under her wings, especially when a bird of prey hovers near. Could the Saviour have had reference to the Roman army, upon whose banner there was an *eagle*, and which should soon come down upon those whom he was so willing to shelter, if they only gathered to him? Though this would scarcely heighten its tenderness or beauty, it would only refer what is so mercifully general to a particular application.

Plutarch, who died 140 years after Christ, very beautifully describes this parental affection of the hen. "Do we not daily observe with what care the hen protects her chickens? giving some shelter under her wing, supporting others upon her back, calling them around her, and picking out their food; and if any animal approaches that terrifies them, driving it away with a courage and strength truly wonderful."

There is also a very fine Greek epigram illustrative of the affectionate habit of this domestic fowl, which leads her even to sit till she perishes over her brood. It has been translated thus:

"Beneath her fostering wing, the hen defends
Her darling offspring, while the snow descends;

And through the winter's day unmoved defies
 The chilling fleeces and inclement skies;
 Till vanquished by the cold and piercing blast,
 True to her charge she perishes at last!"

MEDITATIONS.

BY X. Y. Z.

INFINITE GOODNESS! say, what meed of praise,
 What love, what gratitude is due thy grace?
 What sentiments should in my bosom glow,
 And from my pen what tho'ts exclusive flow?

When all thy varied mercies I review—
 Thy kindness shown, each morn and evening new,
 Each want supplied from out thy boundless stores,
 My heart o'erflows, my wondering soul adores.

And shall I hush—conceal the gifts divine,
 And in the swelling heart my tho'ts confine?
 Or shall I speak thy love—thy grace declare,
 And with me cause each, all, thy gifts to share?

Great source of Light! do thou my bosom fill
 With "tho'ts that breathe" and words that sway the will;
 And may my soul, illumined from above,
 Incessant feel and gladly speak thy love!

Where'er I stray or turn my ravished eyes,
 Such scenes of grandeur to my vision rise—
 Such beauty, grace and loveliness combine,
 As shows the hand that made them is Divine?

Here on this earth, and in yon vaulted sky,
 A thousand tokens of thy love I 'spy—
 Each twinkling star appears a gem of light,
 To beautify the varied scenes of night!

And O, when I with steady gaze survey
 These splendid scenes of night and charms of day,
 My spirit, winged with rays of purest love,
 In vision soars to sweetest joys above!

Yet other wonders, more stupendous still,
 Do the blest pages of thy volume fill;
 'Tis there, I ween, the depths of love divine
 Do in their most resplendent beauties shine.

'Tis there we learn—the only wisdom this—
 The way to present joy and endless bliss;
 How sinners lost may be restored to God,
 And saved by virtue of redeeming blood!

How condescending and how strangely kind,
 Seems the Divine Restorer of mankind;
 His love so boundless, so exceeding great,
 He died—to glory changed our vile estate.

'Twas not for self the son of God came down,
 And cheerful wore on earth the martyr's crown;

His loving heart, by pure compassion moved,
Urged him to leave what he so dearly loved.

He left his home on high, and HERE became
A man of deepest sorrow, grief, and shame :
Betrayed by secret foes—by friends denied,
To court and judgment led—then crucified !

My dearest Lord—my Saviour and my God,
What varied paths of anguish hast thou trod :
And yet how feebly burns the flame of love,
O take my heart—fix all my thoughts above.

'Mid trials sore and persecution's frown,
Help me to wear, with Thee, the thorny crown :
And when Life's every ill I've meekly born,
Then take me, Lord, where mourners cease to mourn.

ORIGIN OF THE BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS.

"Tall oaks from little acorns grow."

LAST summer, an old gentleman from western New York, came to Williamstown. While there it was discovered that he was one of those who joined Mills under the haystack in praying this Board into existence. He knew all the men, and was the only survivor who could point out the spot on which the scene occurred. He said that as Mills and his companions were out one Saturday afternoon, they were overtaken by a storm, and crept under a haystack for shelter. They spent some little time in devotional exercises, when Mills said he had been studying geography, and had found that Asia was covered with millions of people who had no gospel, and knew nothing of Christ. It was here that he uttered that memorable saying, "We are a little people, but we must be felt the world over." Here they consecrated themselves anew to God and to the world. That place now pointed out, and twenty acres of land have been purchased, and are to be ornamented and preserved as a monument of this scene and its actors. The dust of Mills lies in the ocean. We cannot raise a monument there, and it is not to Mills that we would raise it, but we would have one which shall inspire the young men, who are there preparing to go out into the world, with the spirit of Missions, and lead them to consecrate themselves to the work to which the sainted Mills, and Hall, and Everts, and so many more have given themselves.

Young man! what do you intend to do for God; for the church, for the heathen? Consider well that your happiness lies in your finding your proper place and your proper work. Your whole life may become a miserable failure just by your failing to find the post and position to which you are called. Let your prayer be, "Lord what wilt thou have ME to do!"

F A S H I O N .

BY J. E. A.

SOME terms, as well as things, are liable to abuse to the extent that they are perverted from their proper employment. There are indeed very few if any of those who croak against fashion, of whom Cæsar's remark to Brutus, when he stabbed him, may not be used with equal propriety and significance. *Is there any evil in fashion itself?* or, perhaps, it had rather been said *in fashion under proper control*, for fashion in the *abstract* might turn out like the man's abstract dinner, perfectly harmless if no one touch it.

There are almost as many notions of fashion as it has forms, but with some allowance, where the shades blend and commingle with each other, as they do in classifications which nature itself has made, we may pretty safely place them all under three general divisions: the "fast man," the "old fogy," and the "conservative." Fashion is not exactly the same thing for all of these classes, but each is equally confident of his own judgment of the case. The first and second differ most widely; for, whilst Sir Fastman has been pulling at the skirts of old Mr. Fogy's coat for a long time to get him ahead faster, the old man has persisted in "backward progression," and even cut off the corners of his coat and all his buttons, so that no hold is left.

We have sundry faults to find with both of these characters, and indeed have about as little respect for the one as for the other; for neither is progressive either backward or forward really; about every ten years, as at the present, when young men are donning their grandfather's coats again, and young ladies their grand-ma's bonnets, they meet and shake hands, then Fastman is off again, and Fogy folds his arms and heaves a sigh over the degeneracy of the age. If there is no good in fashion, fault-finding with those who are thought to pervert it will not come to much. Is that however the fact? Fashion ought to be controlled by good taste, and have comfort and convenience for its objects, says Conservative. Old Fogy says taste must be contingent, and Fastman reverses this order, and declares that comfort and convenience must become secondary considerations.

Comfort and convenience may themselves become objects of taste, but may exist with scarcely any, or at least very bad taste, and that taste which regards these as mere accidents is unworthy of the name. Philosophers, to whom we may refer the discussion of such points, declare that the outward in morals and religion (and who will deny that taste, in its pure form, is a moral subject?) has a necessary connection with the inward, in the form of ideas; and

require of us, in order to understand this subject properly, constantly to make the former the exponents of the latter, and to treat the subject in this relation. So marked have been the fashions of different periods, that we can pretty clearly identify the age to which any given one may have belonged; and there is something in the appearance of the modern gentleman and lady that distinguishes them from those of every other period. The taste of many persons has become offended, and perhaps justly, with Greenough's statue of the Father of his Country, which stands in front of the capitol at Washington, in consequence of its being clad in the folding drapery of a former age, instead of the costume of the one to which he really belonged. One not apt at deciphering physiognomy might question the propriety of placing a Grecian philosopher in front of an American capitol, yet an American will very easily recognise the benign and dignified countenance of the great Washington.

If taste thus rests upon ideas, it is something more general than our mere notions—is not capricious and dependent in an arbitrary manner upon the will of individuals. Paris may manufacture fashions for the world, but only so far does she succeed in gaining for them general circulation as she becomes the true interpreter of good taste. Her judgment in such matters is relied upon with great confidence, but the right of appeal is nevertheless sacredly reserved. If New England, or even Paris, should say that the bloomer costume should prevail among American ladies, it would, after all, give it character only among a few of the leather-wing tribe, who perambulate at the misty period of twilight. That was a sort of an embodiment of the idea of woman's rights, but it had not developed itself sufficiently to sustain its outward character, and popular vote has only given it a place in the cabinet of social curiosities.

Fashion addresses itself to our highest sense—the sense of sight, and, under its proper form, seeks to unfold our love for the beautiful. Nature is profuse in her assistance to this end. The pages of that volume are not filled with a dull monotony, but everywhere profuse with living variety and beauty. Among the flowers we find no foppish notions, and the painter finds his best models in the wild woods, where nature is left untrammelled in her work. No fault is found in the symmetry of her productions in this sphere, and art has striven in vain to rival her colors. No flower is so lovely or beautiful as nature's own. While rambling here the critic lays aside his spleen, and if he does not adore, maintains a dignified silence. Taste is all alike here to the extent that it has been cultivated and brought out. How many little natives of nature's ample garden have obtained undying names from the poet's lyre! How many prominent places in the picture gallery of the Bible by the pen of inspiration! But what difference does

that make, says the matter of fact man; Satan too has a place there; true, but not a very enviable one.

So, also, the birds have their fashions, and renew them every spring. The same regard for variety and beauty is seen here, but they do not *alter* their fashions—only renew them. Here the old man thinks he has a decided advantage over the fashions of the age, and feels more assurance in sticking to his buttonless, round-cornered coat; but, Conservative says, the argument proves too much, and is not good, for Mr. Fogy might have the birds and flowers on his side in more respects than one, and he might insist on dismissing the preacher and the schoolmaster.

Many persons, in whose minds the distinction between the true and perverted fashion is not more clear than it ought to be, are forever decrying the fashions of the day, and yet following after at a distance, just far enough to elude the search of Barnum in quest of specimens of antiquities. They don't like the fashions, yet with them the adage is fashionable, "better out of the world than out of fashion." Conservative does not indeed keep much closer, but says less. He thinks the present is the *Shanghai* period, and that the style last winter—broad sleeves, short mantles, and "tites," represented the idea pretty well; the fact that the tail has grown considerably, he regards as indicative of *speed*—a sort of rudder.

Not every thing that is fashionable is right, yet not all that is so, is wrong. The most fashionable are not always the proudest, nor is pride always absent in minds most abhorrent of fashion. "Pretty feathers make pretty birds," but intelligence and liberal mindedness need no external trappings to give a passport to honor and respectability; if these be present, the interior graces shine through them, and they constitute but the drapery of the image beneath them. "The fashion of this world passeth away," but there is something that will survive them all. That is the inner man; that may be either cursed or blest, according as the gifts of God are employed in this world.

It is often remarked, that what pleases one person displeases another, and, where tastes in this subjective view are so diversified, we seem willing to allow every man to his taste; but doubtless this diversity grows out of the disturbances in our own minds, so that the laws of beauty, inherent in its own constitution, are not apprehended alike by all. The same diversity, though perhaps not to the same extent, exists in respect to truth in other relations, so that scarcely two men agree in all things as touching the highest truths of religion. All these differences, then, are inward and not outward. Beauty and ugliness are not what men make them, but have a character of their own, and are controlled by laws which are above our thinking or willing. The appeal in all cases of disagreement is to these laws, and not to the caprice of the individual.

THE TREES OF THE BIBLE.

NO. II.—THE PALM-TREE.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE Hebrew name of the Palm-tree is Tamar. In the Greek it is called Phoinix. It is sometimes called the Date, though this is properly the name of only its fruit.

The meaning of the word from which its name is derived is straight, or upright. This also is the character of the tree. It resembles a vast reed growing straight up towards heaven, sometimes to the height of one hundred feet. Like a reed, too, it is not solid wood within, but the heart of it is a kind of pith or marrow, round which grows a tough bark full of strong fibres when young, which, as the tree grows older, becomes hard like wood. The leaves, which are often from six to eight feet long, grow out of this bark; they seem indeed but a continuation of it. The leaves expand very wide on every side of the stem, and as the tree grows they fall off, leaving a kind of short rugged knots extending forth from the tree all around it. "These, whose stump or policies, in being thus gradually left upon the trunk, serve like so many rounds of a ladder, to climb up the tree." The tree is in reality without knots, for these projections are not properly knots, being, not the remains of limbs, but one of leaves.

The straight upright nature of this beautiful tree is frequently alluded to in the sacred writings. In the Song of Solomon (vii: 7) the stature of the bride is compared to a palm-tree: "This thy stature is like to a palm-tree." A somewhat tall, slender form was regarded as indicative of grace, gentleness, and dignity. Hence Tamar was a common name among the ladies of Palestine; it occurs a number of times in the Bible.

Palm-trees were anciently very common in Judea and surrounding regions. They flourished especially about Jericho, Egeddi, Scythopolis, and along the banks of Jordan. Jericho was called "the city of Palm-trees," Deut. 34: 3. 2 Chron. 28: 15. Dr. Shaw says, "that although these trees are not now either plentiful or fruitful in other parts of the Holy Land, there are still some to be seen around Jericho." There is everything in that locality which they need, such as moisture, sandy soil, and a warm climate.

When we keep in mind the adaptation of a moist soil to the growth of the palm-tree, how natural is the allusion of Moses to these trees. Speaking of the journeyings of the children of Israel he says: "They came to Elim, where were twelve wells of water, and three-score and ten palm-trees: and they encamped there by the waters." Ex. 15: 27. It is said that when, in

1801, the English army landed in Egypt to expel the French from that country, Sir Sidney Smith assured the troops that wherever date-trees grew there must be water near, and this, on digging, proved true, for they found water within such a distance that the roots of the tree could draw moisture from the water.

The fruit which, as already observed, is called date, grows in large rich clusters below the leaves. It is sweet, and very agreeable to the taste. A good tree yields yearly from fifteen to twenty clusters of dates, weighing from fifteen to twenty pounds each. When cultivated they bear earlier and better than when left to themselves. They are propagated chiefly by transplanting roots of full grown trees; these will yield the sixth or seventh year if well attended. They may also be raised from the kernels, but in that case scarcely yield fruit before about the sixteenth year. They reach the height of their vigor at about thirty years, and continue in that state until they are about one hundred years old, when they begin slowly to decline, but often live until late in the second century. The Psalmist alludes to this tree when he says of the righteous, "They shall flourish like a palm-tree—they shall still bring forth fruit in old age." Ps. 92.

The palm is a highly useful tree even beyond the excellent fruit which it bears. "The diligent natives," says Mr. Gibbon, "celebrated either in verse or in prose, the three hundred and sixty uses to which the trunk, the branches, the leaves and the fruit were skillfully applied. The extensive importance of the date-tree, says Dr. Clarke, is one of the most curious subjects to which a traveler can direct his attention. A considerable part of the inhabitants of Egypt, of Arabia, and of Persia, subsist almost entirely on this fruit. They boast also of its medicinal virtues. Their camels feed upon the date stone. From the leaves they make couches, baskets, bags, mats, and brushes; from the branches, cages for their poultry, and fences for their gardens; from the fibres of the boughs, thread, ropes, and rigging; from the sap is prepared a spirituous liquor; and the body of the tree furnishes fuel: it is even said, that from one variety of the palm-tree, the '*phoenix farinifera*' meal has been extracted, which is found among the fibres of the trunk, and has been used for food."

The liquor, or honey of the palm-tree, is much used in the East among the higher classes on festive occasions, in the entertainment of guests. "This," says Paxton, "they procure by cutting off the head or crown of one of the more vigorous plants, and scooping the top of the trunk into the shape of a basin, where the sap in ascending lodges itself, at the rate of three or four quarts a day, during the first week or two; after which the quantity daily diminishes, and at the end of six weeks or two months the juices are entirely consumed, the tree becomes dry, and serves only for timber and fire-wood. This liquor, which has a more luscious

sweetness than honey, is of the consistence of thin syrup, but quickly grows tart and ropy, acquiring an intoxicating quality."

It is a remarkable fact that these trees are male and female; though this is also the case with many other trees, as for instance, the mulberry and the locust. The dates are produced by the female; but the fruit is always dry and insipid when the tree stands alone at a distance from the other kind. This fact is carefully observed and considered by those who plant them for their fruit.

The palm-tree was always a great favorite in the Holy Land. It was worthy of it, being beautiful, evergreen, became venerable by age, and very extensively useful. It became in time the emblem of Judea. The Emperor Vespasian, upon the conquest of Judea, cast a medal with a palm-tree upon it, under which sits a solitary, disconsolate captive woman, and over which is the inscription, "JUDEA CAPTA." This lonely woman reminds us of Deborah the prophetess, who in sad times "dwelt under a palm-tree between Ramah and Bethel in Mount Ephraim." Jud. 4: 5.

The leaves of the palm-tree in their form resembles the solar rays, and hence it is a very proper emblem of natural and also of spiritual light. Hence these trees were among the carved work of the holy place of the ancient sanctuary. 1 Kings 6; Ezek. 41. Hence, also, they were used in the construction of booths, on the great Feast of Tabernacles. Lev. 23; Neh. 8.

Palm branches were emblems of victory and triumph, and hence were carried before conqueror's when returning crowned with success. This explains the conduct of the people when, on Christ's entry into Jerusalem, they "took branches of palm-trees, and went forth to meet him, and cried, Hosanna." John 12: 13. This explains, too, why those whom John saw before the throne and the Lamb in heaven, had "palms in their hands." Rev. 7: 9. They had overcome, were at home from the conflict, and celebrated their victory in joys and triumphs without end.

The Greek name of this tree, as we have already observed, signifies also that fabulous bird called Phoenix, of which the ancients speak. Some of the fathers, says one, have supposed that the Psalmist (92: 12) alludes to this bird, and hence have made the Phoenix an emblem of the resurrection. "Tertullian calls it a full and striking emblem of this hope." This is no doubt the reason why it has been cultivated in some burial places in the East. The circumstance that when the old trunk dies young shoots in great abundance succeed it, growing out of its roots, may have given rise to this fable of the Phoenix, "which perishes in a flame of its own kindling, while a young one springs from her ashes to continue the race."

It is certainly a very beautiful sight, that circle of scions which grow out and around the stumps of the aged tree while it is turn-

ing to ashes in their midst, feeding the life of the young shoots by its own death, and they, standing as a guard around, as if to protect it, and then to take its place and perpetuate in themselves its own life! It will do as an emblem of the resurrection, but also equally well to illustrate the relation which children in a family sustain to their aged, fading, departing parents.

ONLY WAITING.

A very aged man in an alms-house was asked what he was doing now. He replied, "Only waiting."

ONLY waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown—
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown—
Till the night of earth is faded
From the heart once full of day,
Till the stars of heaven are breaking
Through the twilight soft and gray.

Only waiting till the reapers
Have the last sheaf gathered home—
For the summer time is faded,
And the autumn winds have come:
Quickly, reapers! gather quickly
The last ripe hours of my heart—
For the bloom of life is withered,
And I hasten to depart.

Only waiting till the angels
Open wide the mystic gate,
At whose feet I long have lingered,
Weary, poor, and desolate.
Even now I hear the footsteps,
And their voices far away—
If they call me, I am waiting,
Only waiting to obey.

Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown—
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown,
Then from out the gathering darkness
Holy, deathless stars shall rise,
By whose light my soul shall gladly
Tread its pathway to the skies.

EVENING AT VENICE.

BY D. THOMPSON.

THE gay Rialto dances
Where crowds the revel hold;
The sparkling billow glances
In lines of liquid gold:
The yielding waves dividing,
Around our vessel play,
As onward, swiftly gliding,
She wins her easy way.

The glowing rays have faded—
The breeze has died away—
And lofty domes are shaded
In twilight's mantle gray.

The silver beam of Hesper
Above the wave is flung—
The bells that call to Vesper,
Along the shore have rung.

As o'er the wave retreating,
We faintly hear, afar,
Some oar in cadence beating
To lute or soft guitar;
But, soon as evening closes,
Those sounds are heard no more;
The gondolier reposes
Along his weary oar.

A PASTOR'S ADVICE AND WARNING.

ADDRESSED TO A CLASS OF CATECHUMENS AT THEIR CONFIRMATION.

BY THE EDITOR.

"As my beloved sons I warn you."—1 COR. 4: 14.

By the goodness of God we are assembled once more to engage in and witness the solemn rite of confirmation. This is always an occasion of peculiar interest, of deep impressiveness, and of humble joy, not only in the church on earth, but, we may believe, even in Heaven. If there is joy in the presence of the angels over one sinner that returns to God, is not heaven the more moved by the solemnity in which a whole band of youthful, willing souls, cast themselves upon their knees before the altar, and utter the most solemn vow of eternal consecration?

It is an occasion of interest and joy to parents, who behold here their children assuming their baptismal vows—it is the fruit of their anxieties, prayers, and cares.

It is an occasion of joy to Sabbath-school teachers, to behold those who grew up into stature and into Christ, in their classes, at last prostrate at the feet of Jesus, to whom they had pointed them with many words of earnest exhortation, and with many warm prayers of faith. The seed, sown in tears, is now opening into glorious fruit.

It is an occasion of interest and joy to a pastor, who has sought through a long and anxious course of instruction to point them to Jesus—to prepare them for full membership in the church, for a worthy approach to the table of the Lord, and for an entrance into the blessedness of the righteous.

It is an occasion of solemn interest to all members of the church, who are here reminded of their own confirmation—in whose hearts its solemnity is again revived and reproduced. While reviewing their own lives since that event, they find much to move them to humble penitence, as well as to gratitude and praise, while they silently renew their own vows with those who are kneeling at the altar.

Even such as are no professors of religion, and have no personal saving interest in the great salvation, must more or less feel the impressiveness of the scene—must feel the silent reproof, and the keen chidings of conscience—must feel, when they see those before them so earnestly laying hold of the refuge, as though they heard a voice behind them crying, "Flee ye also to the mountain, tarry not in all the plain."

Our remarks, while they may apply to all, must have a more direct application to those about to be confirmed. This is an hour of special solemnity to you. To this time you have long looked

forward—for it you have made solemn preparation. It has come at last, and behold! we are here together before God, and angels, and men—we are here to witness and confirm your vows.

To this time you will long look *back*. If you should for a time loose it from your memory, future occasions like this will bring it fresh again to your mind; your conscience will remind you of it; if you go astray some sore afflictions will remind you of this hour; on beds of sickness you will think of these vows; in a dying hour these scenes will crowd around you like angels of peace, or of woe—bringing to your hearts smiles of gratitude, or tears of bitter repentance. Even after this life you will think of this hour, in heaven or in hell!

Believing that what is said under these solemn circumstances will the more deeply impress your minds, and be the longer remembered, I desire to address to you a few words of advice and warning. “As my beloved sons, I warn you.”

I. Do not loose or abate your interest in studying and improving in the doctrines and teachings of religion.

The things necessary to be known in religion have been revealed *to* our minds, not *in* them. If we would know them we must study them, learn them. The prophets, the Saviour, the apostles, were all teachers. It was their mission to teach all nations—to teach *them* the things of religion. It was the duty of the people to learn, to study, to know what was taught. The very meaning of a disciple, is a learner.

It is so still. If we would know the way of life—if we would understand our duties and privileges—we must study and learn them. Oh, how much is there for us to know!

You have for some time been learners in religion. Some of you have been for years in the Sabbath-school class, and some of you have for a long time been catechumens. You have heard much, and much of it you have treasured up. But how much is there still for you to learn! What a mine of sacred wisdom still lies unfathomed before you! What heights, and depths, and lengths, and breadths are still not explored! You have but barely commenced. You have but a few of the first principles.

It is not only that you may know these things that you ought to study them, but especially on account of the influence which they exert upon your hearts. You have found that your interest in religion has increased with your study and learning. Your hearts have been warmed by the truths to which you have paid attention. The truth, as you took it into your minds and hearts, was as food to the soul. This is the true nature—these are the legitimate effects of the truth. When we know it right we feel its power—ignorance of it is of course indifference to it.

You have no doubt sometimes thought—for this has been the experience of many—that if the lectures would continue it would

be easy for you to continue warm-hearted and devoted, and faithful. It is your constant feeding upon the truth that keeps you strong.

Now if, after you are confirmed you loose your interest in improving in religious knowledge, you will certainly also grow cold in your zeal, and love, and devotion. On the other hand, if you keep up your diligence in learning more and more of religion, you will find your heart continuing its warmth and vigor. These two things go together. If we would grow in grace we must grow in the knowledge of Christ. Religious knowledge is just as necessary to a vigorous growth in piety as food is to the growth of the body, or as water is to the roots of a tree. Ignorance is not the mother of devotion, but the mother of darkness, stupidity, superstition, and all kinds of error and degradation.

I warn you, therefore, against the neglect of your religious studies. You have abundant opportunity to go on in the future as you have in the past. Future classes of catechumens are open to you. The adult classes in the Sabbath-school, with pious and able teachers, are open to you. The instructions of the pulpit and the weekly lectures are open to you. The Bible, and all kinds of instructive religious books, together with the religious papers of the church are open to you. You have every opportunity that heart can desire, to become a well-informed, enlightened, intelligent Christian.

There is a great defect at the present day in just this point. Religious instruction is not sufficiently thorough. Christians do not care to be indoctrinated as they should. There is too little earnest study of God's word, and the doctrines of the church. If these things were more faithfully attended to, there would not be so much back-sliding, wavering, weakness of faith, and indifference.

You may hear it said that religion does not consist in knowing and learning—and this is only what I have told you over and over—it includes also the power of what we know upon the heart. But beware of the insinuating error that knowing does not belong to religion. If a mind—if brains, belong to a man, then does also knowing and learning belong to religion. Seek to have warm hearts, but also clear heads—let the mind know and the heart feel—these two God hath joined together, let no man put them asunder.

Against loosing your interest in the study of Christian doctrines and duties I most earnestly and solemnly warn you. "As newborn babes, desire the sincere milk of the word, that ye may grow thereby." "Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom."

II. Be regular in your attendance upon the church and all its ordinances and means of grace.

Here is the rock on which thousands have split. The first step in back-sliding is a neglect of the ordinances.

Peter never would have denied his Saviour if he had not first begun to "follow him afar off." If, like John, he had kept near him, and not gone out among the rabble at a distance, he would not have prepared the way for future bitterness and tears.

If Judas had continued with the Saviour and the disciples in the passover solemnity in the upper room, and in the holy supper which followed, he would not have appeared among his enemies to betray him.

If Thomas had been with the disciples in the upper room when Jesus came in and said: "Receive ye the Holy Ghost," he would not afterwards have been so unbelieving as to say: "Except I shall see in his hands the print of the nails, and put my finger in the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into his side, I will not believe." John 20: 22—25.

So, if professing Christians were always present when God blesses his people through his various ordinances, they would not be led astray by temptation, or overcome by their own remaining infirmities and the power of the world. He that does not eat is not strong—he that misses the blessing is also without the grace.

You will always find that those who are most regular in their attendance upon the ordinances, are the most firm, consistent, and least likely to back-slide. Those who most disgrace their profession, are those who most neglect the means of grace.

It is easy to see why this is so. Let any one undertake to do any thing whatever, and it will always be found that he succeeds best when he rightfully uses the means. If one who is weak in body would walk, he must use a staff; by this means he can sustain himself to walk. If one who is weak in spirit would hold on his way, he must use the means of grace—the very means instituted and adapted to give him strength and aid.

Prayer brings him aid. The word, as read, as heard from the pulpit or weekly lecture gives him light, reproof, encouragement, and comfort. The Holy Supper unites him more closely to Christ, brings him into communion with his power, and grace, and life, and feeds, nourishes, refreshes and renews his drooping life. O, how can any one expect to walk steadily on in the way to heaven without the help of the means of grace. Against the neglect of them I most earnestly warn you.

III. Look well to the character and habits of your associates, and avoid all such as would endanger your piety.

A holy apostle has said: "Evil communications corrupt good manners." Experience and observation prove that the most of young persons who make shipwreck of their piety, their good name, and their character, are led astray and are ruined by bad

associates. Little do we dream of the power which a companion has over us for good or for evil. Our confidence in a companion, our fondness for him, places us in his power.

Young Christians, in the buoyancy of their spirits, in the joy of their youthful hearts, in the vigor of their social feelings, are easily drawn into the circle of the giddy and the vain; and what seems to them at first but a source of innocent enjoyment, soon becomes a snare to their hearts. They become less and less serious; the holy restraints of the church loose their power more and more, until they first grow careless, then wander, then despise, and at last perish.

The only path of safety lies in your selecting your companions of such as are known to be pious. In such a circle there is not only the most honor, but also the purest happiness and the greatest safety.

Moreover, there can be no true enjoyment for one that is pious in company with the careless and the ungodly. They differ in the deepest and most important circumstances of their life; how then can they be associates? Their sympathies, their tastes, their desires, their thoughts and feelings are all different. How then can they be companions? What fellowship hath light with darkness? You cannot, therefore, comfortably associate with such, unless you first depart from your own Christian position. But woe unto that professing Christian who will give up Christ for the fellowship of a sinful companion. Those that choose such company here, will also be sentenced to continue in the same company when the Judge shall say to those on his left hand, Depart from me ye workers of iniquity, I never knew you!

Against such associates and such an end I most solemnly warn you!

IV. Strive to make yourself useful to the church and to the world.

This itself will do much to aid you in carrying out the last advice. If you labor with Christians in the church, and in every good work, this itself will throw you among the right kind of associates. Those that constantly labored with Christ, were also in each other's company, to support each other by mutual example and encouragement. In every church, those young Christians who truly labor for its interests, are by that very circumstance formed into a circle of friendship and affection for each other, in the midst of which it is not easy to grow cold or indifferent.

In every church there is abundant room to stand in such a circle of useful laborers for the church. There is the Sabbath-school—there are meetings for social improvement—there are meetings for instruction and prayer—there are meetings for cultivating the voice and the heart in singing the high praises of God. In some one or more of these circles every young Christian can find a

place in which to be useful, and where he may cultivate his social nature.

How much safer, purer, and more elevating are such social circles, and such companionships, than such as are formed outside of the church, and which have for their end, not usefulness, but mere pleasure, and that of the lowest and most evanescent kind.

Moreover, there is nothing better calculated to keep us firm in the pious way than to be engaged in laboring for the church, and for souls. It is by watering others that we are watered. As the body which exercises is healthiest, so is it also with the soul. The active Christian grows most in grace.

Does not observation convince us of this. Do not the idlers, the loiterers in Zion, mostly back-slide entirely? Are not, on the other hand, the most active also the most persevering?

O, we are kept from a thousand temptations and snares by keeping ourselves in the circle of those who labor in the church, in the Sabbath-school, and in all the various enterprises of doing good. Be you not an idler in the ranks of Jesus. Against this I earnestly warn you.

V. Think often of solemn things.

A Christian must be sober, solemn, earnest. He must not treat as a light matter his responsibilities, his duties, his vows, his relations to man and God, and his solemn account at the last great day.

You need not be morose, gloomy, cheerless. But be earnest still. Life is not a play, sin is not a trifle, death is not a sport—judgment and eternity, heaven and hell, are not a dream.

Our own lost condition by nature, our own lying under the power of sin and death is a reality that ought to arouse us, and cause us to tremble and pray. We are candidates for eternity—we are hastening towards its awful realities—and shall we amuse ourselves and sport with vanities upon this dreadful brink.

Eternity! stupendous theme!
Compared herewith our life's a dream:
Eternity! O, awful sound,
A deep, where all our thoughts are drowned!

The thought of what Jesus has done for us, ought to make us earnest. Redemption was not a trifle! The humiliation, the sacrifice, and the sufferings of our Immanuel, were such as to astonish heaven, earth, and hell. There, in our nature, hangs the atoning God!

"The skies he formed, and now he bleeds for me!
There hangs all human hope! that nail supports
The falling universe: that gone, we drop!
O what a groan was there! a groan not his;
He heaved the mountain from a guilty world!"

O, think often of that price, "all price beyond," and neglect not that soul which is the purchase of his blood.

Think often of your vows. They are heard on earth. They are recorded in heaven. They will meet you in a dying hour. They will meet you before the "great white throne." Fulfil your vows, by a life of piety. Often refresh and animate your heart, with the solemn remembrance of them at the table of the Lord. And may—

"High heaven that hears your solemn vow,
That vow renewed still daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour you bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear."

THE MANAGER IS DEAD.

"The manager is dead," said a lad to me as I passed the Bowery Theatre this morning. The walls, the pillars, the arches, the log cabin, the old arm chairs of Uncle Tom and Aunt Chloe, the bulletin boards, the hand-bills and the door ways to the pit were all deeply draped in black, for the manager is dead.

A theatre in mourning—a place made for mirth in mourning! Oh, it was a sad sight. Even the Bowery boys seemed all subdued because death had been there and called for the manager.

There have been frequent deaths there before, and sudden deaths, living deaths, and yet no sign of woe appeared. The young have often entered those walls alive, but when they come out the leprosy of death was upon them. A great school for the youth was kept there, and the manager, who is now dead, was the principal of that school. He had apt scholars, and he taught them whatsoever he pleased, and never had he a sleepy, uninterested scholar; all were wide awake. Was that favorable moment improved to teach noble and exalted things? Say, manager, how does it all look from your present stand-point? A man who can manage a theatre well has gifts of no ordinary character. A man of mean talents could not do it. Were those gifts and talents well improved for the best good of mankind, and the accomplishment of all life's great objects? How does thy work compare with the work of the noiseless, faithful Sabbath-school teacher, who approaches a home where a child dwells with blessings on his lips, and who watches blank moments to speak to that child somewhat of the delicious narratives of Christ's love. Said a good man to me once, "Of all the places in the world, I would love best to die is the Sabbath-school," but to go from the theatre to the grave is a mournful passage.

There is no harmony between the theatre and the grave. Oh, then, let the theatre remain in mourning. Forever let its walls be shrouded in black. It is a fit place for mourning, not for mirth. Its Alpha and Omega is death. Then let the death token hang as a beacon to every passing traveler.

JAMES POLLOCK, GOVERNOR OF PENNSYLVANIA.

BY THE EDITOR.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We may make our lives sublime."

WE have desired, for several reasons, to give the readers of *The Guardian* a sketch of the newly inaugurated Governor. One reason is that there is a general desire to know something of the history of a man whom the people, by their free will and vote, elevate to such a position of power and honor. Another is, that the life and career of the Governor is another illustration of the grand fact that the way to eminence, honor and usefulness, is open to all who have the energy and industry to prepare themselves for it, and the moral excellence to deserve it. We have before us a man who begins in a small village in the interior of Pennsylvania, as he grows worthier his influence extends wider; modestly and humbly and faithfully, he acts in each sphere to which he is called, and as he wins on the confidence of the community the circle of his strength widens, until he finds himself crowned with the highest honors in the gift of a free and mighty State.

We need scarcely say that we are no politician. Our *Guardian* moves in a more quiet range. It is not, therefore, for any political ends, or in a political spirit, that we desire to speak of the Governor. We love to catch hold of such examples of what is called "rising in the world," and hold them up to young men, with a view of stimulating them to become industrious that they may become honorable, and good that they may become great.

James Pollock was born in Milton, a small but pleasant town on the east bank of the Susquehanna, in Northumberland county, Pennsylvania, on the 11th of September, 1810, of respectable parents, in easy circumstances. His father was engaged in mercantile pursuits, but died before his son James had attained his eighth year. It was designed that the son should pursue the business of the parent; and he was, accordingly, early put behind the counter, having previously enjoyed no great amount of school advantages. Tiring however of shop-keeping, and a better course of academical instruction than is usually found in the interior having offered itself in the village, under the direction of the Rev. David Kirkpatrick, he was induced to embrace it, and speedily became prominent in the institution as an apt scholar in all the branches taught, but especially in the classical and mathematical departments.

Having completed with credit his academical career, he entered the college of New Jersey, at Princeton, in the junior class, half

advanced. He there prosecuted his studies with zeal and industry, and graduated in the fall of 1831, receiving the highest honors of his class.

Returning home, he shortly after entered the office of Samuel Hepburn, Esq., as a student of law, and was admitted to the bar as a practising attorney in November, 1833. He had undoubtedly chosen the profession most in accordance with his tastes, talents and attainments, and soon gained a handsome practice, high character as a sound lawyer, and able and eloquent advocate.

In 1837 he was married to the daughter of Mr. Hepburn, and in the same year received the appointment of deputy attorney for Northumberland county, and retained the appointment for three years under different attorney generals—William B. Reed and others. His popular manners, the strong hold he had upon the public mind, his eloquence as an advocate and on public occasions, where frequent opportunities called for the exhibition of it, soon however drew him in a great measure from his profession, and embarked him in political life.

In 1844 he was presented by the whig party, at the special election to fill the place in Congress from the XIIIth Congressional district of Pennsylvania vacated by the death of its then late incumbent, the Hon. Henry Frick. His success was hardly deemed possible, the district being so overwhelmingly democratic that an opposition candidate was received as put forward on a forlorn hope. He, however, carried the district by a flattering majority, and in two succeeding elections, to the XXIXth and XXXth Congresses, was equally successful, until the opposition had some difficulty in finding a champion willing to enter the lists against him.

His Congressional course, embracing a period of six years, had interfered with his private affairs, and especially, and largely so, with his professional pursuits, and he with difficulty, but positively, declined a fourth canvass.

His career in Congress redounded much to his credit, and gave him a wide spread reputation. He sustained with ability the great conservative principles of the party which elected him, as his speeches and votes on the tariff, internal improvements, and so forth, will show. His report, in the first session of the XXXth Congress, on the Whitney railroad to the Pacific, of which committee he was chairman, is the ablest and most extended exhibition of the advantages that might be expected to result from that road of any paper we have seen. He was, during the various sessions while he occupied a seat in Congress, a member of some of the most important committees of that body, as, on Territories, Claims, Ways and Means, and so forth, and always brought competent learning, ability, and industry to the faithful and able discharge of the duties devolved upon him. He gained many friends, in and

out of Congress, and returned home with an increased reputation, fairly acquired in the public councils, as an able debater and an unflinching advocate of every measure he deemed promotive of the best interests of his country.

Once more at home in private life, he resumed the practice of the law, and rapidly regained the ground his Congressional career had lost him, till, in January, 1851, he was again called into public life by Governor Johnston. The death of Judge Anthony, in 1849, had left a vacancy on the bench of the Eighth Judicial District of Pennsylvania. Mr. Pollock was not an applicant for the vacant presidency, but the commission was conferred upon him without his solicitation or knowledge that it was designed for him. He accepted it, however, and retained the office of president judge of the district, embracing the counties of Northumberland, Lycoming, Columbia and Montour, till December, 1851, when the Pennsylvania law providing for the election of judges by the people, brought another individual (Alexander Jordan, Esq.) in his place on the bench. In the canvass Mr. Pollock peremptorily declined being a candidate, and Mr. Jordan was elected without opposition.

His services for the short period he occupied the bench, eminently established his fitness for the position. He was mild and courteous in his deportment, prompt and untiring in the discharge of his duties with unquestioned learning, impartial and honest in his decisions. On retiring from the bench, public dinners were tendered to him by the bar in the counties in which he had presided, and numerous resolutions passed, showing their appreciation of his merits as a judge, by those best enabled to estimate his qualifications and to pronounce upon the honesty and ability of his administration.

Now he is again at the bar, in the vigor of life, and with the prospects of a successful career before him; and while about reaping the rewards of assiduity, perseverance and industry in his profession, a telegraphic communication announces his nomination for Governor of the State by the Whig party. He accepts the nomination in accordance with the wishes of his friends and those admiring his sentiments on the great topics, National and State. He is put at the head of several reform tickets, and the people at the late election confirmed the choice by an unusually large majority, thus elevating him to the Chief Magistracy of the State.

Behold the eminence of honor, but also of responsibility, which he has reached. What guarantee have we that these responsibilities will be met, not with infallibility, but at least in the utmost honesty of purpose? We answer, in his strictly moral and religious character. We have a Christian Governor—not in name merely, but in reality, as we have reason to know and believe. Mr. Pollock connected himself with the church—the Reformed Presbyterian—in early life. The influence of religion, as a reno-

vating, sanctifying, and beautifying life, has run through his whole history, giving consistency, honesty, earnestness, unity and ornament to all his public and private acts.

"His religious life," says one who has the opportunity of knowing, "is unimpeachable. Being prominent in the church of his home, and active in sustaining its prosperity, especially the Sabbath-school, of which he was a teacher. He was and is yet the president of the Milton Female Bible Society, which has been actively engaged in distributing the word of life not only in his own county, but in several adjoining counties." We heard his pastor, with whom we were intimate at the time, say, several years ago, when Mr. Pollock was yet a member of Congress, that "he knew his catechism, and would humbly join with his family in repeating it whenever he came round on his pastoral visits."

Last fall, while in Philadelphia, speaking on public topics during the week, he attended church on Sabbath morning, and addressed the Sabbath-school in the afternoon, in Dr. Wylie's church.

Soon after his election, we met with an intelligent citizen of his native town, who has grown up with him, and asked him whether he thought the Governor's moral and religious character would be proof against the seductions and corruptions of our present political atmosphere? He replied with much emphasis and solemnity, "I have full confidence. His moral and religious principles will prove adequate to the temptations." We believe the same, and most sincerely hope and pray that his religious consistency may be so maintained through his whole term of office, as to be a decided answer to all such as are in the habit of repeating, to the disparagement of Christianity, the old sneer against Christ, "Have any of the rulers believed in Him?"

We are sure, and so will our readers be from what has been said, that the beautiful sentiment at the close of his Inaugural address is not empty cant with him—"invoking the aid and blessing of the God of our fathers, and desiring to rule in His fear!" Consistent with this solemn profession he did not leave the stand, where he had solemnly avowed this "fear of God" before thousands of men, and in the presence of Heaven, to mingle in those undignified follies which generally close the inauguration day at the capital.

Hear the following incident, which has been made public, and which we have had confirmed from private and most reliable sources, in confirmation of what we have said. In the evening after the inauguration, a committee of very prominent men in the State called on the new Governor, informing him that they had come to escort him to the Inauguration ball. "A ball! gentlemen—I never attend balls!" The committee informed him that all the arrangements for his presence had been completed, that it was a special occasion, the Inauguration ball, and that the ladies

were already waiting in anxious expectation for his introduction. "I am very sorry, gentlemen, to occasion any disappointment, but I am conscientiously averse to balls, and these arrangements were made without my participation, and of course without my consent." There is firmness and consistency. How could he, who had just taken his seat as Governor of a Christian State "in the fear of God," begin his administration with the folly, effeminacy, and frivolity of a ball. "A ball! gentlemen—I never attend balls!"

We thank the Governor, in the name of every Christian in the State, for those sound words—for that noble example. It is the existence and practice of these follies in high places which keeps them up throughout all the circles beneath. This praiseworthy example will be felt throughout the State, to the credit of the Governor, and to the honor of religion. For once the giddy, the fashionable, and the foolish at the capital, have felt that their circle of vanities is not to be the bosom in which the Christian governor of a Christian State is to live more and have his being. The position which the Governor has so nobly taken in reference to dancing is entirely in harmony with his general reputation as an earnest, grave, sensible and Christian man.

May that God in whose fear he has desired to rule, whose honor he has thus nobly recognized, and whose friends he has cheered by all the influence of his high official station, grant him grace, health, long life and an honorable administration.

THE SIGHT OF THE DYING.

THE late Abner L. Pentland, of Pittsburg, remarked, when he was dying, "Mother, I can see a great distance!" Doubtless this is the experience, beautifully expressed, of every one who comes with a chastened faith to a calm death-bed. In this progress through ordinary life, the vapors that float in the mental atmosphere render the vision imperfect, and he cannot see far off; but as he draws near eternity, the air grows purer and the light brighter, the vision clearer, and serenity pervades the whole being; the vista of futurity opens the eyes of the soul; he beholds the gates of heaven, the river of life, its glad waters kissing the footsteps of the throne of God; the glories of the new world grow brighter and brighter upon him. With Stephen, he beholds Jesus at the right hand of his Father; and, as he dwells with rapture on those enlivening sights, the earth and all its scenery grows dim about him, and like Elisha's servant at the gates of Damascus, he is instantly environed with troops of angels, come to take him up over the everlasting hills, in the chariot of the Lord of Hosts.

LESSONS FROM THE GARDEN.

(Translated from the German.)

BY THE EDITOR.

I.—THE FLOWERS.

LUDWICK stood still in the garden before a blooming rose-bush, and said to his sister, "Indeed the rose is the most beautiful of all the flowers."

Caroline said: "The lily yonder upon the flower-bed is just as pretty as the rose. I think both these flowers are the loveliest in the garden; no others can be compared to them."

"But," says little Louisa, "you must not overlook the lovely violets." They are very beautiful, and they gave us last spring a great deal of joy."

The mother who had listened to the remarks of the children, said: "The three kinds of flowers which please you so well are beautiful likenesses and pictures of three beautiful graces. The violet, with its modest dark-blue color, is a picture of Humility. The snow-white lily is a picture of Innocence. The red rose signifies: your hearts are to bloom and glow with pure goodness, and love to God. Humility, innocence and goodness are the most lovely blossoms of youth."

II.—THE CABBAGE.

An industrious mother raised in her garden herbs of every kind. One day she said to her little daughter: "Lizzy, see here upon the lower side of the leaves of the cabbage these little, neat, yellow things. These are the eggs from which come the beautifully-colored but destructive worms. Search this afternoon over all the leaves, and break these little eggs, then our cabbage will grow nicely, and be always fresh and green."

Lizzy thought it would be soon enough at any time to attend to this, and at length forgot it altogether. The mother was for some time not well, and came not for several weeks into the garden. When she was well again she took the negligent little girl by the hand and led her to the cabbage bed, and see! every leaf was eat up by the worms. Nothing was to be seen but the stems and the ribs of the leaves. Little Lizzy wept. She saw the fruits of her neglect. But the mother said to her: "What you can do to-day, always do to-day, and never put it off till to-morrow."

"And another lesson," said the mother, "you can learn from these sad looking leaves: resist and destroy evil in its bud and beginning, or it will get the upper hand as it grows, and at length destroy you."

III.—THE PEAS.

Once upon a time a juggler asked to be admitted into the presence of the king, to show him a trick of art which no one had ever yet been able to perform. The king permitted him to be brought in. The trickster brought a plate of softened peas, and asked some one to hold the point of a needle toward him, and he threw the peas so straight and sure, that at every throw a pea stuck fast on the point of the needle.

The king said: "My dear man, you have truly gone to great pains, and have devoted much time to acquire such extraordinary skill. I will reward you for it."

Hereupon the king said something to one of his servants privately, who immediately went out, and in a short time returned with a heavy bag. The juggler was glad at heart when he saw the bag, for he thought surely the bag is full of gold.

The king directed the bag to be opened, and behold it contained only—peas! And the king said to the juggler: "Inasmuch as your artful trick, though it be smart, can be of no use to men, and will therefore also likely be but poorly rewarded by them, you will no doubt soon be without the needed peas with which to perform your trick. For this reason I have provided the necessary peas for you!"

Beware of employing your talents and time on such things as can do no good to you or any one else.

A STEP FROM THE ALTAR TO THE GRAVE.

A young man, of handsome person and pleasing address, was married on Thursday evening to a sweet and beautiful girl, and on the Sunday following was a lifeless corpse; and the same minister that met him at the altar, followed him to the grave. His funeral solemnities were performed in the same apartment in which his nuptial rites were celebrated. The same persons were present; but how changed the scene. The voice of mirth was changed into the voice of lamentation. The light-hearted and gay ones that danced on the festive evening, were now the mourners around the dead. She who wore the bridal attire on the wedding evening, was now, in three brief days, muffled in the gloomy habiliments of mourning. The faces that but yesterday were wreathed in smiles, were now wet with tears. What a change; and how sudden! But a step between the altar and the grave. We are always exposed to death. There is no condition of life that furnishes an indemnity against his summons. Wealth, honor, pleasure, worldly engagements, nothing can turn aside his shaft, or relax his grasp when he claims his victim.

Our Monthly Retrospect.

THE UNITED STATES.

ASIDE from questions of a "political" nature we can find very little of general interest in a retrospect of the events of the past month. Congress, now-a-days, does very little but talk politics—we mean party politics—decidedly the last thing they ought to do in the halls of national legislation. They are sent there to make wholesome laws for the regulation of government, but instead of attending to that duty they spend much of their time in making capital for this or that aspirant to the presidency, or for that or the other party. The most important question which has been under consideration is the Pacific Railroad bill, a measure in which Col. Benton manifests a deep interest. From what we have read of the action of Congress thus far upon it, we have no doubt this great measure of improvement has friends enough in both houses of Congress to pass it, if they could only unite upon a particular route for the Road. But they are divided into three parties, and, by way of satisfying all, three routes have been proposed—a Northern, Central and Southern route. This plan, which does look as if it might satisfy all interested parties, puts thunder in the mouths of the opponents of the measure, and will be very likely to defeat it, unless its friends come to an agreement upon a single route. The construction of such a road will be a new era in the history of American internal improvements, and will undoubtedly add much to the commercial, manufacturing and agricultural prosperity of the nation. It would, especially, hasten the development of the great resources of the western territories, by linking them in bonds of commercial and social intercourse with the more densely populated States and the manufacturing marts of the East.

The rapid success of the new American, or "Know Nothing" party, as it is generally called, has raised new questions of controversy in Congress and several of the State Legislatures. It has called forth a number of speeches in Congress, one of which, delivered by

Mr. Chandler, a Catholic, of Philadelphia, has elicited much comment. The aim of the speech is more especially to repel the charge that the Pope claims temporal as well as spiritual supremacy. Mr. C. denied that he did so in any other than what are known as the Papal States. The speech is an able one, but does not agree with the doctrine held by Prof. Bronson, "the great expounder of Catholicism," who asserts the rights of the Pope as "supreme chief"—"supreme alike in spirituals and in temporals," and that temporal governments hold the sword of power subject to and under the direction of the Church. Both Chandler and Bronson are able men—converts from Protestantism—but the latter stands highest in favor with the sovereign Pontiff, having recently received an autograph letter from Pope Pius, granting an apostolic benediction "for valuable services rendered." The question of a change in the naturalization laws has also been agitated by the Know-Nothings in the National Congress and in several State Legislatures, the design being to increase the period for acquiring the rights of citizenship to twenty-one years. The new party are very sanguine of having sufficient strength in an early Congress to carry this project, and a President of their own to approve the measure. Of course, their accession to supremacy in the national government will be as determinedly resisted by the old parties, north and south.

The Pennsylvania Legislature organized on the 2d ult., the "Know Nothings" having a large majority in the House; Henry K. Strong, of Philadelphia, was elected Speaker, by a majority of 58 over Mr. Richardson, the Democratic candidate. The Senate, after twenty-seven ballots, organized by electing Wm. M. Hiester, Democrat, of Berks, to the Speakership. Governor Bigler's valedictory message was a well written state paper, and gave more general satisfaction than its predecessor. He took ground in favor of more stringent laws to lessen the vice of intemperance—in favor of improving our system of Com-

mon Schools—and against the sale of the public works, although he admits a majority of the people of Pennsylvania are in favor of a sale. His suggestions on this point will not be likely to have much weight with the present Legislature. An act providing for the sale of the main line or for the abolition of the Canal Board will certainly be passed. A bill for the latter object has been already introduced, which provides for the appointment, of a Superintendent of the Public Works by the Governor, the Superintendent having the selection of all subordinate officers.

The inaugural address of Governor Pollock, which was looked for with more than ordinary interest, from the fact that he was elected by a fusion of parties, all of whom expected to be pleased with the new administration, gave pretty general satisfaction, altho' an inaugural must be regarded in the light of a manifesto of general principles. He takes the same ground on the Liquor Question that Gov. Bigler did in his message. He, however, stands pledged, by his letter to the State Temperance Convention of June last, to approve a prohibitory liquor law, in case the Legislature pass it. Several Acts relative to this subject are now on the files of the Senate and House, and there is evidently a disposition among a majority of members to enact a stringent law repealing the present license system. The State Temperance Convention which assembled at Harrisburg on the 17th ult., passed resolutions in favor of a mild and efficient prohibitory law, and called upon the Legislature to enact it, on the ground that the vote in October was not a true indication that public sentiment was opposed to such a measure—one-half the voters of the State not having voted against it. The interests of Humanity imperatively demand that something be done to stay the swelling tide of intemperance—and it should be done at once. Every hour of delay adds new victims to the fearful scourge, and the suffering wife and children of the drunkard, even the drunkard himself, implore PROTECTION at the hands of their Representatives.

The sufferings of the Poor in the larger cities during the present winter have been and still are heart-rending, and the entire time of hundreds of benevolent persons is taken up with measures for their relief. A few cases of actual starvation have been made

public. One case in New York was peculiarly distressing. A mechanic, who had been thrown out of employment, through the pressure of the times, made repeated and ineffectual attempts to procure work by which to gain bread for his family. He was solicited by a fellow workman to apply to one of the ward committees for relief. This he refused to do. Finally, when his wife saw that their youngest child must die of starvation unless it got speedy relief, she started to seek aid of the committee. During her absence the husband and father, driven to desperation by the distress of himself and family, committed suicide by cutting his throat. The wife and mother returned just in time to behold the sad spectacle of her husband weltering in his own blood by the side of the bed on which their famished child was breathing its last! We trust every reader of THE GUARDIAN will consider the wants of the poor and give liberally of the good things of this life, for "God loves a cheerful giver."

OUR NEIGHBORING STATES.

We have few items of general interest or importance to note. The annexation of the Sandwich Islands, it is said, has been rendered a question of doubt, by the President regarding the sum asked by the Hawaiian authorities as too far overbalancing the benefits to be derived in return. The government would like to have a coal depot there for our steamers, but not at such a cost.

The Mexican troubles still continue. The farce of electing Santa Anna President of the Republic was gone through with much in the manner which resulted in the election of Napoleon III to the Presidency of France. The people voted under the surveillance of the military, and Santa Anna has since been hanging some who voted against him! The revolutionists have generally been worsted in the late battles.

Rumors have transpired relative to the acquisition of Cuba and certain fillibustering movements looking thitherward; but the presumption is that while the administration will discountenance the fillibusters it will also hesitate long before venturing upon annexing the "queen of the Antilles," in opposition to popular opinion in the United States, which sets strongly against the measure.

Central America is again a point of solicitude with the English and Ameri-

can governments. Our government has been making inquiry into the motive of Great Britain in recently sending a large naval force to that quarter. The reason returned for so doing is, the report that Captain Hollins, the hero of the bombardment of Greytown, was to be sent back there with an increased force.

THE OLD WORLD.

The news from the seat of War is confirmatory of the views expressed in our last—"Sebastopol is not taken!" There has been no further fighting of any importance in its results. The English army is in a sad condition, suffering from exposure to a Crimean winter and from camp diseases which are carrying off thousands of "England's bravest sons." The alliance which Austria formed with France and England appears to have been a sort of *ruse* to gain time for further consideration, as it did not meet the approbation of the allied powers, England especially. By the last arrival the hoped-for prospect of peace apparently receives confirmation. The Czar accepts the basis of negotiations proposed by the Allies, and a congress to settle the definite terms of peace, or rather to attempt it, is about to meet at Vienna. But, in the meantime, no armistice has been agreed upon, and hostilities still continue. What looks most against the prospect of peace is the fact that the Russians have again invaded the Principalities, capturing Tultscha and Babadagh, after repulsing the Turkish forces left there for their protection.

Sardinia has joined the Allies.

NOTES ON LITERATURE.

BARNUM AND GREELEY—A CONTRAST.

—Two books have recently been published which have been the subject of much criticism and, from the extensive circulation they have acquired, may be considered of more than ordinary importance in their influence for good or evil. We propose to take these books as a text from which to deduce some practical reflections which may be of general interest to the readers of The Guardian, more especially the young men whom we number among our numerous monthly auditors. The one of which we shall speak first is the "Confessions of Barnum the Showman," or The Auto-Biography of Phineas Turnpenny Barnum, Esq. The notoriety which Barnum has attained as general-in-chief of Humbugs, and the immense

fortune he has made in that especial line of business, were enough of themselves to create a great demand for a book in which it was announced, with an unusual flourish of trumpets, that the author would tell the public to what exact extent, and by what particular means, he had been successful in humbugging it. The performance fully redeems the programme. Barnum "makes a clean breast of it," and coolly plumes himself, not on his penitence, but on his stoicism, his absolute indifference to all sense of shame. He tells us very gracefully that Joice Heth never nursed Washington; that the Fejee mermaid was an article of home manufacture, or at least not what he had assured the public it was when placed on exhibition; that the woolly horse, instead of being caught by the gallant Fremont, in the wilds of California, was purchased in Cincinnati; that Tom Thumb was only five years old when he represented him to be eleven; in a word, Barnum admits, without exactly meaning to do so, that the whole business of his life was a cunningly devised system of obtaining money under false pretences. He calls it humbug, business tact, etc., but we regard it as a grand system of varnished fraud, which, if perpetrated by a poor devil on a smaller scale and in a more bungling manner, would have landed him in a penitentiary instead of a palace at "Iranistan." Barnum has devoted the best years of his life to what he calls humbugging the people, and made an immense fortune by the operation; and now he gives us the finishing touch in extracting a few more thousands from the capacious pocket of a good-easy public by selling it a handsome edition of his "confessions"—for the copy-right of which he refused \$75,000! We regard this book as calculated to do much harm. It will be read extensively—many thousands having already been thrown on the public. Young men, ever anxious to learn the secret of success in business, and to overleap the mountain difficulties which rise between them and fortune, will be in danger of being captivated by the false glare of Barnum's magnificent achievements. He began the world without a dollar. He is now in possession of a princely fortune, and the lord of the most imposing mansion in the country. The young man, in beginning his struggles with life, may think, if it is right

and proper for Barnum to make a fortune under disguised false pretenses, why may not others do so with equal impunity? May not the merchant misrepresent the fabric and quality of his goods—how many do it! and yet be a respected business man? May not the grocer sell sand for sugar and chickory for coffee? What matters it if he becomes respectably rich by these deceptions? Such is the lesson taught in the life of Barnum, and to which he confesses with the most unblushing impudence. True, he gives it the mild title of “humbug,” and insists that if the public were willing to be humbugged he had the right to do it. He claims to have operated on a respectable as well as extensive scale; and it is to this we wish to enter our demurrer. Barnum’s sins should not be forgiven by the public simply because he confesses without repenting. The boldness of his ventures should not excuse him. He merits, and his book should receive, the condemnation of all right-judging minds. The lesson of his life is a bad one. Let all young men who read his book beware of its gilded poison.

We turn to the contemplation of a more pleasing picture. The Life of Horace Greeley is not written by himself; yet it bears within itself the evidence of a true picture of the man. In some respects the history and circumstances of the two men are similar. They are now, in the meridian of life, equally known throughout the length and breadth of the land—they are distinguished among their fellow men—fortune has smiled upon them both, though Mr. Greeley is not the monied lord of a princely palace, and would not boast of it to the world if he were. Yet these two men have lived for very different purposes, and have consequently attained distinction by entirely different paths. Horace Greeley began the career of his fame and fortune as a printer’s apprentice. He had neither money nor a liberal education. Compelled from the start to rely upon his own resources, he nerved himself for the battle of life, and bravely has he fought it. The history of his apprenticeship is full of instruction and encouragement for the young men of our country. His first aim was to form habits of temperance, frugality and industry. These have followed him through life and, as the Editor-in-chief of the most influential journal in the

United States, he has done much towards implanting these principles in others. We do not wish to be understood as endorsing all the principles of Mr. Greeley or commending the adoption of many peculiar notions entertained through the columns of his paper, the New York Tribune. Our object is to draw a lesson from his life—to place it in contrast with the one we have just discussed. Whatever may be said of Mr. Greeley’s peculiar political, social, or religious views, all who know him must admit his honesty and integrity of purpose, as well as his talents and influence. He never sacrificed his honest convictions of right or wrong. When Barnum was calculating how much money he could realize by humbugging the public with his “woolly horse,” or some cunningly devised deception, Mr. Greeley was evolving such ideas of Social Philosophy or Human Progress as he believed would conduce to the happiness of his fellow men. When an apprentice, he employed all his leisure hours in reading and study. He pursued the same course when a journeyman—and even now, occupying a position in which he might enjoy a life of ease and pleasure, Horace Greeley is never idle for an hour. He takes a view of the duties and responsibilities of an editor which precludes even an approach to idleness—a view which should be taken by every young man who expects to succeed in whatever worthy occupation he may engage. He said not long since that a single lifetime was not sufficient for any one man to acquire the ability to make a popular daily journal what it should be; and while he has sought, by a division of labor, to perfect each department, he esteems it a pleasure as well as a duty to labor himself, in adding to his own stock of knowledge as well as imparting to others. We would commend his example to all young men who must rely upon their exertions to gain for themselves an honorable position, and point them to that essential element of his success, HONESTY, which must be followed as a guiding-star. They should be what they appear, and never be ashamed of an humble position. The effort to deceive must eventually ensnare the deceiver; and even Barnum, with all his wealth and boasted “business tact,” may yet become the victim of the very fortune he has built upon that sandy foundation.

The Guardian.

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OUR ORCHARD.

BY THE EDITOR.

“Pictured in memory’s mellowing glass how sweet
Our infant days, our infant joys to greet;
To roam in fancy in each cherish’d scene,
The village church-yard, and the village-green,
The woodland walk remote, the greenwood glade,
The mossy seat beneath the hawthorn’s shade,
The white-wash’d cottage, where the woodbine grew,
And all the favorite haunts our childhood knew!
How sweet, while all the evil shuns the gaze,
To view th’ unclouded skies of former days!

“Beloved age of innocence and smiles,
When each wing’d hour some new delight beguiles.
When the gay heart, to life’s sweet day-spring true,
Still finds some insect pleasure to pursue.
Bless’d Childhood, hail!—Thee simply will I sing,
And from myself the artless picture bring;
These long-lost scenes to me the past restore,
Each humble friend, each pleasure now no more,
And every stump familiar to my sight
Recalls some fond idea of delight.”

I have strolled once more through the old orchard that lies directly in front of “our house.” How quickly they have passed away, those twenty or more years, since this orchard was so familiar to my boyhood! Well, that is the fashion of years; and we travel as fast, even though we do not finish our work so well. But let that rest, to be thought of, and prayed over some other time.

Now I am here once more after so long a time. I have been abroad since then, in the wide, wide world. Have seen, and heard, and learned, and felt many things; have known joys and sorrows; have met friends and parted with them; and what now do I testify? This: It is a glorious struggle in which we are involved on this platform of earth, for ourselves, for all men, and for God. The warfare is nothing compared with the victory and the gain; and every day gives the earnest man new assurance that the issue will be good, and eternally in his favor. This thought and this joy, now come back to me when I look out once more, from the home of childhood, into the world with which I have somewhat mingled.

Even now also I think by what a strange way does God lead us. But let that pass now, to be wondered at, to be grateful for, and to be shouted over forever in heaven.

Behold now I am in the old orchard. The trees have grown older—the small trees are larger—the old trees are older, some are dead. See here! nothing but a blacker, richer soil marks the place where they once stood. The soil has a grace because they were there. The grass is greater and greener on the spot which once their branches shaded—it rises up to call them blessed. There is a resurrection from their ashes, which speaks as a prophet, and darkly hints at a hope much greater and better than itself. The lower stretches forth its hands toward the higher, and though it never reaches it, is always pointing it out. We shall—yes, we shall reach it.

Though I have no one to speak to of the virtues of these trees, I must nevertheless call them by name for the memories which hang like a sacred savor around their venerable shades. Some have asked, What is there in a name? We answer, nothing to one who can ask such a question. But to one who has loved any object long enough to weave associations with its being, a name is like ointment poured forth.

I will call all the names of the dead. There was first of all the “early-apple tree.” It stood near the middle of the orchard. Here, I am on the spot where it stood. See! as I now, looking four ways, range with the few that remain in the rows, even so did the tree. Here it stood. In this direction it spread its largest fork, toward the morning sun, and on this side the apples first became red-cheeked and ripe. With what anxiety we watched the increase of coloring on the fruit. To this spot earliest of all did impatient feet wear a well-beaten path. How unwelcome the truth, newly learned from day to day, that the yellow ones which fell were not ripe but wormy! Alas! so I now think, in other ways than this do we find that the first hopes of youth are doomed to disappointment. Many a bud of early hope has a worm in its heart, which causes it to fall before it is ripe. But the worms were not in all. Gradually the fruit ripened; and there was much that became full grown.

It did not grow old, the “early-apple tree.” It seems as if its capacity of ripening its fruit so early were a kind of precociousness which exhausts its life by its intensity. We have seen the same in children and youth. When their intellectual and spiritual nature ripens so fast and so early it seems as if the dawn of the eternal summer were bearing over upon them with special warmth and vigor. Out of the bosom of earth’s cold winter they waken early to the life which is from on high. Such are soon glorified. So young, so good, they are taken up. Piety, like genius, ripens the faster by its own intensity.

"O, sir,
The good die first, while those whose hearts are dry
As summer dust, burn to the socket."

Now pass on along the slope of the hill. A sadness comes over me to see how the good trees have been thinned out here. Their familiar forms have disappeared—disappeared, did I say? Yes, from the face of the earth, but not from my memory. I can call them all up, give them form as they had, and place them as they stood, around me.

Here stood the "red stripe." Just as far back as I can recollect the storm blew down the half of it—split one fork, and with it one side, down to the root. But it survived the shock. The one half continued to bear fruit. The wounded side grew more and more shut by a smooth round bark that stood like columns at each edge. But the wound was never fully healed. It was too great. The rains rotted the exposed heart. Yet still it stood. Insects made their homes in it, and lived upon it. Many a time did I, with my hand, scrape out the moist flowery dust below, finding in it the large white fat worm, which collected all the fowls in the yard when it was thrown in among them, and which was so much better than aught else to bait a hook for the stream. At length the rot prevailed. It was reported, on a morning at the breakfast table, that the storm in the night had wrung off the "red stripe." The tree was loaded with apples at the time, and the bark that hung fast ripened them that summer—it was the last! It was, like a good man, fruitful to the end. It was but a tree, and yet we looked at each other as if a friend had fallen. Here it stood—the thick bunch of clover betrays the spot—this was the rotten side!

I see also yonder, that "the crooked apple tree" is no more. It was not so called from anything that appeared in the fruit, for that was as plump and mellow, and as delicious a combination of half-sweet, half-sour juices as ever pleased a palate. It received its name from a mishap with which it met when yet pretty young. It was nearly thrown down by a storm. Too large to be set up, and too good to be cut away, it was permitted to recover its strength, which it nobly did, by growing erect in several of its branches, while the trunk continued to lie horizontally along a few feet above the surface of the ground. No common tree could have dared to ask the indulgence of so much space, for it was hard to plough and to harrow round it. Yet for its goodness it was spared; and yet many a precious apple did it afterwards shake to the ground. At length the upper surface of the fallen part began to decay. No doubt the bruises which it received from my own shoes—for I often ran up upon it—very much hastened the process. Then, too, how often did we boys sit upon it and whittle the edges of the rotting part. While it fed us we wounded it! Never did I think of this ingratitude as I do now. It is, alas! too late to weep over

it. The tears that fall upon these ashes will never revive the tree. I will, however, take care that I do not serve the good father in heaven as I have thoughtlessly served one of his creations.

Every few paces, as I pass along, brings me to a spot sacred to memory. There was the "yellow apple," there was the "big apple," there was the "sour apple," there was the "pound apple," there was the "big-red apple," there were the "sheep-noses," there were the "oats apples," and many others. There, too, was the "rambo-row"—alas! how it has thinned out.

A stranger would wonder why the tree that stood here where I now stand, should be called "pole-apple tree." Surely no apple looks like a pole, and no apple tree. It was from this circumstance: Yonder, not far away, was the row of cherry trees near the fence. In cherry time a host of wood-peckers would sally forth from the orchard, seize upon the ripe cherries, and bear them back to their dry limbs, and there devour them. The apple-tree that stood here, being favorably situated for that purpose, became the popular retreat of the cherry pirates. Therefore it came to pass that "the boys" conceived the idea of setting up a pole through its branches, letting it extend a few feet above the top of the tree; which, when done, proved an acceptable service to the wood-peckers, which delighted to sit against it whenever they returned with a cherry, or before they went when they alighted half way, and hesitated whether it was safe to fly to one tree for a cherry when there was a boy upon the other. Thus sitting against the pole, it was only necessary for a boy, who had silently stationed himself for that purpose at the foot of the pole, under the tree, to strike it hard with an axe to bring the unsuspecting bird giddy, if not quite dead, to the ground. Ah, full many a "red-head" dead we stretch upon the earth during the noonday resting time in hay-making and harvest. It was a cruel sport, I see it now! Hardly did the small crime of stealing a cherry justify this punishment by death; I see it now. Nor did the birds grow wise to stay away from the pole after many had fallen; but still they came again, and still were killed. But at this I wonder not so much, for they were but birds, and knew no better. More have I wondered, when, since then, in my mingling with the world, I have seen men with wisdom gifted that hastened, as if blindly, to the place where hundreds before had met their end! This is the tree where the pole stood, and thus, and from this circumstance was it called the "pole-apple tree." Now, behold, it is as if I had awoke from a dream, and the tree, the pole, the birds, are all gone!—and "the boys," where are they? This I have not said sadly.

Speaking of birds reminds me of the "sweet-apple tree" that stood yonder by the side of the path that led to the "back fields," which had one fork cut off years before, and in the somewhat long stump of which a "yellow hammer" made his nest from

year to year. It was glorious sport, and something of a victory, to steal softly up to it and lay ones hand on the hole, and then reach in and catch him. But it was only for the feat, and not for the bird, that it was done, for many, many times was "yellow hammer" caught and as often left fly again. Indeed, it seemed to be regarded even by him as a sort of privilege that belonged to "the boys," for very little did he care when he was caught three times a day. Yet it took more bravery to catch him than might at first be supposed; for was it not currently reported and firmly believed by all "the boys in the neighborhood," that there were sometimes snakes in those holes—that they went in to eat the eggs and devour the young, and there lay in wait for the old parent bird, which was seized upon the moment its head darkened the hole. Woe then to the luckless wight that should reach in for the bird at such a time. No wonder that many a time the boy stood in solemn silence at the tree, with his hand near the hole, revolving in his trembling heart, "A bird or a snake, that's the question?"

Many a time, on a summer evening after the five o'clock supper, when "the boys" were returning through the orchard to the "back fields," already from the threshold of the door the race began with the shout of, "Who will catch the 'yellow hammer?'" But ill-luck was to the foremost one; for as soon as he raised his hand towards the hole, the rest, envious at his success, began to cry out: "A snake in the hole!" Alas, for the poor fellow! It was more from a sense of shame than a true desire to catch the bird, that he now ventured to thrust in his hand. But so much the more he feared the snake, so much the more did he rejoice when, having been brave to reach in, he was able to hold up the "old yellow hammer" to the unsuccessful boys.

Here, where I stand, stood that tree. Though the very path has changed its location slightly, and now passes by on the other side, yet I am not deceived. I know the spot by the slope of the hill—yes, and by the range of the two trees yonder that remain of the row. Here stood the "sweet-apple tree;" and on this side was the hole and the nest. Strange that after so many years I should have so clear and exact an image of that tree in my memory; and, as if instinct guided me, I pointed out to myself the spot where it stood to the inch before I ranged with the rest. Herein there lieth, as I now think, a great lesson and an earnest admonition in favor of early instruction in right ways. Though much that is contrary cometh after it, still it doth remain, having been first there, and therefore lies deepest and longest in the heart.

A kind of sad, and half-painful remembrance causes me to turn aside to the right. Two rows from the path, one row east of the "pear-tree"—here stood the "bitter-rot tree." I remember it well. It was so called because all the apples it bore were rendered

useless by a destructive bitter rot, which grew like plague spots upon them as soon as they began to ripen. The fruit could never be used. Not even the swine would touch it, as long as there was an apple elsewhere upon the ground. The tree was thrifty, well studded with graceful limbs, and covered with dark-green leaves; and it always bloomed as beautifully as the rest. Ah, that tree! how often did my father threaten it with the fearful execution, "Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire." And yet it stood, another year, and another, through hope and mercy. At length my father said, "Cut it down, why doth it cumber the ground." Then, on a wintry day, while the winds moaned drearily through its branches, we laid the axe to its roots. Here it stood; and here for many, many years, was the stump to be seen. Yes, like a great, solemn parable, stood that stump—stood and preached, for the good trees were not cut down—only this one!

I have since seen men like this tree—men whose fruit was not only the bitter rot of sin, but who even corrupted others near them, causing them to bring forth fruit unto death. This the tree never did. Only its own fruit was "bitter rot," and for that it was hewn down and cast into the fire.

Now, if it were as it was in my childhood, I would here strike for the fence and pass along the row of peach trees that stood, like sentinels, along the upper fence. But not one of them remains! Their blossoms used to look like flame through the trees of the orchard, or like the red rays of the evening sun upon a hedge. Many a luscious peach did I break from their fruitful and friendly branches. Nor did they seem to me to be growing old; but yet they did so slowly, and so silently that we did not heed it from year to year. Now they are gone. I have since learned that peach trees, like we ourselves, do not live long.

Before I bid adieu to the orchard, I must yet visit one tree more—the "pie-apple tree." See! it still lives. It shows some marks of age, but yet it may renew its foliage for many a spring.

Now, as I stand under this tree, what do my boyhood fancies bring to my mind? This, namely: It stands directly in front of the barn-door in the distance yonder, and here Echo used to answer from the barn. We were wont to call him "the little man in the barn." I will call him now—yes, I will. I will see if he is still there. Why do I look around to see if any one is near? Because it seems a boyish sport, and becometh not the dignity of a man. Again I look up and and down the lane—no one coming. But they will hear me in the house, and come out, and look in wonder. Well, so be it, but I must call "the little man in the barn." I must know whether he will answer. Boyish or not, I *will* call:

"Ho! ho! still alive?"
 —ho! still alive.
 "Little man in the barn?"
 —man in the barn.
 "Are you getting old?"
 —getting old.
 "Still your voice is good?"
 —voice is good.
 "Little man, farewell?"
 —man, farewell.

Yes, farewell orchard, trees, birds, and "little man in the barn." Farewell, years and scenes of happy boyhood! I am back in the world again. But I will bear with me those fragrant memories of earlier days which no wasting influences of time have been able to banish from the heart, and which show that it is still in bloom.

Long, long be my heart with such memories filled,
 Like a vase in which roses have once been distilled;
 You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will,
 But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

LIFE'S PILGRIMAGE.

BY ROBERT NICOLL.

SAY, toilest thou for gold?
 With all that earth can give of drossy hues
 Compensate for that land of love foretold,
 Which Mammon makes thee loose?

Or waitest thou for power!
 A proud ambition, trifier, doth thee raise!
 To be the gilded bauble of the hour,
 That fools may wondering gaze!

But would'st thou be a man—
 A lofty, noble, uncorrupted thing,
 Beneath whose eye the false might tremble wan,
 The good with gladness sing?

Go, cleanse thy heart, and fill
 Thy soul with love and goodness; let it be
 Like yonder lake, so holy, calm, and still,
 And full of purity!

This is thy task on earth—
 This is thy eager manhood's proudest goal:
 To cast all meanness and world-worship forth—
 And thus exalt the soul!

'Tis manhood makes the man
 A high-souled freeman, or a fettered slave,
 The mind a temple fit for God to span.
 Or a dark dungeon grave!

VICTIMS OF THE NEEDLE.

A ROMANTIC SKETCH FOR YOUNG LADIES, BACHELORS AND OTHERS.

BY SELDOM.

A POOR girl sat by her window busily plying her needle. She was doing some common sewing on coarse garments for a large and prosperous clothing establishment. From where she sat, she could look into one of those mammoth iron-works of which there are many in our State. As the heavy strokes rang out, at each whirl of the huge sledge in the hands of the brawny-armed workman, she wished it possible to change places with him. That she could not was a reflection which almost made her repine, however much her faithful heart urged her to stitch away.

What a foolish girl, some will say, to wish to wield that great sledge! To raise its ponderous bulk, requires, in those unaccustomed to the exercise, almost superhuman might. The needed strength, however, grows with daily toil, and new force with more ease comes to the hardy laborers. When the ten hours work is done his cheerful home, with comfort bought by the generous wages which his hands have earned, stands open to receive him, and in his family circle his weary limbs amid refreshing pleasures soon forget the toils of the day. All that is very well; but let us see why she would change places with him.

Sledges are not the heaviest things to work with. The common needle is heavier by far than the sledge, and harder in its demands on human strength! A "number-eight-betweens" will sooner wear out the energies of life, will sooner paralyze the arm, exhaust the vital functions of the system, deform the members of the human frame and bring on premature decay and death, by the continued expenditure of effort required in the ceaseless toil it imposes, than will, under corresponding circumstances, a sixteen-pound sledge. Thousands of pale, haggard, care-worn, dying seamstresses give unequivocal testimony to the fact just now stated, whether believed or not by the multitude.

The needle is killing more of the human family than the sword. Nay, we had almost said its victims are more numerous than those of the sword, cannon, gun, pistol, powder and ball, siege, sack and war-camp together. Though it be a little instrument it does its work of death as effectually as the bayonet, carbine or lance. What multitudes has it not already slain—is it not yet slaying?

Victims sacrificed to Juggernaut are indeed many, and these we pity; but the sacrifices offered on the point of the needle are, to say the least, as vain, and perhaps more to be commiserated, because more selfish—and if anything more sinful too. These sac-

rifice to Mammon, and certainly he is a no more benignant god than other cruel idols.

Sewing, stitching, toiling, there sit the victims while their very life is passing out in its extreme tenuity at the point of the needle. It never stops. Not like other labor that sometimes finds rest; day and night, almost in constant devotion, the dying victims offer up the sacrifice of their lives. In the name of our common humanity, what right have they to make such sacrifice—or rather what right have Mammon's priests to demand it? To kill a poor dependent widow in the slow, torturing inch by inch death, is of all murders the most inhuman. To cause a tender, helpless and defenceless girl to commit a lingering suicide with a needle, is a cruelty unknown to barbarism. Poor toiling millions nevertheless are continually immolated under the plea of self-preservation.

Low murmuring sounds of plaintive discontent rise from the aching hearts and through the hungry mouths and pale lips of the helpless victims of the needle; and while the stifled notes of misery remain unheeded by their cruel oppressors, the recording angel registers their cries. These, in eternity will roll back in echoing tones of seven thunders, resounding to the lowest hell, upon the ears of Mammon worshippers who heard not the entreating moan while here in life.

The invention of this useful instrument, the needle, is undoubtedly a blessing which demands the gratitude of the human race; but the abuse of it in turning it into an instrument of torture and death deserves the reprobation of a curse. To many of God's poor it has been and yet continues to be, the only means of keeping death at the door, where he has long been standing in the image of starvation knocking for admittance. Instead of gaining for them, by rigid economy and uninterrupted diligence, a substantial competency, as in other departments of labor, they can only manage, by dint of incessant exertion, stealing time from required rest and sleep, at the sacrifice of every comfort and health, for a time to keep body and soul together—for all that a man hath will he give for his life.

Having, by their "killing wages," been required to live from hand to mouth, when once thrown out of employment, with not even a pittance left of their hard earnings, death is their only hope. Seven thousand seamstresses in one city alone, out of employment, is a sad picture. Add to this the many who in the same city still barely have enough to live, and then increase this sad roll by the multitudes in other cities equally destitute—and the heart of philanthropy sickens. Small towns and the country generally may not afford such sights as these—at least they did not a few years ago; but they are year by year becoming afflicted by the same evil. How many hearts might not sing the "Song of the Shirt," with the deepest pathos of experience!

What is the cause of this state of wretchedness and misery? There must be some assignable reason; for the Scripture law that "the laborer is worthy of his hire," is as true now as ever before. Trade seeks its level and labor its value. This is a plain law in political economy. If a disarrangement ensues, and the natural order be destroyed, it must therefore be owing to some cause which should be sought out and removed. Hard labor produces its equivalent, and this must be found somewhere. If not in the hands of the laborer, then the profit has accrued to some less deserving one. The products of the needle ought to pay as well as equal toil and expenditure of effort in other employments. It is plain, therefore, where this has not been the case, there is a wrong done the sewer.

Looking for this cause, it is evident, in the first place, that, from convenience of resort in case of emergency, the simplicity of the employment, the immediate yield in exigencies, the small capital stock in trade needed to begin with, and many other reasons, there are too many persons engaged in this branch of industry. The same energies expended in other employments, and far less severely taxed and strained would yield a better reward.

Then, the fault for which many of the needle's victims are themselves to be blamed is, that they congregate too much in large towns and cities. More equally distributed throughout the small towns and country would afford them better wages from first hands, and thereby they would destroy those wholesale monopolies that now grind down the poor and amass large fortunes for themselves. The city is no place for poor people. The poor get poorer and the rich, by that fact, grow richer. Take an example: A poor woman who sews for a livelihood, pays, in the city, four dollars and a half a month, or upwards of \$50 a year, for the rent of two small rooms in a back building, besides the highest market price for all she and her family live on. Now in the country, the same conveniences and living would cost her one-half, or over one-fourth as much, while her wages at the same time would, if any thing, be better and work plentier—the air purer and health much improved.

One's loss is, however, another's gain. Taking advantage therefore of the misfortunes growing out of the fault just named, the Shylocks make their money. Wholesale and retail clothing stores spring up and abound. We all know how cheap clothing may be bought there. Splendid establishments some of them are, fitted up too in fine style and kept so at great expense. Whole squares almost, in some cities, where rents range the highest, are taken up by this lucrative business. Something much like princely fortunes are acquired in a comparatively short period of time. These are the priests of Mammon, sacrificing human life, and their own souls too, we fear, on the altar of this pitiless, heartless, cruel god.

If the question be asked, how is all this expense met, when they sell so cheap (especially when they cannot get big profits,) we

need not look far for the answer. Who pays the fiddler? Who pays for the whistle? Of whom do they make the profits? It comes out of the hard earnings of the poor oppressed seamstresses, whose just dues the rewards of honest industry and self-sacrificing labor, are reduced in price as the times grow harder, till, at "killing wages," they are ground down to the starving or stealing point. The gnawings of unsatisfied hunger there cramp their vitals and the overtasked heart moans hopelessly for relief that it should not, aye, would not need, if it had been rewarded according to its deserts. The hungry orphan's fruitless tears ought not to have been wept, and the pure fresh fountain from which they started, gushed out and trickled down, should not have been disturbed from its sunny placidity. The widow, toiling at midnight as well as through the day, pours her plaintive moans for help into her Father's ear, as she hears the night winds howling around her dreary home, and breaking through the ill-stopped crevices in mournful cadences. No adequate reward is given for her work, and hence to feed those other mouths, the needle still moves on, till nature yields, no longer able to sustain the load.

Another class who make the needle's victim suffer, are the proud daughters of fashion. If they find their expenses growing enormously heavy, the first place they begin economy is to rob their milliners and seamstresses, by forcing them to work for less than a fair compensation. Here again the suffering party must bear the increase of the burden. The profit and the saving are forced out of stern necessity and helpless distress. The suffering soul fears to seek redress lest thereby it be made to feel a double injury and treasure up a deeper wo.

Oh, there is a God of the helpless, who is a God of justice! He is, according to his promise, a friend and husband to the widow, a father and protector to the orphan, and will avenge their wrongs. The blood of these dying victims has cried up to heaven, and the priests of Mammon shall be overthrown—though it be too late to save many of those who are now devoted to the sacrifice.

Kind reader! when you see any of these victims suffer, extend a helping hand of relief, and "the blessing of them that are ready to perish," as Job says, will be yours. Add not to the weight of the needle, already so heavy to many hearts. Soothe the pang of anguish, hear the plaintive suppliant cries, give color to the pallid cheek, send pleasure to the desolate home and cold hearth and bare table and scanty bed; and the sobs and suppressed groans of the needle's victims will be known no more, the rayless hope will be lit up with joy, and the beams of peace will take the place of distress and sorrow. They that labor with the heart-piercing needle are as worthy of their hire as they who wield the sledge. They should not be defrauded of their hard-earned and just dues. Hear, then, the plea of the Victims of the Needle.

"I OWE NO MAN A DOLLAR."

BY CHARLES P. SHIRAS.

OH, do not envy, my own dear wife,
 The wealth of our next-door neighbor,
 But bid me still to be stout of heart
 And cheerfully follow my labor;
 You must know, the last of those little debts
 That have been our lingering sorrow,
 Is paid this night! so we'll both go forth
 And shake hands with the world to-morrow!
 Oh, the debtor is but a shame-faced dog
 With the creditor's name on his collar;
 While I am a king, and you are a queen,
 For we owe no man dollar!

Our neighbor you saw in his coach to-day,
 With his wife and his flaunting daughter,
 While we sat down to our cheerless board
 To a crust and a cup of water.
 I saw that a tear-drop stood in your eye,
 Though you tried your best to conceal it;
 I know that the contrast reached your heart,
 And you could not help but feel it;
 But knowing now that our scanty fare
 Has freed my neck from the collar,
 You'll join my laugh and help me shout
 That we owe no man a dollar!

This neighbor, whose show has dazzled your eyes,
 In fact is a wretched debtor;
 I pity him oft, from my very heart,
 And I wish that his lot was better.
 Why he is the veriest slave alive;
 For his dashing wife and daughter
 Will live in style though ruin should come—
 So he goes like a lamb to the slaughter;
 But he feels it the tighter every day,
 That terrible debtor's collar!
 Oh, what would he give could he say with us
 That he owed no man a dollar!

You seem amazed, but I'll tell you more,
 Within two hours I met him,
 Sneaking along with a frightened air,
 As if a fiend had beset him.
 Yet he fled from a very worthy man,
 Whom I met with the greatest pleasure;
 Whom I called by name and forced to stop,
 Though he said he was not at leisure.
 HE HELD MY LAST NOTE! so I held him fast
 Till he freed my neck from the collar;
 Then I shook his hand as I proudly said,
 "Now I owe no man a dollar!"

Ah! now you smile, for you feel the force
 Of the truths I've been repeating;
 I knew that a downright honest heart
 In that gentle breast was beating!
 To-morrow I'll rise with a giant's strength
 To follow my daily labor;

But ere we sleep, let us humbly pray
 For our wretched next-door neighbor,
 And well pray for the time when ALL shall be free
 From the weight of the debtor's collar;
 When the poorest will lift his voice and cry,
 "Now I owe no man a dollar!"

CHRIST OUR PATTERN.

BY X. Y. Z.

It is assumed in the following sketch that the generous reader sincerely admires the excellent character of our Lord and feels anxiously concerned to be like Him in so far as such resemblance is attainable by poor erring mortals. Having his assent to this charitable assumption, I shall proceed to notice as briefly as possible a few of the leading traits in the Redeemer's character, which it is our duty and privilege to imitate.

In seeking a starting point for our sketch, we are not left to doubt and uncertainty. The Saviour has himself indicated the course which we are to pursue. He says very beautifully: "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart."

Here we have a few important traits in the character of Christ given us. They are contained in the words "meek and lowly in heart," and in these respects we are evidently to imitate him as intimated in the preface: "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me."

Meekness, according to Webster, signifies "softness of temper, mildness, gentleness, forbearance under injuries and provocations." It is in some sense a gift of nature or a peculiar natural characteristic; but then it is only in connection with divine grace that it acquires its full perfection and beauty. "Lowly in heart" properly signifies humility, or freedom from pride and a haughty spirit. It belongs more exclusively to the Christian man. In its very nature and essence it is moral and religious, and accordingly is never found in the impenitent. These two virtues are very properly linked together here, inasmuch as they both rest on the same general basis, and in Christ are necessarily found in close connection. So also more or less in every believer according to the measure of grace enjoyed.

Sweetness of temper is important in many respects—being excellent and praiseworthy in its own nature and for its own sake, and also greatly conducive to human happiness in general. Nothing contributes so much to adorn and beautify the life and character of an individual as a "meek and quiet spirit." Hence the Apostle Peter commends it so highly, and urges the cultivation of this grace, as one of the brightest ornaments of the female character.

“Whose adorning,” says he, “let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting of hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart, even *the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit*, which is in the sight of God of great price.”

In this exquisite description of Christian character, the inspired penman represents “a meek and quiet spirit” to be the chief ornament of the female sex, in the light and beauty of which all other graces find their perfection. Nor is it less becoming as an ornament to the sterner sex. They too appear to better advantage, and reflect in greater power and brilliancy the glory of the divine image in the light and power of this grace. Meekness and humility should be earnestly sought after by all and esteemed above pearls. Especially should the young—both ladies and gentlemen—seek to possess these chief ornaments of the Christian character. Nothing would conduce so much to render them amiable and respected. It would win them friends at home and abroad and procure them an introduction to the very best society.

And then, too, how like unto their Saviour would the young and beautiful appear if “meek and lowly in heart,” they were found walking in the paths of wisdom and of piety!

But likewise in its relation to the world at large is such a character of the utmost importance. Whoever can go forth “meek and lowly in heart,” will avoid a thousand snares and temptations. Asperity of temper and pride of heart are the fruitful sources of difficulty in the intercourse of men and women, whereas the opposite qualities are always sure of winning the hearts and affections of associates. They secure respectability and success for the possessor, and render his pilgrimage through life agreeable and pleasant. They who are “meek and lowly in heart” enjoy the peculiar favor of God and are “blessed.” Heaven smiles upon their undertakings, and the work of their hands is established. Such is the universal experience of men. Felicity is the certain lot of the righteous; for “God has respect unto the lowly,” and strews their pathway with flowers of various hue. “The meek will He teach his way,” says the Psalmist, and surely no one could well be a more competent judge. His own abundant success in life and his various fortunes were doubtless attributable, in a great measure, to this cause. From all we know of him he appears to have been a man of a very excellent and amiable spirit, sincerely pious and devoted—“a man after God’s own heart.”

How touchingly beautiful is the example of friendship between David and Jonathan; and yet nothing is more certain than that the virtues referred to formed the basis of this exquisite picture. Both of them seem to have been eminently characterized by sweetness of temper, gentleness of spirit, and an uninterrupted exercise of genuine affection!

In the life and character of the Redeemer these virtues appeared in their highest and most perfect form. He was perfectly free from all vain ostentation and pride. In his own expressive language, he was "meek and lowly in heart," and therefore invites men affectionately to come and learn of him. Without these graces he would not have been, as he claimed to be, "the Son of Man"—the highest and fullest embodiment of human excellence. All that is beautiful in man, both intellectual and moral, was found in full perfection and most sweetly blended in the character of Jesus of Nazareth. He was the *chief* among ten thousand, and the one *altogether lovely*! This highest and holiest one among the sons of men we are called to imitate, when it is said, "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart."

And now, shall the Redeemer's voice and example be heeded? And shall the path, once trodden by his own feet, illustrious by his superior excellency, and consecrated by the blood and tears of the Son of God, be trodden by us? Or shall we refuse obedience to that voice which, in the days of his flesh, subdued the violence of the storm, calmed the angry surges of the deep, broke the power of disease, and allured by its exquisite sweetness and grace the hearts of the rich and the poor, the high and the low? Shall we disregard the power of that life which imparted grace and beauty to all who came within the magic circle of its influence?

Certainly such should *not* be the case! Our hearts *ought* to be allured by the sweet music of a Saviour's voice, and our feet *ought* to follow in the footsteps of the adorable Redeemer. His doctrine, life, bloody sweat, death, resurrection, and ascension to the right hand of the Majesty on high, all should lead us to exclaim with the sainted Paul: "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me and I unto the world."

TIME.

TIME to me this truth hath taught,
('Tis a truth that's worth revealing,)
More offend for want of thought,
Than from any want of feeling.

If advice we would convey,
There's a time we should convey it—
If we've but a word to say,
There's a time in which to say it.

Oft unknowingly the tongue
Touches on a chord so aching,
That a word or accent wrong
Pains the heart almost to breaking.

Many a tear of wounded pride,
Many a fault of human blindness,
Has been soothed or turned aside,
By a quiet voice of kindness.

Many a beautiful flower decays,
Though we tend it e'er so much;
Something secret in it preys,
Which no human aid can touch.

So in many a lovely breast
Lies some canker-grief concealed,
That if touched is more oppressed,
Left unto itself is healed!

DESPAIR OF SALVATION.

THE Rev. Mr. Muhlenberg relates that about one hundred years ago, a certain worthy widow was very much distressed upon hearing a sermon on Election. She would not be comforted. Her mind and body wasted away by melancholy as under the power of a fell disease. Neither physicians, nor ministers, nor friends could do aught with her to restore her health, or cause her to hope. She earnestly persisted that she was not one of the elect, and consequently was lost forever!

At length an aged, very sensible, and wealthy elder heard of her case. He bethought himself, took, in a small bag, one hundred pistoles (Spanish gold coin,) and called to see her. He addressed her thus:

"Madam, I have heard that you have no part or interest in Christ the Saviour of the world, but that you are damned! Is this so?"

She answered, in deep wo, "Yes, it is so."

He told her that he had examined the scripture with much care, and that he found there was not one absolutely excluded from the hope of eternal life. True, he did not find her last name recorded there, but he did find her first name, Mary, and that among sinners who had been saved by Christ.

She referred again to her own feelings, and declared with terror that all was dark in her soul.

He assured her again that the deep sorrow of soul for sin which God graciously permitted penitent sinners to experience was designed to prepare them for Christ and grace, and not to drive them into despair. These were the Father's drawings.

She answered him with new objections, and persisted that she was lost! lost! He then said to her:

"Well, madam, I will not dispute with you, but have only one request to make of you, namely this: Since you cannot believe, and do not surely know whether you have an interest in Christ, but know that you are lost, sell me now your right and interest in Christ Jesus! Here are one hundred pistoles. I will risk it, for I know you have an interest in Him, since I have read it in his word. Take the money; it will do you more good than a lost hope."

"Oh, God forbid!" she exclaimed, "how can I sell my part in Christ and his salvation. That be far from me. If there is yet any hope, it is worth more to me than all else. If you could offer me the whole world, I would not sell my part in Christ. May God graciously preserve me from this!"

This brought her at once to herself again. She began to search carefully in the Scriptures, believed its promises, and received grace and peace in believing.—EDITOR.

THE TREES OF THE BIBLE.

NO. III.—THE JUNIPER-TREE.

BY THE EDITOR.

“With sticks of juniper,
Raise the black spright that burns not with the fire.”—BP. HALL.

THE Juniper is a well-known evergreen tree of the cedar family. Its Hebrew name is *ROTHEM*. It is three times referred to in the Bible.

It grows in the midst of burning deserts, and never becomes large; it is perhaps rather a shrub than a tree. It is very common in the East, and is also known in our own country. The only fruit it bears is small berries, which are frequently used to give a certain flavor to liquors.

The wood of the juniper is the very best to burn into charcoal, which has the property and power of giving out a very great quantity of heat and of retaining it for a remarkably long time. “The camel is very fond of its leaves,” says Paxton, “although they frequently affect him with pains in his bowels; and under its shade the wolf so commonly lurks, that it has become a proverb among the Arabs, ‘The wolf is near the gadha.’”

The twigs of the juniper are very tough, pliable and tenacious, and have been plaited into baskets. From this property the tree has received its name *rothem*, from the verb *ratham*, which means to bind, or to tie—the twigs serving the same purpose as strings or cords.

Its name in English is derived from *junior*, which means younger, and *parere*, to bring forth. It is so called, says Minsheu, “because as his first berries be ripe, it *bringeth forth* younger and *junior* berries to them.”

The first reference to this tree in the Bible is in 1 Kings 19, where Elijah is forced to fly for his life from the wrath of Jezebel, the wicked wife of the wicked King Ahab. Of Elijah it is said: “He himself went a day’s journey into the wilderness, and came and sat down under a juniper-tree: and requested for himself that he might die: and said, It is enough; now, O Lord, take away my life; for I am not better than my fathers. And as he lay and slept under a juniper-tree, behold, then an angel touched him, and said unto him, Arise and eat.”

The mention of this tree, as located in the wilderness, is very natural; for that is its favorite place, and there it flourishes most. The learned have speculated considerably as to the reason which induced the prophet to choose a juniper-tree for his place of rest, especially as it is but small, and must afford, it is thought, but a

very imperfect shelter and shade. Besides this, moreover, it was a general belief among the ancients that its shade was noxious and hurtful to health. Thus Virgil—

“Solet esse gravis cantantibus umbra;
Juniperi gravis umbra.”

Grotius thinks that the prophet chose the shadow of this tree in a desperate and suicidal spirit, being weary of his life he cared not for his health, but courted death from the poisonous shadow of this tree. It is, however, now well known that this idea of death loitering under the juniper-tree is but an Eastern fancy; and besides this we are not warranted in attributing such a spirit to this firm and devoted prophet.

Another of the learned supposes just the opposite of this. He thinks the prophet sought the juniper-tree with the desire of the more effectually preserving his health; “the shade of it being, according to him, a protection from serpents; and alleges that it was the custom of the people in that part of the world, to guard themselves by such precautions against the bite of these venomous reptiles.” This is equally visionary. It has been well remarked, that the glowing embers of juniper wood, and not the shade of the living tree, have the power of driving away serpents.

The true reason will very naturally suggest itself. The prophet was traveling, hungry and weak, in “the wilderness,” the very place where the juniper loves to grow, and where few other trees are likely to be found; at length he is ready to fall from exhaustion, and being near one of these trees, which from its thick top affords a shelter from the rays of the piercing sun, he sinks under its branches, and soon slumbers in its cool and refreshing shade.

The scene is a touching one. Though in a wilderness, lonely and sad, in flight from the cruel wrath of those who sought his life, he finds shelter, repose, and refreshing sleep. He finds not only surcease from sorrow in sleep, but enjoys the visit of an angel, bringing him food, and drink, and words of encouragement and comfort. The desert is more friendly to him than is the face of man; and—

“God is ever present, ever felt
In the void waste as in the city full;
And where He vital breathes there must be joy.”

The juniper-tree is also referred to in Job 30. He says that the poor in former time were driven into such extremes of distress by “want and famine,” that “fleeing into the wilderness desolate and waste” they “cut up mallows by the bushes, and juniper-roots for their meat.” It does not appear that the roots of this tree have any peculiar adaptation to being used as food. This tree is evidently only mentioned because it is the tree most commonly found in very waste and desolate places in the wilderness.

It has been no uncommon thing for persons, in extreme cases of famine and want, to subsist on the shoots, bark, leaves, buds, and roots of trees. "Thus, for instance, Herodotus informs us, that when the routed army of Xerxes was fleeing from Greece, such of them as could not meet with better provision, were compelled by hunger to eat the bark and leaves, which they stripped off all kinds of trees. The hungry Laplanders devour the tops and bark of the pine; and even in Sweden the poor in many places are obliged to grind the bark of birch-trees to mix with their corn, to make bread in unfavorable seasons." It is well known, also, that hermits have, in a spirit of voluntary poverty, fled often into deep deserts, and lived, to a great extent, on roots, buds and wild vegetables. Such instances abundantly illustrate the allusion of Job to those "solitary" ones, who in the wilderness had only "juniper-roots for their meat."

The psalmist, speaking of the "false tongues" of his enemies, says they are like "sharp arrows of the mighty, with coals of juniper." Ps. 120. The appropriateness of this allusion will at once be understood, when we remember that juniper wood, like pine or cedar, abounds with oil or pitch, which causes a most vehement flame. In addition to this, we must also bear in mind, as has already been remarked, that the coals of juniper have the power of giving forth a great amount of heat, and also retain the fire for a very long time. How strikingly does all this set forth the tongue of slander. How fiercely it burns. How hot, keen, and burning is its breath! For what a length of time does it retain its fire!

The Apostle James uses a similar figure when he speaks of an evil tongue: "Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth. And the tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity. It setteth on fire the course of nature; and it is set on fire of hell!" Not only in the hearts of the slanderous themselves, but also upon them that receive the wounds of its arrows, does malice burn like "coals of juniper!"

Let the juniper-tree remind the reader of God's kind protection of his forsaken and persecuted children, as it once threw its friendly shadow over the sad and dejected Elijah, and became to him the scene of the most blessed manifestations of heavenly care and love.

Let it bring to our mind also the sad condition of the poor; not forgetting, while we sit at loaded tables, that often have the children of want fed upon juniper-roots! May this thought make us thankful to God for our mercies, and more charitable to the poor whom "we have always with us."

Let us also learn from this tree the truly hellish nature of malice and slander. He who carries a fire of juniper coals in his bosom

cannot but be miserable, and he who builds such a fire upon the heads of others must be a true child of Satan.

Learning these things, the tree shall not have grown in vain; nor shall the Bible in vain have alluded to it; nor yet shall The Guardian in vain have directed the attention of its readers to this Tree of the Bible.

WHERE CORK COMES FROM.

CORK is nothing more or less than the bark of evergreen oak, growing principally in Spain, and other countries bordering on the Mediterranean; in English gardens it is only a curiosity. When the cork tree is about fifteen years old, the bark has attained a thickness and quality suitable for manufacturing purposes, and after stripping, a further growth of eight years produces a second crop; and so on at intervals, for even ten or twelve crops. The bark is stripped from the tree in pieces two inches in thickness, of considerable length, and of such width as to retain the curved form of the trunk when it has been stripped. The bark peeler or cutter makes a slit in the bark with a knife, perpendicularly from the top of the trunk to the bottom; he makes another incision parallel to it, and at some distance from the former, and two shorter horizontal cuts at the top and bottom. For stripping off the piece thus isolated, he uses a kind of knife with two handles and a curved blade. Sometimes, after the cuts have been made, he leaves the tree to throw off the bark by the spontaneous action of the vegetation within the trunk. The detached pieces are soaked in water and are placed over a fire when nearly dry; they are, in fact, scorched a little on both sides, and acquire a somewhat more compact texture by this scorching. In order to get rid of the curvature, and bring them flat, they are pressed down with weights while yet hot.

BE CONTENT.

BY X. Y. Z.

THINGS are transient here below,
Joys incessant come and go,
Pleasures here are ALL, we know,
Mixed with wo.

Still each season kindly brings
With it bitter sweetest things,
Many a bird, with drooping wings,
Sweetly sings!

Glad the limpid waters flow
In their channels meek and low,
Nor a plaintive feeling show
As they go.

So, too, speak in notes of love
Voices from the field and grove,
And the starry hosts above
As they rove.

INFLUENCE OF THE DEAD UPON THE LIVING.

BY THE EDITOR.

"He being dead yet speaketh."—HEB. XI. 4.

WHAT relation do the living sustain to the dead? This is no idle question; nor has the human mind been unconcerned in regard to it; nor yet has the sacred scripture left the question unnoticed.

Men have ever been prone to fall into two extremes of error on this point; they have either made too much or too little of the relation between the living and the dead.

Of old already God found it necessary to make a law against necromancy—the holding of forbidden communion with the dead—turning away from those revelations which He gave by inspiration of the living, to seek knowledge of future events from the spirits of the dead.

All acquainted with history know how extensively this forbidden wisdom has been sought after in all ages, and among all nations. It has of late been revived wonderfully in our own country. Sweedenborg, as is well known, professed familiar intercourse with the dead.

It is known also that in a portion of the Christian church in former ages, and perhaps it is so still, reverence was paid to the dead, and assistance sought and expected from them, to an extent not warranted by scripture.

On the other extreme men have erred by entirely sundering the living and the dead, and denying all fellowship and sympathy between them.

Some, like the Saducees, have denied the very existence of human spirits after this life. Others, though they have believed in the continued existence of the dead, have denied that their existence in any way concerns or influences us. They have thus supposed the dead and the living separated by a cold and impassable wall of partition, over which no cares, sympathies, interests, affections, or influences can pass.

These ideas are both false. They are also both evil in their tendency and influence. The first leads to superstition and idolatry; the second leads to unbelief.

The scriptures teach, and the church has always believed, that there is a very intimate and solemn relation existing between the living and the dead—especially between *saints* living and saints departed. This the church has embodied in the article of the Creed: "I believe in the communion of saints;" which article was always made to include the living and the dead.

The deep and extensive hold which this idea has had upon men is beautifully exhibited and preserved by many customs and usages.

It was this which led the Jews to embalm the bodies of their dead. It was this which led the early Christians to bury their dead around their churches, that they might still be with the congregation of the living, and that the voice of their prayers and songs might float, as a breath of life, and love, and hope, over their graves. It was this which led them to celebrate the holy communion of the Lord's supper, upon their graves on the anniversary of their death, in token of their firm faith in a continued communion with them. This feeling also it was that led to the planting of evergreens and flowers upon their graves—the evergreen was to show that the life beneath lived on through the winter of the grave—the flowers were to show that the fragrance of their love and goodness is still preserved.

In different ways, but still in the same spirit, do the living still show their belief in their continued union with the dead. Their deep sense that respect is due to the lifeless body; their desire to bestow affectionate attentions upon it; their pious preservation of various memorials of the departed; their desire to ornament the shroud, the coffin, and the grave; the lonely delight they find in visiting their resting-places alone; all this shows that we feel the dead still to be *our* dead. It is, at the same time, an evidence of the extent to which they still influence us. Being dead they still speak to us, still move us, influence us. They speak to us, though it be but as in a soft whisper, and that through our own instinctive feelings and affections. They hold a strong though silent power over us, which induces us to do many things on their account, for their sakes, and by their influence.

Following now this train of thought, I desire to speak of the influence of the dead upon the living. We say the influence of the dead upon us, not our influence upon them. Although the very idea of communion implies that it be mutual, yet their influence upon us is set forth more prominently than our influence upon them.

This may seem strange. They are the dead and we the living—so we say and think—and yet their influence upon us is to be greater than ours upon them.

But let us reflect. They are the living—they are in advance of us—they are the higher—they are nearer the seat of all power and grace. They have emphatically entered into life, while we are only struggling in the faint dawn.

As in the natural world heaven above is greater than the earth, so the higher world of spirits is the home of the greatest power, and of the most controlling influence. It is, therefore, agreeable to the divine order that the higher and greater, shall be over the lower and lesser.

Let us direct our attention to the influence of the dead upon the living. We can see how largely the dead influence the living when we reflect that the effects of their acts are still working on in the

world after they are gone. What they have done is not buried with them. The arm, the heart, the brain which labored are indeed at rest in the grave; but not so what that hand wrought, what that heart devised, and what that brain ripened.

The fountain which a man has opened through the rock flows for ages, and thousands drink at it, and bless the hand that opened it. The tree which a man has planted spreads its shadow and shakes its fruit over generations after he is dead. The sowman goes forth to sow, and when the seed is cast into the earth he also sinks beneath its surface; but that does not hinder the coming of the harvest—upon the hills around his tomb wave the golden fields!

Shall this which he does for earth and the body live and work on after he is dead; and shall not that which he does for souls, for the church, for heaven, not much more do likewise.

The word he spoke to a friend, to a Sabbath-school class, was not that also a seed that has not yet run its full course of increase? The impression made upon some mind and heart, is not that a fountain opened that is not yet done flowing. The confidence, courage, and zeal, which a pious, consistent, and earnest life has inspired in the bosom of another is not that the beginning of endless results? Every act of the dead that made the least impression—and all acts do—lives on in the earth forever.

The *effects* of acts may disappear, but are never lost. The small dew-drop that hangs upon the blade may vanish from view, but it is not annihilated. It has only changed its form. In a still smaller form, and too subtle for our sight, it has been carried through the air, and in some other combination it has refreshed a drooping blade, or cooled the burning lips of beast or man.

It is just so with the smallest acts of man. It may be lost in the current of a larger series of influence; but it cannot be annihilated. Its part and power will be found working amid the results of the ages to come. Able still speaketh!

The widow's mite has not yet completed its history—it has not *only* wrought itself, but it has by its example, moved not only mites but millions toward the treasury of the Lord. Who will trace out and record all the impressions which that little act of self-love has made upon human hearts since she rests with God. Oh, how often has the man of abundance stood quaking with the stings of conscience, before the open treasury of the Lord, thinking how little it would do to give, while before him he saw fall from the open hand of the widow "all her living." Fear came upon him, and he reached deeper, and gave double what he had at first thought, for fear that she who met him at the treasury would meet him at the judgment and condemn him.

If we look again, we will find that in a still wider sense, the dead are ruling and directing the world. All our activities, though they are seeds for the future, are at the same time fruits of the

past—though they are causes of what shall be, they are effects of what has been. Though we operate upon the living, it is by a power already exerted upon us by the dead.

Our acts and doings, while we live, scarcely take hold upon the surrounding life as a permanent and steady power. They are much hindered by our own imperfections and those of others. It is only when the leaven is once rightly buried in the meal that it attains a true and sure power over the loaf.

The greatest amount of the good men do is after they are dead. It was only after Abel had died as a testimony of his faith, that he spake so as to be heard. His example had no power on Cain, nor on the world, while he lived. But as soon as he was dead, even Cain heard the voice of his brother's blood crying from the ground; and all generations since have heard him.

This same truth is illustrated in Jesus, the great seed of the new creation. After his death, he said I have all power in heaven and earth. From his grave burst forth in eternal vigor the life of the world! His departure from men, brought the spirit, the promise, the real advent of the eternal kingdom. Scarcely had he departed, when he shed forth the ascension gift, when men were converted by thousands, when the new life took hold of hearts, families, kingdoms, and when through every grade of society, from the cripple beggar at the gate of the Temple to the royal bosom of Cæsar's household, the shout was heard, "Jesus and the resurrection!"

Our Saviour himself has very beautifully taught us this lesson. He compares the Christian life to a seed. It is only itself until it dies and rots in the ground. "Verily, verily, I say unto you, except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit." John 12, 24-25. The history of increase begins after the death and disappearance of the seed.

Where is there a saint that has not done more since he is dead than while he was living. It seems that every Christian, like Christ, must first ascend to the home of power, before the shedding forth of the spirit, the glorious baptism of power, comes down upon his earthly labors. "His works follow him."

Oh, what a truth. The pious and earnest saint, however humble his sphere, bends to the toil, and with a tear lays his seed into the bosom of the great world; then composes himself and lies down to the rest of the grave. When he closes his eyes—no, not a blade is seen. But behold, he has buried a great hope. See at length the blade, the ear, the full grown corn in the ear—behold thirty, sixty, and an hundred fold. Hark! how the glad song of the reapers is heard over the stillness of his grave.

Let those who sow in sadness wait
Till the fair harvest come;

They shall confess their sheaves are great
And shout the blessing home.

What is there in the world that is pure and powerful, which is not from the dead. Our faith, we have it by the hands of the dead. The strong streams of holy influences which bear us along, are from the dead. Our learning, our arts, our sciences, they are the legacy of the dead. The examples which inspire us, are the dead. The models which we imitate, are the dead. We have inherited their treasures; we have entered upon their work, we are rich and blest in the fruits of their faithfulness and labor. Though dead they still speak to us every day, and in all places. We are drinking at the fountain which they opened. We eat the fruit of the tree which they planted. We are rejoicing in the midst of the harvest which they have sown. Our pastors, parents, Sabbath-school teachers though dead are still speaking to us.

Let us not forget here to remark that what has been said is true of the evil as well as of the good. The wicked acts of men do not die with them, but live on in the world.

The wicked dead also reign in the world. The wickedness which is now doing by the living is but a small matter compared with that which is now doing by the continued acts of the dead. Thomas Paine has poisoned many more souls since he is dead, than he did while living. Your acts, O wicked man, though they make their black marks now, will only come to their full harvest when you are dead. The seed of a tare, which an enemy cast into a man's field, will overspread the man's whole farm—but not while he who sowed it is alive! After he is dead it will still travel from acre to acre, from field to field. Nor will it stop at the borders of that farm. The ripened heads will lean over, and shake the seed upon the other side. The wind will bear it on its wings and sow it where it will. Yea, the birds will carry it far; and wherever it is dropped it will be the beginning of things—the seed of a new wo and sorrow!

It is said that the first weeping willow that ever grew in England was brought from the East seemingly by chance. It came as a sprig to the poet Pope with a basket of figs. He planted it; it grew, and all the weeping willows in England and this country have been derived from that sprig. So the first Lombardy poplar in this country was a scion imported and planted by Thomas Jefferson some seventy years ago. All the poplars spread over this vast country are from that scion. Behold the small beginning, behold the wonderful results. This illustrates to us the momentous consequences which flow from one small act, evil or good. This may serve to show us how our acts live on in the earth when we have been long dead. So do the acts of the dead live on among men in the world. Solemn thought.

We have no right to restrict and confine the influence of the

dead upon the living to the continuance of their acts in the world. Their influence is not confined to what they *have* done; it also includes what they *are* doing still. They do not only operate in this world in the legitimate results of their acts, but they, from that world, act upon this, and continue their communion with men, and their interest in them.

That their love for us, and interest in us, should become less, or be entirely lost as they rise higher and are nearer the fountain of grace and bliss, is unreasonable, unscriptural, and contrary to the very nature of love.

Love never dies. Our interest in our fellow beings increases as we grow in grace. The more we learn the value of eternal life in our own experience, the more are we anxious that others may possess it also. On the same principle, and much more, will the advance of a saint from grace to glory, increase his interest in all that are still in the strife and struggle.

That the dead continue their interest in us was fondly and firmly believed by the ancient church. "There," said Cyprian, "a vast multitude of them that are dear to us, await our arrival—a multitude of parents, brethren and children, who are now secure in their own salvation, and anxious only about ours."

The communion of saints is a real interchange of sympathies, not only of all saints on earth, but of all on earth and in heaven. In Christ the head, and in the church his body—which joins in one life and in one love the whole family in heaven and earth—every member has the sympathy of all. In the body the eye is a higher and more glorious member than the finger; and yet the eye fails not to look on it when it suffers. So the saint that is greatest in the kingdom of heaven, turns in sympathy towards the least. Those who suffer no more, still remember those who do.

What saith the scripture? The saints inspire us by bending in earnest interest over us. Heb. 12, 1. You do not see them, but FAITH does. They rejoice over our success: "There is joy *in the presence* of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." Luke 15, 10. They offer prayer for us: The "golden vials full of odors" which the elders offered before the throne "were the prayers of the saints." Rev. 5, 8.

"And another angel came and stood at the altar, having a golden censer; and there was given him much incense, that he should offer it with the prayers of all saints upon the golden altar which was before the throne. And some of the incense, which came with the prayers of the saints, ascended up before God." Rev. 8, 3-4.

The souls under the altar prayed. Rev. 6, 9-11.

The saints in heaven are spoken of in Revelations as *priests* unto God. Rev. 16, 5-10. They are priests already here; but have need here to make offerings for themselves. Yonder they are

priests that need no more offer up sacrifice first for their own sins. They pray, not for themselves, but for us. In that temple their supplications are pure incense, unmixed by the alloy of sin. In white robes they bend at the very feet of Jesus, for us.

The communion of saints is a mystery which is not to be fathomed by knowledge; it can only be shared in by faith. In how far beyond the ways now mentioned, the living are mysteriously influenced by the dead, we cannot now know. That there is a silent, an unseen influence, bearing down upon the spirits of men from higher spheres, through divine and angelic agency, is plainly revealed; and that the church unseen, thus communicates with the church visible is involved in the very nature of the unity of the church, and of all saints, in Christ. When, in the body, the eye is feeble, it is not only assisted by the ministrings of the hand to it; but it is also sustained and strengthened by the *silent energies* of the general health and strength of the whole body. So, the blessed vigor of the glorified members of the body secretly and silently sustains the members below, who are faint and feeble from the conflict and the toil. As once the hills of Dothan were covered by an unseen army, so faith may recognize, just beyond the visible and known, the silent presence, the warm powerful sympathy of that communion which has its proper home in the church triumphant. Thus, too, "they that be with us are more than they that be with them." A very sober poet has beautifully said—

"I love to know that not alone
I meet the battle's angry tide;
That sainted myriads from their throne
Descend to combat at my side:
Mine is no solitary choice,
The prayer of millions swells my voice,
The mind of ages fills my breast."

The dead exert a powerful influence over us as they dwell in our own thoughts and memories.

The thought that those forms and faces which we knew so well are in the grave, speaks to us of death, of earthly vanity, like no other voice. As often as we think of them, it is as if they came to us in the crowd, and beckoned us away. We follow them, and whither do they lead us? To the grave-yard! There the familiar face is transformed and becomes pale; the familiar form is clothed in a shroud, and lies down to sleep. We return again to the world, until a similar visit takes us again to see the dead.

Think how extensively the living are bound to the dead. There is not one on the broad face of the earth that is not bound to some beloved form in the grave. Not one, but even many—a parent, a brother, sister, wife, husband; a child, a friend. All these cords awake at the touch of memory, and soften the heart with sad

music of other years. No where else but in the cemetery, this city of the dead, do so many thoughts congregate—to no other shrine do so many hearts make pilgrimage—and no where else are hearts so deeply moved. Behold the power of the dead over the living.

Moreover, at the most favorable time do thoughts of the dead come over the living. Not in the din and rush of wordliness—not in the case of vanity, but in the hours of sober thought, in the twilight of evening, and in the silent night. Often when sadness, from some other source, has already softened the heart—when the coldness of the living remind us of the warmth and true devotion of the dead, or when some new bereavment reminds us of the old.

But not only as being in the grave do we think of the dead, but as being in heaven. How the soul stands still and adoring wonders, when we think of those so lately with us, in their glorified state. They have but just passed beyond our sight, and yet they know the solemn mysteries of another life. We feel as though their experience were also ours; and as though our very familiarity with them had brought us into their “silent company,” and surrounded us with the holiness and the mysteries of heaven.

Not only does the thought of those we knew affect us, but the whole host of the glorified, as they rise before our faith shed a holy, soul-subduing influence down upon our spirits. Like the soft radiance of the silent stars is the mellowing, holy influence which at the remembrance of the saints of light, falls down upon our hearts.

The thought of their holiness reminds us that only by being holy shall we ever enter their sainted circles. We fall back in deep penitence and humility into the dust of self-abasement. We earnestly cry for a new baptism in the blood of the Lamb. We pray to be clothed in those pure white robes, which alone can fit us to be happy and at home with the saints in light.

Thus do the dead speak to us, act upon us, influence us. They do it in the ever-growing results of what they have done—they do it by what they still are to us and do for us—they do it in the power which they hold over us by means of our remembrance of them.

And now, shall we hear their voice, shall we own their power, shall we yield to their influence? Shall this touching appeal be repelled; and shall not the shout of the glorified, heard by faith, cause us to look upward, and make us long to join their ranks, to learn their songs, and to share their bliss.

Among them we hear too the voice of our own beloved dead. They, being dead, speak to us. They have gone from our hearts and our homes—they have gone from our sides to the silence of the grave and the glories of heaven! Shall not the living lay it to heart?

Our Monthly Retrospect.

UNITED STATES.

CONGRESS "drags its slow length along." Before this number of *The Guardian* reaches many of our subscribers, the second session of the XXXIII^d Congress will have ceased. While we write but six more working days remain, and yet much remains to be done—so much indeed that there is evidently too little time left in which to do the work well. In their mania for taking care of the interests of their respective parties, by manufacturing public opinion for each successive presidential campaign in speeches made for Buncombe, the heavy work of the session is invariably put off to the last, to be rushed through in night sessions, or to bear the ear-marks of "hasty legislation." One of the public journals has aptly remarked that we have all been waiting and wondering when the work of Congress would begin—like that innocent Jonathan who sat out half an evening of one of Ole Bull's violin concerts, listening patiently for what he supposed was the tuning of the fiddle, to end, and the concert to "start;" and with us as with him it is pretty nearly over before we discover that we have got almost all that we have paid for or had a right to expect. Still, our M. C.'s have done a very large share of their usual work. They have talked—talked—talked—Buncombe into an ear-ache and the watchful public into a profound slumber. They have succeeded in getting up some scenes and given the galleries an opportunity to hear one honorable gentleman call another a liar. There are a few things which they might have either killed or cured before their dissolution drew nigh which may be thus summed up:

There was a project for a Pacific Railroad that many trusted would not utterly fall through. It can hardly afford to wait—but doubtless that is its doom—until a new Congress is installed. The Subterranean Telegraph bill the House has really passed upon—add that to its credit. But the bill providing a mail-line of steamers to Shanghai, the Sandwich Islands and San Fran-

cisco, the Emigrant Ship bill, the Vera Cruz and Acapulco Mail Route bill, and the bills that SAM has so pertinaciously lobbied for, have made so little progress as hardly to pay for the trouble of bringing out from their warm quarters in the Committees' desks. It would have been pleasanter to have settled the Homestead bill and the Old Soldiers' Bounty Land bill and the new Tariff bill that the Administration is so anxious to see a law, but little hopes are there that this Congress will wipe off these tedious old problems from the slate. The French Spoliation bill—on which the hopes of anxious claimants have been fondly fixed for many years was finally passed by both houses of Congress, but President Pierce found objections to the measure and interposed his prerogative of a veto. The Texas Debt bill really suffers discussion, and its passage is not an impossibility. It was reasonable to anticipate the enactment of the contemplated law increasing the pay of members and judges, for the times are VERY hard, and Washington hotel-keepers cannot decently make any further advances upon their charges for board until it is a law. Army and Navy Reforms, Indian Appropriations, the New Pensions, the Claims' Board and Judiciary Reform, are all fair topics for discussion for another Congress, and some of them are of pressing importance; but there is not time left for the Ayes and Nays to be counted on all of them, even though Buncombe should be ejected from the audience-chamber henceforth, and every man should address himself, not to the Speaker, but to his work. For what Congress has thus far done in the way of passing bills we do not feel overburdened with debts of gratitude; but for the free blowing off of steam which might otherwise have exploded, and for the leaving undone of much that it might have done about Utah and Neosho, and like matters of the mischievous breed, we desire to be duly thankful.

It is not very creditable to the reputation of our Congressmen for impar-

tiality, that such claims as are backed up by immense wealth and political influence are considered in the earlier part of the session, while the juster claims of humble citizens are passed by almost unnoticed. Thus Mr. Colt, the patentee of the revolving pistol bearing his name, brought Congress to an early consideration of his application of an extension of his patent—by what means, the public, who have read the proceedings, must be the judge: but it is not too much to say that Mr. Colt is wealthy and had influential friends to work for him. If he did not succeed, he influenced Congress to consider his application and spend much time in discussing it. How many humble but equally worthy citizens fail to do even this?

The President has conferred the Brevet Title of Lieutenant-General on General Winfield Scott for his eminent military services. The Senate joint resolution giving the executive this authority passed the House, under a suspension of the rules, by the honorable vote of 126 to 65. The opposition, it is understood, did not arise so much from opposition to General Scott personally, as to a dislike of establishing the precedent of a higher military title than has hitherto been known to the Army Regulations of the Republic. This new title is not merely honorary. It carries with it the substantial advantage of nearly \$30,000 back pay and \$1,600 annual addition to his salary hereafter. There is also attached to this grade of office a staff of six persons, four lieutenant-colonels and two secretaries, each with the rank and pay of a lieutenant-colonel. The act of Congress which established the grade of lieutenant-general was passed on 28th of May, 1798. The resolution passed by the present Congress declares that when the said grade of lieutenant-general by brevet shall have once been filled, and have become vacant, this joint resolution shall thereafter expire and be of no effect.

The Twenty-first Annual Report of the Superintendent of Common Schools is a more than usually interesting document. Including the reports from county superintendents, it covers 160 pages and gives a better idea of the actual condition of the school system than has been heretofore furnished to the public. The whole number of districts in the State is 1,531; schools,

9,507; number reported as yet required, 671. The average number of months taught is five. Male teachers employed, 7,590, at an average monthly salary of \$19.25. Female teachers, 3,640, at an average salary of \$12.02 per month. Number of male scholars, 260,269; female, 214,286; average number of scholars in each school, 42; cost of teaching each scholar per month, 43 cents. Of the whole number of scholars 11,121 are learning German. There are two points which the local superintendents generally refer to as retarding the progress and prosperity of the system, and which should be taken into earnest consideration by every friend of popular education: The lowness of teachers' salaries and short duration of the school sessions. Although the schools are kept open less than half the year, men are expected to pursue teaching as a profession at an average wages per month of less than \$20, and women at \$12. Thus, male teachers would earn about \$100 a year at their profession and females about \$60! This accounts for the difficulty of getting a sufficient number of good and competent teachers to fill the schools, the superintendents having been obliged in every county to give provisional certificates to teachers of doubtful competency or let the schools stand idle. It does strike us as not a little disgraceful that while thousands of our taxpayers are always willing to pay good prices for live stock for their farms, and spare no expense in having their dumb brutes properly cared for, they yet look for their children, with minds immortal, to be educated for the most beggarly consideration. Many of them think and argue that because school teaching does not require much bone and muscle it is "easy work" and therefore should not be paid any better or as well as farm labor. If the minds of their children are of no more value than the loose soil of their farms, than their horses, cattle, swine, sheep, or poultry, then these short-sighted folks may maintain the consistency of their argument; but if they are capable of approaching within the widest range of reason-shot to an estimate of the superiority of Mind over Matter—of morals over guano—of character over cattle—of immortality over mortality—they would not thus stop to count the cost of properly educating their children and elevating the general standard of popular education.

A great reform in public sentiment is needed here in our State policy, and all who are friendly to the wide diffusion of moral and intellectual intelligence should cease not to labor for its promotion. Children can not be expected to progress in learning by going to school five months in the year and neglecting their studies the other seven; and good men and women, thoroughly qualified for teaching, cannot be expected to teach for a less compensation than their talents will command in other and perhaps more congenial pursuits. These are two self-evident facts—they need no further demonstration.

A bill has been introduced into the New York Legislature, and a similar one into the Senate of this State, which provides that any married woman, whose husband either from drinking, profligacy or other cause, shall neglect or refuse to provide for her support or the support and education of her children, etc., shall have the right to transact business, collect her own earnings and those of her minor children, and disburse them for their education or support. It also gives the mother control over her minor children where the husband refuses or neglects to discharge a father's duty towards them. This bill is a very important one, and it is thought will become a law in both States. In that event, it will deprive the rampant womans' rights advocates of a portion of their loudest thunder.

Prohibition of the traffic in intoxicating drinks is rapidly gaining in popular favor, and State after State is adopting the prohibitive principle in its statute laws. Indiana and Illinios have each their Maine law, and the constitutionality of the Ohio law has been affirmed and is working terror among the vendors of distilled poison. A similar law has passed the New York assembly by a vote of 80 to 43, and the Delaware House of Representatives by a vote of 11 to 10. There is little doubt of its passage through the Senates of both States and its approval by their governors. A stringent law prohibiting the sale of liquors on Sunday has passed both houses of the Pennsylvania Legislature, and will no doubt be the law of the State before this reaches our readers. This law imposes a fine of from \$10 to \$100 and from ten to sixty days imprisonment for each offence. The final vote in the House was 73 to 6—in the Senate 26 to 2. The friends of the

Sabbath have good cause to be thankful for this effort to shield the sanctity of that holy day, and as soon as the people see the happy effects of suppressing intemperance on one day of the week, they will demand its suppression on the other six also. It is generally believed that a bill repealing the present license laws and making it unlawful to sell for drinking purposes will yet pass the present session. Several bills aiming at this are now on the files of the Senate and House, one of which provides that the repeal of the law be submitted to a vote of the people at a special election.

The new liquor law (passed May 4, 1854,) is doing a good work in many sections where it is properly enforced. Under its provisions any selling, giving, or furnishing intoxicating liquors of any kind, by a tavern-keeper, wholesale dealer, grocer, OR ANY OTHER PERSON, "to any person of known intemperate habits," is punished with fine and imprisonment. Where the person for whom protection is desired by his or her relatives is not known to be of "intemperate habits," all they have to do is to serve a notice on those selling not to furnish liquors to him or her. If they disregard said notice they come under the penalty. These notices must be renewed every three months. It is perhaps not generally known that this law forbids, under a penalty of fine and imprisonment, the furnishing of liquors at social gatherings or even in ordinary social visits, to persons of intemperate habits, or such as are in the habit of drinking to their own injury or that of their family, even though they are never seen intoxicated or drunk.

The weather the past month has been unusually inclement. During the first week the thermometer ranged in different sections of the country from zero down to 30°, the coldest weather experienced for a quarter of a century. The suffering of the poor in consequence has been extreme, and both public and private benevolence have been actively engaged, while much remains yet to be done by all who profess to follow in the divine footsteps of him "who went about doing good." It has been observed by those actively engaged in this good work that a very large proportion of this suffering and destitution arises from intemperance in the husband and father, the innocent becoming the victims: and the Governor

of Connecticut has significantly remarked that the prohibition of the liquor traffic in that State has prevented much destitution among the poor this winter.

The Prohibitory Liquor law has been defeated in the Senate of New-Jersey by ONE majority. It had previously passed the House of Representatives.

THE OLD WORLD.

Diplomacy has been at a stand-still in the Old World since our last, in consequence of the dismemberment and reconstruction of the British Ministry. The mismanagement of affairs in the Crimea by the War Department had been severely censured by the London Times, and freely commented upon in both houses of Parliament. This led to the resignation of Lord John Russell, the overthrow of the Aberdeen ministry and its reconstruction upon "a new basis" by Lord Palmerston, who is now Premier in place of Aberdeen. Although called a NEW ministry, there are really but four changes. Earl Granville is President of the Council in place of Lord John Russell; Lord Panmure Minister at War in place of the Duke of Newcastle; and Viscount Canning, Postmaster General under the late and present administration, obtains a seat in the cabinet. Mr. Sydney Herbert takes the Home and Sir George Grey the Colonial Department. The office of Secretary at War is to be abolished and a Parliamentary Under-Secretaryship created, to which Mr. Layard, the explorer of Nineveh, is to be appointed.

Affairs in the Crimea remain without material change. The condition of the English soldiers is reported as improving, but much suffering was still experienced in the camp through fatigue and exposure. Sorties were frequently made at night by the Russians, and though always repulsed by the French or English with considerable loss, the uncertainty of the attacks compelled the besiegers to be constantly on the alert day and night, adding much to their exposure and consequent fatigue. "Sebastopol is not yet taken," nor can that great event be reasonably expected for some months to come.

NOTES ON LITERATURE.

BOOKS AND HARD TIMES.—The "hard times" have had a depressing influence upon the book business as well as upon other trades. At a sale of standard works recently held in New York, some

rare and valuable books were sold very low. We note a few of the bargains, which look very tempting. The poems and prose works of Chaucer, complete, in folio, black letter, including the translation of Boethius, never printed in Roman letter, and one of the gems of earliest English prose, was sold for seven dollars. It was dated 1602, and was not reprinted since. Fifty dollars would have been a fair price. Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*, his *Astrophel* and *Stella*, *Sonnets* and *Defence of Poesy*, folio, a perfect copy, well bound, brought only \$5.50. A fine London edition of Marlowe's works, in three volumes, handsomely bound, brought \$1.75 per volume. The *Quarterly Review*, complete from the commencement in 1809 to March, 1853, with all the indexes, ninety-two volumes, in morocco bindings and gilt edges—a fine, rare and clean copy—sold for eighty cents a volume. And a fine copy of Montfaucon's *Antiquities*, in seven volumes, usually sold at \$10 a volume, brought only \$4.50—and many other rare works proportionably low.

THE WIFE'S VICTORY, and other Domestic Sketches, by Mrs. Southworth, have been published in a handsome volume by T. B. Peterson, 102 Chesnut street, Philadelphia. Mrs. S. is among the purest writers of fiction in modern literature, and her works are much read by many who cannot be classed as novel-readers. The *Wife's Victory* is intended to illustrate *EPH. v: 23, 24*, or the relative duties of husband and wife. Other sketches in the volume are suggested by similar texts, such as *The Temptation*, *1 Cor. x: 13*; *The Three Sisters*, *Matt. x: 36*; *Across the Street*, *John xii: 8*; etc. These Sketches not being exaggerated romances, we can commend them for their high moral tone and instructive lessons.

SEARS' CELEBRATED PERSONS, a handsome volume of 400 pages, illustrated, has been received from the publisher, Robert Sears, 181 William-st, N. York. It embraces incidents and adventures in the lives of Sovereigns, Queens, Generals, Princes, Travelers, Voyagers, etc., of Europe and America, compiled from authentic histories. These fragmentary sketches have been selected with discrimination and will be read with interest by those who have not the time nor inclination to read the larger volumes of history from which they are collated.

The Guardian.

VOL. VI.—APRIL, 1855.—No. IV.

THE TREES OF THE BIBLE.

NO. IV.—THE WILLOW-TREE.

BY THE EDITOR.

"The pensive poet through the greenwood steals,
Or treads the willowed marge of murmuring brook."

THIS is one of the earliest trees of the season. Before this number of *The Guardian* reaches the hands of our readers they will already have witnessed the swelling buds of the willow-tree. Not long after this is read, the boys will already be rubbing the smooth bark of a young scion with the handle of their jack-knife, in hope that the sap is up, and that the bark, being carefully delivered of its woody contents, may be turned into a whistle.

In this connection, and incidentally, we have a few earnest words of advice to give the boys; let them lay it to heart. First, do not cut your whistle-stick from a part of the tree where it will destroy its beautiful and symmetrical appearance. Secondly, do not rub the tender bark too severely, especially if the handle of your knife is rough; many a good whistle-stick has been spoiled in that way. Thirdly, when you have had good luck in finishing your whistle to your satisfaction, feel thankful for your success; for how often do boys fail in this business. Fourthly, as you go whistling about the house, do not feel any larger with your whistle than you are wont to do without it; and be careful lest you whistle so loud and so earnestly as not to hear the voice of father or mother when they call you to go on an errand; in that case something might occur which would change your cheerful whistling into another and a sadder tune! Be careful now, my dear boys, and treasure this friendly advice.

There is a great variety of willow. Two species of this tree are well known to all of our readers, and have a prominent place in our earliest associations. We refer to the "weeping willow," which grows near almost every farm house in the country, holding its beautiful pendant branches over the family pump, or the crystal fountain. Equally familiar is the "yellow willow," which lines the banks of streams, mill-races, and mill-dams. What a beautiful

sight is a row of these trees in the distance, earliest green in spring-time, and in midsummer turning up, at every passing breeze, the soft silvery sheen of their numberless little leaves. Did we not often gaze upon them silently and thoughtfully from the neighboring heights, or as we rode quietly along the hot road towards the mill, thinking of their cool shade

“Along the wild and willowed shore;”

and did we not often wickedly envy the lad whom we spied through the osiers, reclining at ease, holding out his fishing-rod over the water, eyeing with a kind of half lazy hope the quiverings and bobbings of the cork upon the surface, while we turned half round upon our horse to watch him until the cruel turn in the road compelled us to lose him out of our eye? A singular effect have they upon the meditative mind, these willows; like the cooing of the dove, they waken the soft undertones of the spirit, and wherever we see them, they make us think of the infinite, the joys and sorrows of the past; and, if we look upon them in a distant or foreign land, they always waken within us thoughts of the loved ones at home.

It is not certain that the weeping-willow is referred to in the Bible. It may be, however, that this tree is intended in Ezekiel 17, 5: “He planted it by great waters, and set it as a willow-tree; and it grew, and became a spreading vine of low stature, whose branches turn towards him, and the roots thereof under him.” The word is not the same which is generally translated willow. Yet, by the Rabbins, the word is rendered willow; and it is also said that the Arabs have a similar word by which they designate this tree. The description answers best the weeping willow, “whose branches turn towards him, and the roots thereof under him.” The only difficulty is that it is called a “vine;” but the learned say that the word which is translated vine may, as well, imply a *spreading plant* as a *creeping* one.

The willow is first mentioned in the Bible in connection with the Feast of Tabernacles. Levit. 23, 40. God’s people were directed to take branches of the most beautiful trees, and among them “willows of the brook,” and bear them with joy before the Lord for seven days. These branches had in some way their significance as memorials of their journey in the wilderness, of which they served gratefully to remind them. Perhaps they had been used in the construction of their tents.

Job alludes to the willow in his beautiful description of the wonderful behemoth:

“He lieth under the shady trees,
In the court of the reeds and fens.
The shady trees cover him with their shadow;
The willows of the brook compass him about.”

There is not in the whole Bible a passage of sacred poetry more

touching than that in the one hundred and thirty-seventh psalm, where the inspired poet sings the sorrows of the Jewish captives by the streams of Babylon. They had been carried away from their country, from their holy places, and their "pleasant things." Now, among strangers, and in a strange land, their hearts are overwhelmed, softened, and subdued by a sense of those sins which wasted them, and the melancholy remembrance of what they loved and lost. They seek lonely places along the river, where they may mingle their tears with the waters, and their sighs with the soft murmurs of the gliding stream. Amid scenes of congenial sadness in nature around, they seek that sympathy which they seek in vain in the hearts of those who carried them away.

By the rivers of Babylon there we sat down :
 Yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion.
 We hanged our harps upon the willows
 In the midst thereof.

It is, perhaps, common to think of these willows of Babylon as weeping willows. This however can hardly be correct. We are told that this species of willow is not known in Babylon. It does not flourish in so warm a climate. It is no doubt the sadness of the captives which so naturally suggests to our associations the weeping willow, which is a gloomy tree "that mourns over what it shadows."

When the Lord laid desolate the land of Moab by drought, every green thing perished; and the only spot to which the inhabitants, with their flocks, could fly for sustenance, was "to the brook of the willows." 2s. 15: 7.

As willows are very early green in spring-time, and of remarkably speedy growth, Isaiah is led to make them the symbol of the influences of the spirit upon the offspring of pious families. "I will pour my spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thine offspring; and they shall spring up as among the grass, as willows by the water-courses." Is. 44: 3. 4. When all other places are parched and dry, so that grass and trees wither and pine, the willows by the water-courses are still green and flourishing. No drought can affect them, because their roots are near the source of refreshment and life. So children in the covenant, and in the bosom of pious families, have fast hold upon the fountains of grace and spiritual life. Their graces are still fresh and blooming, while those who are away upon the bleak uncovenanted commons, wither and perish by the blights and blasts of sin.

In conclusion, we must yet refer to the singular and astonishing fact—for such it is said to be—that all the weeping willows in England and America, spring from one small twig, which came incidentally from Persia in a basket of figs to Pope, the celebrated Poet. He planted it; and growing, it became the parent of an innumerable host of willows, spread over so vast an extent of country,

throwing a welcome shadow over many a cottage green. What a fine illustration of the astonishing results which may follow the smallest act! Let us not think that our small acts of well-doing are in vain. With joy let us plant our little willows in the garden of the Lord; and, when we are dead, generations now unborn may be refreshed beneath their friendly shadows. Of this may every willow we see remind us.

COMFORTS OF RELIGION.

BY X. Y. Z.

How sweet 'tis to mingle with saints of the Lord,
To praise him for mercies revealed in his word;
Serenely look up to the place where he dwells,
And draws from him comfort as water from wells.

How sweet 'tis to linger beside the pure stream,
Where pleasures unmingled, as truly 'twould seem,
Abide in their freshness to cheer the sad soul,
And goodness and mercy encompass the whole.

How sweet to remember that all we possess
Results from his goodness, his favor and grace,
And feel the assurance "we need not despond,"
Since God is so gracious—so loving and fond.

How sweet to look forward, nor then be afraid
When death shall envelope the soul in its shade,
But lean with composure on Jesus' strong arm,
Where pain cannot enter nor dangers alarm.

How sweet to look also beyond the thick gloom,
That hides from the vision the sun-beams of noon;
There God and the Saviour forever compose
The spirit's sweet resting—its endless repose.

Aye, sweet from the valley of sorrow and tears
A home in the skies to the mourner appears,
He cheerfully looks to this mansion on high—
The pilgrim's dear homestead reserv'd in the sky.

When sunk in affliction, in deepest distress,
And nothing remaineth to cheer and to bless,
'Tis then the lone pilgrim, tho' heaving a sigh,
Looks upward, and thinks of his portion on high!

ALL, LORD.

Take my soul's and body's powers,
Take my memory, mind, and will;
All my good, and all my hours,
All I know, and all I feel,
All I think, or speak, or do—
Take my heart, but make it new.

ENTREAT ME NOT TO LEAVE THEE.

BY REV. J. JOHNSON

No judgment can be formed, from the mere outward circumstances in which God in his providence has placed us, as to whether we have or have not found favor with him. For those whom the Lord loves he often chastens for their profit: while on the other hand, God often leaves his enemies to become hardened by prosperity.

The narrative found in the Book of Ruth is not only interesting but instructive. It shows us at once the condescending and providential care of God in the minutest concerns of his people. The very fact itself of a Moabitess becoming ancestor of Christ seems to have been a pre-intimation of the calling of the Gentiles into his church. In the two women of Moab we see at once the difference there is between nature and grace. For in the case of Orpah we see that she was not prepared to risk all the consequences, and renounce all worldly prospects for the sake of religion. This accounts at once for the reason why she turned back to her country, her relations, and her gods. And yet we see that it was with the greatest reluctance that she parted from Naomi. She evidently appears to have been of a kind and gentle disposition; hence she was, for the space of ten years, a kind and gentle wife to her husband whose body had now returned to its mother dust. She was also a kind daughter-in-law to Naomi, which is evident from her own words: "The Lord deals kindly with you as ye have dealt with the dead and with me."

Ruth was also of a kind and gentle disposition; and Naomi was not only a mother-in-law, but she evidently sustained another very important relation, viz., that of a spiritual instructor, for it is evident that she taught her the way of salvation through the blood of the Lamb. She set thus an example every way worthy the imitation of all those who sustain the parental relation. Now to be separated from such an instructor must have been indeed painful. Hence we cannot wonder at the strong attachment manifested on the part of Ruth. However dear friends may be to us, these tender ties which bind heart to heart must be severed. How true are the beautiful lines of the poet—

"Friend after friend departs;
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end."

At length the day of parting comes. And now when she must leave her people and her kind spiritual instructor, with tender affection for Naomi, she exclaims in the fullness of her heart, "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee, for whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, thy God my God."

From this affecting history we may learn the following lesson, viz., that we should cleave to our converted friends. We should do so, because their God is a precious God.

This is the case only to the believer in Christ. "Unto you," says the Apostle, "that believe, he is precious."

Before conversion, like all the unregenerate, they received "him as a root out of dry ground; there was no form nor comeliness in him that we should desire him. Now he is the chiefest among ten thousand and altogether lovely." This arises from the fact that they have found him a sin-pardoning God. He is precious because he has washed away our sins in his most precious blood. He is precious because he is a faithful God—faithful in the hour of temptation and in the hour of affliction. He is a refuge to all in trial and in want.

We should also cleave to our converted friends, because they are a happy people. Naomi was one of the peculiar people of Israel. She was a worshipper of the living and true God. God has a peculiar people still; they are those of whom the Psalmist speaks: "Blessed is the man whose transgression is forgiven." They are no longer under the curse—that curse which has made our world groan—that curse under which the lost soul shrinks, and which kindles the fires of perdition in the heart. God's people may be in poverty, they may be bereaved, yet they are happy. God dealeth with them as with sons; and when they reach heaven they will find that these winds of affliction have wafted them thither.

Another reason why we should cleave to our converted friends is, that they want us to go with them. Naomi was anxious for Ruth to go with her; not out of mere natural affection, but out of love to Israel's God. Moses wanted Hobab, his brother-in-law, to go with him. Jeremiah was anxious, in his day, that the Jews should go with him. Your Christian friends want you to go with them. They may not have the boldness to tell you so; but you may see it in the anxiety of their eyes. They are anxious you should come to the house of prayer. They pray for you in secret places.

One more reason why we should cleave to our converted friends, is the distressing thought of eternal separation. Little did Orpah think when she turned her back upon Naomi and Ruth that she was parting with them forever. And little do the wicked think now of that eternal separation that will take place between them and their Christian friends. The probability is that they lived together in infancy—that they played around the same palm-tree—sat together in the same cottage, and wandered together over the same hills of Moab. Now they part forever. Remember, then, that when death comes you will be eternally separated. Cleave to your converted friends; seek an interest in the blood of Christ, then God's people shall be your people, and their God will be your God.

THE STARS.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

THOSE burning stars! what are they? I have dreamed
 That they were blossoms on the Tree of Life,
 Or glory flung back from the outspread wings
 Of God's archangel—or that yon blue skies,
 With all their gorgeous blazonry of gems,
 Were a bright banner waving o'er the earth
 From the fair wall of Heaven!—And I have sat
 And drank their gushing glory, till I felt
 Their flash electric trembling with the deep
 And strong vibrations down the living wire
 Of chainless passion—and my every pulse
 Was beating high, as if a spring were there
 To buoy me up where I might ever roam
 'Mid the unfathomed vastness of the sky,
 And dwell with those high stars, and see the light
 Pouring down upon the blessed earth, like dew
 From the bright urns of Naiads!

Beautiful stars!

What are ye? There is in my heart of hearts,
 A fount, that heaves beneath you, like the deep
 Beneath the glories of a midnight moon!
 And list—your Eden tones are floating now
 Around me like an element—so low,
 So wildly beautiful, I almost dream
 That ye are there the living harp of God,
 O'er which the incense winds of Eden stray,
 And wake such tones of mystic minstrelsy
 As well might wander down to the dim world
 To fashion dreams of Heaven!—Peal on—peal on,
 Nature's high anthem!—for my life has caught
 A portion of your purity and power,
 And seems but as a sweet and glorious tone
 Of wild star music?

Blessed, blessed things!

Ye are in Heaven and I on earth. My soul,
 Even with the whirlwind's rush, can wander off
 To your immortal realm, but it must fall
 Like your ancient Pleiad from its height,
 To dim its new clad glories in the dust!
 The earth is beautiful—I love
 Its wilderness of spring-flowers, its bright clouds,
 The majesty of mountains, and the dread
 Magnificence of ocean—for they come
 Like visions to my heart—but when I look
 On yon unfading loveliness, I feel
 Like a lost infant gazing on its home,
 And weep to die, and come where you repose
 Upon your boundless Heaven, like parted souls
 On an eternity of blessedness.

 HEAVEN lies about us in our infancy!

Shades of the prison-house begin to close

Upon the growing boy:

But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,

He sees it in his joy.

PECULIARITIES OF AUTHORS.

RACINE composed his verses while walking about, reciting them in a low voice. One day, when thus working at his play of *Mithridates*, in the Tuilleries Gardens, a crowd of workmen around him, attracted by his gestures, they took him to be a madman about to throw himself into the basin. On his return home from such walks he would write down scene by scene, at first in prose, and when he had thus written it out, he would exclaim, "My tragedy is done!" considering the dressing of the acts up in verse as a very small affair.

Magliabecchia, the learned librarian to the Duke of Tuscany, on the contrary, never stirred abroad, but lived amidst books and upon books. They were his bed, board and washing. He passed eight-and-forty years in their midst, only twice in the course of his life venturing beyond the walls of Florence; once to go two leagues off, and the other time three and a half leagues, by order of the Grand Duke. He was an extremely frugal man, living upon eggs and bread and water, in great moderation.

Luther, when studying, always had his dog lying at his feet; a dog he had brought from Watburg, and of which he was very fond. An ivory crucifix stood on the table before him, and the walls of his study were stuck round with caricatures of the pope. He worked at his desk for days together without going out; but when fatigued, and the ideas began to stagnate in his brain, he would take his flute or his guitar with him into the porch and there execute some musical fantasy, (for he was a skilful musician,) when the ideas would flow upon him as fresh as flowers after summer's rain. Music was his invariable solace at such time. Indeed, Luther did not hesitate to say that, after theology, music was the first of arts. "Music," said he, "is the art of the prophets; it is the only art which, like theology, can calm the agitation of the soul, and put the Devil to flight." Next to music, if not before it, Luther loved children and flowers. The great reformer had a heart as tender as a woman's.

Calvin studied in his bed. Every morning at five or six o'clock he had books, manuscripts and papers carried to him there, and he worked on for hours together. If he had occasion to go out, on his return he undressed and went to bed again to continue his studies. In his later years he dictated his writings to secretaries. He rarely corrected anything. The sentences issued complete from his mouth. If he felt his facility of composition leaving him, he forthwith quitted his bed, gave up writing and composing, and went about his out-door duties for days, weeks and months together. But as soon as he felt the inspiration fall upon him again, he went back to his bed, and his secretary set to work forthwith.

Rousseau wrote his works early in the morning; Le Sage at

mid-day; Byron at midnight. Hardouin rose at four in the morning and wrote till late at night. Aristotle was a tremendous worker; he took little sleep, and was constantly retrenching it. He had a contrivance by which he awoke early, and to 'awake was with him to commence work. Demosthenes passed three months in a cavern by the sea-side, in laboring to overcome the defects of his voice. There he read, studied and declaimed. Rabelais composed his life of Gargantua at Bollay, in the company of Roman cardinals, and under the eyes of the bishop of Paris. La Fontaine wrote his fable chiefly under the shade of a tree, and sometimes by the side of Racine and Boileau. Pascal wrote most of his Thoughts on little scraps of paper, at his by-moments. Fenelon wrote his Talemanchus in the Palace of Versailles, at the court of the Grand Monarque, while discharging the duties of tutor to the Dauphin. That a book so thoroughly democratic should have issued from such a source, and be written by a priest, may seem surprising. De Quincy first promulgated his notion of universal freedom of person, and of throwing all taxes on the land—the germ, perhaps, of the French Revolution—in the boudoir of Madame de Pompadour! Bacon knelt down before composing his great work, and prayed for light from heaven. Pope never could compose well without first disclaiming for some time at the top of his voice and thus rousing his nervous system to its fullest activity.

The life of Liebnitz was one of reading, writing and meditation. This was the secret of his prodigious knowledge. After an attack of the gout, he consigned himself to a diet of bread and milk. Often he slept in a chair, and rarely went to bed till after midnight. Sometimes he was months without quitting his seat, where he slept by night and wrote by day. He had an ulcer in his right leg, which prevented him walking about, even had he wished to do so.

MORAL FRAGRANCE.

“WHAT a pity,” said a little boy to his father, as they walked through the garden, “that the rose, after blooming, does not produce fruit, and thus return a thank-offering to summer, for the lovely season of its spring-life. Now, it is called the flower of innocence and joy; then, it would be also the emblem of gratitude.” The father answered, “Does it not offer all its loveliness to beautify the spring; and, for the dew and light which it receives from above, does it not fill the air with its delicate fragrance? Thus, like gratitude, bestowing a charm unseen, which enhances every other good. Created for the spring, it dies with the spring; but its withered leaves retain a portion of its sweet fragrance; so in the heart of innocence does gratitude abide, after the kind deed which called it forth is forgotten in our breast.”

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

FROM THE GERMAN. BY THE EDITOR.

THE Lord's Prayer is, once for all, the best prayer; for you know who made it. But no man on the face of the earth can so pray as He did; we only stammer and stumble toward it, and some worse yet than others. This however does no injury, Andrew, if we are only in earnest; our dear Father in heaven must always do most himself, and He knows what we mean. Since you wish it, I will tell you honestly how I do when I pray the "Our Father." Yet I know it is poor enough, and would rather myself be taught.

You see, when I wish to say this prayer, I think first of all, of my sainted Father, how good he was, and how willing to give me what I needed. Then I think of the whole world as my Father's house, and all people in Asia, in Europe, in Africa, and in America, seem to me then as if they were my brothers and sisters; and God sits in heaven upon a golden seat, and stretches forth his right hand over the sea, even to the end of earth, and his left hand is full of salvation and goodness, and the mountain tops all around smoke as if with incense—then I begin:

Our Father which art in Heaven, hallowed be thy name.

This already I cannot understand. The Jews, it is said, knew some secrets about the name of God. This I leave as it is, and only wish that our meditations on God, and every trace by which we can know him, may make me and all men feel that he is over all things great and holy.

Thy kingdom come.

Here I think of myself; how now this and now that rules and reigns within me; and how I am borne hither and thither; and how all this is but vanity and sorrow, and leads me to no green spot. And then I think how good it would be for me if only God would bring all this inward warfare to an end, and rule in me himself.

Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven.

Here I think of Heaven, with its hosts of holy angels, who do His will with joy, and no sorrow touches them, and how they are blest in love and joy, and praise day and night; and then I think if it were only also thus on earth.

Give us this day our daily bread.

Every one knows what daily bread is, and that we must eat so long as we are in this world, and that it tastes well. I think of this. Then I remember my children, how they love to eat, and how happy they are at the table. And then I pray God to give us always something to eat.

Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.

It pains us when we are injured, and the revenge of man is sweet. So I feel myself, and my heart naturally loves it too. Then I think I see before me the man in the scripture who took his debtor by the throat! I lay it to heart, and think that I will forgive my fellow-sinner, and will never say a word to him of the hundred pence.

And lead us not into temptation.

Here I think of all kinds of sad examples, when men in such and such circumstances departed from what was good, and feel that I will fare no better, if I do not watch and pray.

Deliver us from evil.

Even here still I think of the many temptations around me, and how easy it is to be led astray, and get into wrong paths. At the same time I think of all the ills and woes of life—consumption, old age, chill and fever, phrenzy, and the thousand afflictions to which flesh is heir, and for which there is no human help. And you will find, Andrew, that if the tears did not flow before they will come now, and we can sigh and sorrow so penitently and so tenderly as if all help were gone. But then again we must take courage, and lay our hand upon our mouth, and in triumph say on: *For thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory, forever. Amen!*

BROTHER, TAKE MY ARM.

BY THOMAS MACKELLAR.

WHEN grief is heavy on thee,
Or dismal fears alarm,
Then, brother, lean upon me—
My brother, take my arm.
There's many a load of trouble
That taketh two to bear,
Where one would bend quite double
Beneath the heavy care.

If malice, in its rancor,
Has sought thy mortal harm,
My shoulder be thine anchor—
My brother, take my arm.
Though all, in time of trial,
May turn their eyes away,
Nay, brother, no denial,
My arm shall be thy stay.

If grief were mine to-morrow,
A grief that naught could charm,
I'd cry, in all my sorrow,
"O, brother, give thine arm?"
Aye! let me feel another
Will weep with me in woe;
A brother, yea, a brother,
May all who sorrow know!

THE COUNTRY BOY IN THE TOWN-SABBATH SCHOOL.

This boy was one of the writer's acquaintances in boyhood's happy days, and is even now, as a man, by no means a stranger to him. What is to be said about him is all veritable fact. He is a native of the Keystone State, and considers it a great mercy of God that he was born a good many years ago, and that in the *country*. He is by no means averse to all genuine improvements or any degree of progress in the right direction. Nor does he think that all town people are knaves. But he remembers a good many customs which, in his opinion, are ever to be preferred to those that now have taken their place—considers much, that is called progress, grievous decline; and is of opinion also, that there are more good people in the country than in towns and cities, especially at the present time.

The parents of this boy were both members of the church, and as their heart desired to raise good children, they made use of all proper means to accomplish their object. In those days the school house and the church, among the German christians, stood close together, and the schoolmaster needed more than a certificate from the county superintendent; he had to be a consistent professor of the christian religion. In the school, where this boy attended, it was fixed and required usage to open the session in the morning with singing and prayer; close at noon with a hymn; open in the afternoon with prayer, and close in the evening by the same exercises. This was order of each day. As soon as the scholars could read well enough they had to bring their Testaments, and at last their Bibles. From this good book they had to commit, weekly, some passages. The more advanced were required to study the catechism, and thus prepare themselves for catechisation by the minister. These, among other things, seem sufficient ground why it may be considered a mercy of God to have been borne long ago. For these good customs have vanished away.

If, what is generally maintained by those who know by experience, is true, then this boy sustained an irreparable loss in the death of his mother. So young was he yet at this mournful event, that he has but dim recollections of ever having been blessed with a mother. Her early demise changed greatly the course of this family. The farming business was abandoned, and the forsaken father settled down in retirement. The boys, as they grew up, went from home to learn trades. Several of them got into the town of ———. Here we find the boy of our story on a visit to his brother; and it is at this time that the "country boy" gets into the "town sabbath school." It will not seem strange if he should feel strange in these new circumstances. He takes a back-seat and would not dare to stir during the exercises. At last a young man—a good, pious

young man, no doubt—approaches him in all simplicity and kindness, and thus succeeds at once to gain the boy's affection and confidence. Having ascertained, by questioning him, that he was able to read, he produced one of those old-fashioned spelling-books that contained a great many Bible histories, and from this the stranger boy was to say his lesson. The story chosen for this time was about good old Noah, and how he was saved in the ark. When the boy had finished reading his lesson the teacher very kindly made the application. "Noah," he said, "was preserved with his family because he did not forget God. He always remembered that God saw him, and tried to please him, and do what he required of him. Thus he also built the ark, when all others around him laughed at him. When the flood came he went into his ark, and when all others perished in the flood, he was saved. Now this God lives yet," he continued, "and he sees us also; and if we think of him, and try to do his will, and avoid all sin, then we need never be afraid. Even in the night, no matter where we are, God is near us, if we are good, and nothing can injure us."

But why make such a long story of a "country boy," the reader may say. Well, this relation of facts, is not half as long as the thousand and one tales and novels, teeming over the land and eagerly read by thousands without containing a line of valuable instruction. We think our story affords data from which very important lessons may be learned.

1. A lesson for boys. Though the Guardian is intended specially for "young men and ladies," it is no doubt also read by many boys and girls. These may learn how to live happy, even in the midst of danger. If they will not only read the story of Noah, but also remember its application, as did the country boy, and try always to think of that great God who preserved his servant Noah, they will certainly avoid much that is sinful, and not suffer half as much from fear, as bad children do. When our boy became afraid of any thing wrong, it also came to his mind and made him sorry, and he was led to ask God to forgive him and resolved to do better afterwards. If any boy or girl learns such a lesson it will be worth more than all the gold of California.

2. Sabbath-school teachers may learn a lesson. In many Sunday-schools the lonely boy would have been permitted to go away without any sort of a lesson. Teachers generally think all is done when they have heard the lessons of their own classes. Few would be led, by the love of Jesus, to approach a stray lamb that might come within their reach. And few also feel sufficient interest to make such applications of what is recited, as would be likely to fix the attention of their pupils on a few wholesome points, and thus sow good seed in hope of raising a good tree. The "country boy," even now, derives comfort from the first lesson of that sabbath-school. Simple as the application was, it resulted in good fruit.

That boy is now a minister of the gospel, and many souls bless God to hear from his lips the good tidings of great joy. What a field of usefulness is open for sabbath-school teachers. Bless the Lord all ye that have this opportunity to sow the imperishable seed of the word. You may lead many lambs into the Saviour's fold if you are only faithful in your important trust.

3. Professors of religion may receive instruction from our story. Noah's God is the God whom they profess to worship. A God of unbounding love; but also a God of most righteous severity. The man that manifested his faith by a strict obedience to God's commandments, by proper works, was approved of God when others perished in great multitudes. By faith Noah, being warned of things not seen as yet, moved with fear, prepared an ark to the saving of his house, by the which he condemned the world, and became heir of the righteousness which is by faith. Heb. 17: 7. The creature's safety is under the shadow of the Almighty. To enjoy this, he must be obeyed. Hypocritical professions will not avail in the day of judgment. If Christians wish to be happy and secure, they must do as the country boy; they must always remember that God sees them. This will cause them to watch over all their ways, and spur them to earnest efforts in doing the will of God. Is it not a lamentable fact, that many professing Christians are not only *in* the world, but *of* the world. Though "warned of things not seen as yet" more solemnly and repeatedly than ever Noah was, they are not "moved with fear," and habitually forget that safety is found only in the ways in which God requires us to walk.

What a difference would become manifest in the family, in the church, and in more public places and transactions, if God's nearness were habitually remembered. It is indeed alarming how widespread this popular infidelity has become in the church. A thousand signs of the times evidence that the highest aim of numbers of professors is to pass for Christians in the eyes of their brethren. "I am as good as such and such an one," is no uncommon remark, and this is to pass as evidence that such person is a Christian. But is such ground safe? Your brethren may be as wicked as you, and you may perish together. Are you as good as God requires you to be? This is the safe way of proving our professions. "Men looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart." "And," says the Apostle Paul, "They measuring themselves by themselves, and comparing themselves among themselves, are not wise."

4. Non-professors may receive warning from this story. God warned not only Noah, but others also, in the days before the flood. Noah was a "preacher of righteousness." God gave a respite of one hundred and twenty years, but sinners were not moved. They were "eating and drinking, and married and were

given in marriage." The things not seen as yet, though foretold, received no serious consideration. The servant of God was all along busy in building the ark. By doing God's will, he prepared for himself and family a place of safety against the day of out-poured wrath. For all this he was laughed to scorn. The world would not believe in God; sinners would not be warned to flee from coming punishment by returning unto the Lord. Time, however, was passing away in its perpetual swiftness. The ark had been finished; the day of probation was over. Those in the ark were saved; all others perished.

Reader, are you out of the church—out of Christ? You are in terrible danger. The day of final account is very nigh indeed. You can surely not forget entirely that you also have to give an account to your Judge in that day? How wise to remember this in time. How unwise to defer it to hours or days of your last sickness—the stroke that shall sever the thread of your life on earth, and usher you into the presence of your maker. Have you not often seen, and often heard of the helplessness of the sick and the dying who lived without Christ? Feeling, in this serious hour, that they must leave all behind; that even their best friends cannot accompany them through the "valley of the shadow of death," a sense of their forsaken condition renders them unutterably miserable. How much they would do, and how much they would give, if the time of their stay on earth could be lived over again. You have time and opportunity, warning and entreaty; be persuaded, then, to yield your heart to Christ at once; and whenever your end comes it shall be peace.

"Great God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
Th' eternal state of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings.

"Infinite joy or endless woe
Attends on every breath;
And yet how unconcerned we go
Upon the brink of death!

R

A LESSON FOR BOYS.

Boys are admonished by a sensible writer to beware of the following description of company, if they would avoid becoming like those who enter prison for their crimes: 1. Those who ridicule parents or disobey their commands. 2. Those who profane the Sabbath or scoff at religion. 3. Those who use profane or filthy language. 4. Those who are unfaithful, play truant, and waste their time in idleness. 5. Those who are of a quarrelsome temper. 6. Those who are addicted to lying and stealing. 7. Those who take pleasure in torturing animals and insects. 8. Those who loaf around grog-shops and drink whiskey.

FLOWERY WREATHS AROUND HOME.

BY THE EDITOR.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
There is no place like home.

LET it not be regarded as too small a matter to receive serious attention when we urge upon parents to make home attractive to their children. We do not now refer directly to the important duty of letting the light of intelligence and holiness shine in the family, so that home may be the sanctuary of all purity, and joy, and love. This, of course, must also be; and home is not deserving of that sacred name where there is no God, and no piety. But, in what we now wish to say, we refer to the *outward* of home—the house itself, and its surroundings.

Who does not know that there is a great difference in homes, in those things which appear outwardly to the eye. In some, every thing is in disorder; every thing looks dilapidated, rickety, and forsaken; there is no yard, no sod, no plot of green, no shade-tree, no fruit-tree, no vines, no flowers. Every thing looks bleak, dry, dreary and dead. Then again there are homes where every thing is just the opposite of this—every thing at its place, paths clean, pailings whitewashed, green trees, sod neatly dressed, flowers here and there, and every object that would otherwise be unsightly is wreathed and festooned with vines which are taught to grow by careful hands, and the whole scene looks as if prepared for some festal occasion. And truly so it is; for there is always cheerfulness and joy in such a home.

Let no one imagine that what we recommend can only be accomplished and enjoyed by the rich. Far from it. It can be possessed by the poorest; and the attractions of which we speak may, and often do, gather around the humblest hut. These are things which cost nothing but the attentions of a few spare moments. Whitewashed walls and fences, shade and fruit trees, rose-bushes, vines and flowers—what do these things cost? We may almost say, they are to be had without money and without price. They are within reach of the poorest, and yet how great an item are these trifles in the outward attractions of home! A home with them, and a home without them, if there were no other difference, could scarcely be recognized as the same place. So important are these little things.

These attractions of which we speak are important, as they add to the comfort of the spot. The heart is cheered by the freshness of the scene, the eye is relieved and delighted by the varieties of life and growth and bloom, and the senses are regaled by the odor of flowers. Such a scene both elevates and purifies the intellectual, social, and moral nature. It does so, it is true, quietly and

in a way not to be clearly recognized, but none the less truly. It does so as gently as the dew refreshes the grass, upon which it falls unseen. It does so as silently as the pure air ornaments the rosy cheek with the glow of health.

Yet this is not all. We must not overlook the impress which such attractions of home leave upon the memories, and hang around the associations of children after they have left the parental roof, and are drifting about in the world. It is immensely important that the hearts of children be bound to home. All its scenes and associations ought to be dear to them forever. Memory ought to travel back over the waste of years, and find in the home of childhood the greenest spot in life. This has a tendency to preserve in the heart much that is pure, beautiful, and good. It has been truly said, that he who looses all attachment for home, and discards the sacred recollections of earliest life, is far gone upon the dark way of evil. On the contrary he that cherishes these feelings shows that his heart is still tender and open to softening influences. With the memories of his youthful years will come back to him many a tender lesson, and many an earnest reproof.

If it be important thus to bind the hearts of children to the spot of home and the scenes of early life, how needful is it to surround their home with such attractions as will make it truly a home to the heart. If that home be a bleak, dreary, and uninviting spot, how can it ever cause pleasant memories to return to it? It will rather repel than attract. The wanderer will find more to delight him in the homes of strangers, and be almost forced, if he think at all, to think reproachfully of a home to which his heart cannot pleasantly and fondly cling.

Do not both reason and observation teach us abundantly that parents themselves are in fault when their children have no strong attachments to home. What do they do to make their children happy there? It is to them the dullest and dreariest spot in all the earth; and they feel as if a kind of captivity detained them from freedom and happiness, as these seem to reign around them; and for such to desire a return to their homes would be the same as if a bird, set free from a hateful cage, after it had caroled in the pleasant grove, should long again for its contracted and cruel confinement. It is true, according to the old saying, "home is home be it ever so homely;" it is, however, only home so long as the heart hangs to it; but this will not be long, unless it has some attractions, some pleasant scenes and associations, around which memory may twine its garlands in ever fresh beauty and bloom.

Have these considerations any weight? Then let us beautify our homes. Let us not regard the time and care necessary to plant trees, and vines, and flowers, as uselessly spent. Every "thing of beauty is a joy forever!" Every charm we add to it will make it

a "sweeter home" to our children, and be another cord to bind their hearts to it, and to us, and to all that we ever taught them to love.

DO WE THINK ENOUGH?

Do we think enough of the influence which may be exerted by those whom we bring to Jesus? It were a great thing if the soul whom we were the means of saving were, like the penitent thief, removed on the day of his conversion to heaven. But it may be otherwise. We may not only convert a soul, we may call into existence a power which will be felt far and wide, and whose beneficial influence will be lasting as eternity. Who was it that Andrew led to Jesus? His own brother; but that brother was Simon Peter, than whom our Lord had never a more devoted and zealous follower—who had conferred on him the honor of opening the gate of the kingdom of heaven to the Gentile world—whose writings remain to this day a part of that precious word by which we are instructed in the knowledge of salvation—and who, at last, if ecclesiastical tradition be true, laid down his life in his Master's cause.

A Christian woman, on her way to the Tabernacle, accosted John Williams, and asked him to go thither. She, very likely, thought this might be the means of saving his soul; but she could have no idea that she was bringing to Jesus one who should be at once the apostle of civilization and mercy to the savage islanders of the Pacific, and whose name should be identified with some of the most distinguished triumphs which the Gospel has achieved in these modern times. We know not what good the man may do whom we bring to Jesus; but we may be almost certain that he will be, in a greater or less degree, the means of blessing the world.

Look around you, then, and ask, "What is there I can do to bring souls to Christ?" And then, as you see your work, resolve that you will do it with all your might.

PRAISE FOR THE WORD OF GOD.

The Bible! the Bible! blest volume of truth,
How sweetly it smiles on the season of youth;
It bids us seek early the pearl of great price,
Ere the heart is enslaved in the bondage of vice.

The Bible! the Bible! the valleys shall ring,
And hill-tops re-echo the notes that we sing;
Our banners, inscribed with its precepts and rules,
Shall long wave in triumph, the joy of our schools.

SUDDEN DEATH.

BY THE EDITOR.

Death rides on every passing breeze,
He lurks in every flower;
Each season hath its own disease,
Its perils every hour!

SUPPOSE that you had made yourself guilty of some crime against the government worthy of death. Suppose the governor should issue your death-warrant, stating that at some time, within fifty years, you should be put to death—but that you should be kept profoundly ignorant of the precise time when this solemn sentence should be executed. He would say, You are permitted to go at large and enjoy perfect liberty until such time as I shall choose. That time shall not be known to you, but to me alone. But whenever the hour shall arrive, wherever you are, or whatever you may be doing, you shall at once die!

Now what, under such circumstances, would be a man's feelings? We may safely suppose that he would think of it last in lying down, and first in rising up. The awful uncertainty would induce such an one to live in constant expectation of his end.

This case, though supposed, is in substance a real case. On account of sin we are all doomed to die. This sentence will be executed within a certain time. At an hour—which is not known to us—but only to the Great Governor of the universe, the sentence will be executed. It may be in fifty years, in twenty, in ten, in five, in one, in a day—yea, in an hour!

We may imagine that it will yet be many years; but what right have we to think so? None at all. That the event will come is certain. When it will come God only knows.

Now what, in such circumstances, ought we to do? "Watch ye therefore: for ye know not when the master of the house cometh, at even, at midnight, or at the cock-crowing, or in the morning: lest coming suddenly, he find you sleeping."

A sudden death, though it ought to have no undue terror to a saint, is nevertheless something not to be desired. In the case of sinners it has always been regarded by the church in the light of a judgment.

In the case of saints, though it is no judgment, it must be regarded as a sacrifice in which they are involved for the sake of sinners. It is the privilege of a saint to die by a natural, gradual transition. How calm, easy, we may say, was the death of Jacob, and of the patriarchs generally. They took leave of their generations with all the calm, solemn deliberation of one going on a journey. So also Simeon departed in deliberate peace, when his eyes had seen the salvation of God.

This, then, we believe to be a sweet privilege of saints, which

God denies to them only when wise ends require it; and thus the saints become martyrs for the good of sinners and the glory of God.

There are several ways in which the saints are involved in sudden death for the sake of sinners.

1. When, on account of the social constitution of our race, general judgments of God, which fall upon sinners, necessarily involve the saints.

This is the case in the sudden destruction of a family, a city, or a nation. This is the case in the three great scourges of God—War, Famine and Pestilence. The fearful fate of sinners in these visitations generally involves some saints in sudden death.

These sudden scourges, though they often involve the saints with sinners, never have their cause in the saints, but always in sinners. War, Famine, and Pestilence are caused by sin, and always most extensively involves sinners. The saints fall by the contagion which has its cause, rise, and continuation in sinners and sin. But to saints it is not a judgment, but only an earlier release from the sorrows of earth, and an entrance into life everlasting.

2. Saints are sometimes taken away suddenly in order to inspire a salutary fear in the bosoms of sinners. The hand of God, instead of falling upon one whom sudden death would damn, falls upon his righteous neighbor. Thus the death of the one may prove the life of the other. Many an one has been aroused from carnal sleep by such sudden and alarming providences, dropping down like a stroke from Heaven, by his side. Often, it is true, such means are not improved. God complains of this: "The righteous perisheth, and no man layeth it to heart." Yet in many cases they inspire a fear which drives to Christ.

The fact, therefore, that saints as well as sinners die suddenly, is no proof that sudden death is something ordinary and natural. When a sinner dies suddenly it is to be regarded as a judgment—the wicked has been taken away in his wickedness—he that hardened himself has been suddenly cut off, and that without remedy—the barren fig-tree has been cut down!

On the contrary, when saints die suddenly, it is that the wicked may be warned to lay it to heart; or because they fall as do the few stalks of wheat among the tares against which God sends out his fearful reapers! It is often a mercy in disguise. For it is better to be cut down with the tares to be separated forever from them, than to stand with them in a fellowship of uncongeniality, affection and pain. Many a martyr escaped a greater sorrow. The righteous are taken away from evil to come.

Thus we see that sudden death, although it is overruled, in the case of saints, for good, is nevertheless something not to be desired but dreaded.

God has even implanted in our nature a certain fear and dread

of sudden death. Hence a sudden death startles and shocks us. The execution of a criminal turns our blood cold. The idea of seeing another, or of being ourselves suddenly launched into the awful mysteries beyond, makes the very spirit tremble and shudder upon its inmost throne!

Hence we find that the ancient church always included in her petitions—"From sudden death deliver us, good Lord!" We heard a young man remark lately, that his father always included this supplication in his family prayers. Even where it is not formally repeated there is no doubt it ascends in the way of pious desire from most Christian hearts in their daily risings to the throne of heavenly grace.

Not only beautiful, but evangelical, and very proper is the prayer of the pious Cowper. Every Christian may adopt it.

"At last,
My share of duties decently fulfilled,
May some disease, not tardy to perform
Its destined office, yet with gentle stroke,
Dismiss me to a safe retreat,
Beneath the turf that I have often trod!"

Why, we may yet ask, is sudden death naturally so fearful to sinners? Why does the thought of it disquiet them? Why does such an awe come over them, and over all, when it falleth suddenly upon them? We answer, because there is the deep, sure consciousness that they are not prepared for it. This inspires them with fear. Most of sinners have no idea of dying as they are now. The hope of a future change sustains them. They imagine and hope that some adequate warning, some lingering sickness at the close, will afford them time to prepare. When their spirit earnestly calls and warns them, they answer, "My Lord delayeth his coming." With this delusion they manage to put off the earnest protests of their immortal nature against a life of sin, and put far off the day of their return to God.

But at times there meets them, like a dark spectre, the fearful idea of a sudden death! Amid the noise of earth is heard the ominous warning voice, "Ye know not when the master of the house cometh!" Great God! to be thus suddenly arrested. To be aroused, like the virgins, out of this deadly sleep of sin, by the midnight cry, "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet him!" What an awful thought, just as I now am to hear the call of the last trumpet, "Come to judgment!" Just as I now am, to stand before the great white throne, and answer the searcher of hearts. With what terror do such thoughts at times overwhelm the soul unprepared for death.

But chiefly is sudden death fearful to sinners because they are so greatly exposed to it; and because they are often solemnly

reminded of this fact. Exposed to sudden death from causes *within* them. So fearfully and wonderfully are we made, that but a trifling cause makes the whole organism to perish. The breaking of a cog in a watch stops its motion. A delicate touch of the finger stops the clock. Our life is truly like a "harp of thousand strings, which dies if one be gone."

"Great God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
The eternal state of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings!"

We are exposed to sudden death from causes *without* us. See yonder rolling car, crowded with passengers. Some dozing, some talking, some reading, some laughing—all intent on business or pleasure at some distant point. In a moment, and all are dashed to pieces. Where a moment ago all was life and hope, there is left only wreck, ruin, wounds and death.

See yonder steamer on quiet seas. No one dreams of danger: Yet in a moment there is a crash, or an explosion. They sink—great God!—and in a moment more the waves clap their hands over the sinking, and the mournful winds are bearing over the watery bed their sigh for the loved ones at home.

See yonder, a town. Joy in every family; business in every shop; the flow of travel and trade in every street. But silently as the hand of the thief under the slumberer's pillow glides the pestilence through the streets, into the houses, into the chambers, into the hearts. The angel of death shakes his dread wings,

"And the eyes of the sleeper wax deadly and chill,
And the heart but over heaves, and forever grows still."

But in a less general way are all exposed to sudden death by accidents. It would take a whole article itself to mention the many ways in which persons have met, and may meet with sudden deaths, in the house and the by-way, in business and in pleasure.

Most fearful of all are sudden deaths by judgments direct from *above*. Like Ananias and Saphira, who were cut down with a lie upon their lips. Like Herod who was smitten in the act of blasphemy against God. Like thousands in whose end have been fulfilled the fearful words: "He that, having been often reprov'd, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy."

How fearful is such an end. How awful to be called into the presence of the Judge by a stroke of his anger. How solemn to be summoned, without a moment's warning, to enter that world of mysteries, where no mistakes can any more be corrected, and where no regrets can avail.

LIVING BY APPEARANCE.

BY REV. E. H. HOFFHEINS.

HALF the world lives by appearances. This is often the case with the would-be great, wise, rich and fashionable; yea, the very elite of the world. Hypocrisy and dissimulation are the great elements in which most men live. The most abject poverty often lies concealed under the garb of riches, the most consummate ignorance under the names and titles of the great and wise, and the vilest wickedness under the cloak of our most holy religion. There is nothing truly great, honorable, noble or holy, which men do not ape after and try to imitate, not to become, not to be, but *appear* to be. The orator and statesman is aped after by the vain and empty babbler and the petty demagogue.

Yes, men live by appearance—by what they appear or pretend to be, not by what they really are. There is the boy of twelve years old, early taught by fond parents to imitate all the foppery and flourishes of the youth of twenty. He must needs appear to be a man, and that before he had time to be a boy. There, too, is the novice in knowledge, who has spent a few winters in some village academy, passes himself off as a finished scholar, and assumes all the airs and dignities of the sage of fifty. And there again is the young man of moderate or no means at all—perchance a beneficiary—who lives by the hard earnings and savings of a kind parent or an affectionate brother or sister, yet lives in the extravagance of the man who can command his thousands; parades the streets with cane in hand, patent-leather boots and broad-cloath of five and ten, kid gloves, puffing away at his three and six-centers, a giant among the ladies; and procures the very candies by which he bribes their company on trust. True, he knows that he is living above his means. But what of that; he must keep up appearances. His conscience, his Bible, his church, his friends, all, all tell him he is doing wrong; but no matter for all these, he must make an impression.

Nor is this evil less common among the other sex. It prevails, if possible, to a still greater extent among women than among men. They must at all hazard keep up appearances. Greater efforts still are made by them to conceal their real character and condition, and live by a fictitious one. All imaginary kind of trickery and deception are constantly resorted to; every possible device and stratagem is made use of in order to make a show. This is especially the case when they appear before the public. However poor their condition, however great their struggles at home, when abroad they know nothing, even of the ordinary labors, trials and difficulties of every-day life. They often feign to be ignorant of all domestic labor and care. And pretend as

though they were living in all the ease, luxury and splendor of the millionaire, or the queen in her palace. "Law me," said one of these flit-flirt, would-be rich and fashionable ladies one day, whose father had been sold out by the sheriff, "law me, I haven't been in the kitchen, O dear, I don't know when. O dear, I haven't seen a wash-tub, O my, I couldn't tell the day when. Lucy, the black girl, attends to all that." Very well, thought we, did your circumstances justify it, and were it really so. But we happened just to know a little better. But ladies must keep up appearances. They must make a show.

A striking illustration of the manner, as well as of the beauties of living by appearances and making a display before the public, the reader will find in the following incident, taken from a Philadelphia paper. Two ladies had been perambulating for nearly an entire half-a-day through all the most public and fashionable streets in the city, dressed in the most costly and fashionable style, with any quantity of jewelry and foolery, when, upon approaching the home of the most fashionable of the two, she was met by a dirty and filthy little boy, with not an entire piece of clothing on, addressing her in the most earnest and imploring manner as follows: "Mamma, mamma, come home quick, and take the baby; its crying itself most to death, and papa is waiting on you this long time; he wants to go and buy three cents' worth of coal and a cents' worth of milk to make the baby some pap." The reader need not be informed that this little fellow was the son of our fashionable lady, and that he got a most terrible look from his mother, with a "get out you little rogue you." Truly not every thing is gold that glitters. But appearances must be kept up, and ladies must make a show out now and then, though it be at the expense and sacrifice of comfort and convenience.

THE HEART.

BY ELIZA COOK.

THE heart—the heart! oh, let it be
A true and bounteous thing;
As kindly warm, as nobly free,
As eagle's nestling wing.

Oh, keep it not, like miser's gold,
Shut in from all beside,
But let its precious stores unfold,
In mercy far and wide.

The heart—the heart that's truly blest,
Is never all its own;
No ray of glory light the breast,
That beat for self alone.

REV. CHRISTIAN RUDOLPH KESSLER.

FOUNDER AND PRINCIPAL OF THE ALLENTOWN SEMINARY.

How much of the gloom of death vanishes away, when we can remember, while we bear the departed to his resting place, that he was a good, and useful man. We were deeply impressed with this thought while standing with hundreds of others around the open grave of Mr. Kessler. He died comparatively young, only 32 years of age; and yet how full of good fruits was his life for God and his generation.

Rev. C. R. Kessler was born in the Canton Graubunden, in Switzerland, Feb. 20th, 1823. He received the rudiments of his education in his native place, and chiefly from his own father, Rev. John S. Kessler, D. D. He afterwards studied at Chur, the principal city in his fatherland, and still later at the university in Leipsig. In 1841 he came to this country, and studied Theology in Mercersburg, Pa., where he also became teacher in the German Language in Marshall College. Having finished his Theological studies, he was licensed to preach the gospel in 1843, and immediately took charge of a congregation in Pendelton county, Virginia. In 1844 he was called as assistant Pastor to labor with Dr. Bibbig-house in Salem's church, Philadelphia. In April, 1845, he was united in holy marriage with Miss Anna Maria Salade of Philadelphia. The same year he became afflicted with bronchitis, which made it impossible for him to continue regular preaching. Having, before he left Europe, devoted himself with special zeal to pedagogy, or the science of teaching, he now directed his attention again to this subject. He accordingly, in the spring of 1848, removed to Allentown, Pennsylvania, where he founded one of the finest schools in the State, known as the "Allentown Seminary." His health and strength, however, gradually declined, and on Sabbath morning, the 4th of March, he fell asleep in Jesus, having a few moments before uttered his last words of faith, prophecy and hope: "What a blessed Sabbath has dawned upon me!"

What a touching sight, on the day of the burial, to see so many youths of both sexes in solemn procession, two by two, precede the corpse, and, near the grave, parting into lines on either side, while the body is borne on to the grave between them. The scholars all bore in their hands bunches of evergreen tied with black ribbon—the ribbon seemed to say, "we mourn for the dead," and the evergreen, "his memory shall continue green in our hearts." After the burial service, the procession again passed the open grave, while each pupil, with an affectionate look, cast his bunch of evergreen upon the coffin.

The whole scene was such as to move many to tears. So, thought we, do affectionate hearts reward those who have blest them. Such is the bright end of a useful life. Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!

THE BEGINNING OF MORMONISM.

"TWENTY-EIGHT years ago, Joe Smith, the founder of this sect, and Harris, his convert, applied to the senior editor of the Journal, then residing in Rochester, to print his Book of Mormon, then just transcribed from the Golden Bible, which Joe had found in the cleft of a rock to which he had been guided by a vision.

"We attempted to read the first chapter, but it seemed such unintelligible jargon that it was thrown aside. Joe was a tavern idler in the village of Palmyra. Harris, who offered to pay for the printing, was a substantial farmer. Disgusted with what we considered a 'weak invention' of an imposter, and not caring to strip Harris of his earnings, the proposition was declined.

"The manuscript was taken to another printing office across the street, from whence, in due time, the original Mormon Bible made its advent.

"'Tall oaks from little acorns grow.'

"But who would have anticipated from such a bald, shallow, senseless imposition, such world-wide consequences? To remember and contrast Joe Smith, with his loafer look, pretending to read from a miraculous slate-stone placed in his hat, with the Mormonism of the present day, awakens thoughts alike painful and mortifying. There is no limit, even in this most enlightened of all ages of knowledge, to the influence of imposture and credulity. If knaves, or even fools, invent creeds, nothing is too monstrous for belief."

There is a scrap of history, but at the same time also a solemn lesson. Here are two editors applied to by an imposter to print a book. The one refuses to print it; the other, for money, prints it. Suppose they are both now living; which one, with the disgraceful history of that book before him, can regard with most pleasure his course in the case? The one can feel truly that he has no part in bringing to birth the monstrous imposture; while the other must see plainly that his hand is in the matter, and has the blood of the evil upon it.

We are well aware of the common and ready excuse: "If I do not do it some one else will." Suppose he will, the sin is then his, and not yours. The fact that another will do a thing if you do not, does not make that right for you. The very reason why

wrong is done at all, is because some one will do it. Judas might have argued on this point even more plausibly than any one now; he might have said, the Saviour *must* be betrayed, or how can he die for men: if I do not betray him another will. This is the common refuge of such kind of sinning. But yet, wo to that man by whom the son of man is betrayed; it had been better for him if he had not been born.

Evil will be done—bad books will be printed—liquor will be sold—if one will not do it another will. Let it be so; but let us see that it is not by us. Offences will come, but wo unto him by whom the offence cometh!

LOCKS OF HAIR.

You've often heard me promise, Fred,
One day to tell you where,
And from what treasured heads I shred
These treasured locks of hair.
Well, now the time has come at last—
Your birth-day festival
Has blithely come and swiftly passed,
And you shall know them all.

Twelve years have fled since I bowed
In tearless grief, my knee
Beside our dying sire, and vowed
A parent's care for thee;
And I remember how you tried,
Till even the menials wept,
To wake our father when he died,
And said, "he only slept."

This short curled lock, half-dark, half-
I clipt it from his brow, [gray,
I've kept it sacred till to-day—
We will divide it now;
And when you look upon it, Fred,
Still think you hear the voice
That with its dying accents said,
"My Father, bless my boys!"

This raven braid belonged to one
You never knew, my brother,
She only blessed her new-born son—
And died—our sainted mother!
She left us—but with us she left
A fairer, tenderer flower;
But like a plant of sun bereft
She withered from that hour.

Spring's buds around our mother's tomb
Came just in time to wave:
We saw the flowers of autumn bloom
Upon our sister's grave.
My boy! our tears are falling fast
On yonder golden tress;
It is a relic, and the last,
Of her lost loveliness.

And this long, waving silken curl,
Ah! THAT you must not share;
You never knew the angel girl
Who gave that auburn hair.
My beautiful! my blessed one!
And she, too, passed away!
I strove to breathe, "Thy will be done,"
But it was hard to say.

Oh! by how weak and frail a thing
May the heart's depths be stirred!
How close and long will memory cling
To one light look or word!
And are not these slight locks with
Of spirit-meaning fraught [more
Than all the mystic, lettered lore,
That sages ever taught?

Well, they are happy now, dear boy;
Their ransomed souls are free:
They feel no more earth's hollow joy,
And real misery.
Our barks are struggling slow to shore,
By storm and tempest driven,
But they have passed life's ocean o'er,
And anchored safe in heaven.

CONTENTMENT.

It happened once, on a bright summer's day, that I was standing near a well, when a little bird flew down, seeking water. There was, indeed, a large trough near the well, but it was empty, and I grieved for a moment to think that the little creature must go away thirsty; but it settled upon the edge of the trough, bent its little head downwards, then raised it again, spread its wings, and soared away, singing; its thirst was appeased. I walked up to the trough, and there, in the stone work, I saw a little hole about the size of a wren's egg. The water held there had been a source of revival and refreshment; it had found enough for the present, and desired no more. This is contentment.

Again, I stood by a lovely, sweet-smelling flower, and there came a bee, humming and sucking; and it chose the flower for its field of sweets. But the flower had no honey. This I knew, for it had no nectary. What then, thought I, will the bee do? It came buzzing out of the cup to take a further flight, but as it came out it spied the stamens full of golden farina, good for making wax, and it rolled its little legs against them till they looked like yellow hose, as the bee-keepers say; and then, thus heavily laden, flew away home. Then, I said, "Thou camest hither seeking honey, and finding none, hast been satisfied with wax, and hath stored it for thy house that thy labor might not be in vain. Thou likewise shall be to me a lesson of contentment."

THE OLD ORCHARD.

AN intelligent and pious female friend, in a private letter, alludes touchingly to an article in the last number of the Guardian. We cannot refrain from quoting it. How much alike are the sacred associations of our childhood! Surely we are all nearer each other in our hearts than in our minds.

"'The Orchard' interested me. The first sixteen years of my life were spent near just such an Orchard. Every tree had its name, and its own attractions. But the old Orchard passed into other hands, and a change came over it. The woodman would not feel as I did;

"In youth it sheltered me:"

and many of the dear old sacred trees were cut down, and only now have place in a very few memories, just like the dear ones who rambled with me there, who are now sleeping in the dust, but who are sacredly treasured in a few faithful hearts."

Our Monthly Retrospect.

THE UNITED STATES.

CONGRESS closed its thirty-third session on Sunday the 4th ultimo, about twelve o'clock, M. As we intimated in our Retrospect for last month, all the important business was crowded into the last day of the session (the third of March) which, according to the Congressional almanac, is the longest day in the year, its duration, on that occasion, being at least thirty-six hours. When Col. Benton's name was called on Sunday morning, to vote on some question before the House, he stated that the Congress of which he was a member had ceased to exist at twelve o'clock on Saturday night. He did not believe in Sunday legislation. He appears to have been the only member of both houses who had that much regard for the Sabbath. Amid the confusion of a weary and exciting night session a number of important measures were passed, including good, bad and indifferent. We note the most important bills passed and approved during the session. The annual appropriation bills, with a grand variety of amendments, were passed, of course. The bill for revising our diplomatic and consular system, including a large increase in the compensation of our ministers abroad. Two bills for increasing the efficiency and improving the discipline of the navy, including a retired list for superannuated officers, and rewards and encouragements to the sailors and marines for good conduct. The new bounty land bill, which extends a land bounty to the heirs and descendants of all the soldiers of all the wars of the United States, white and Indian, and which will thus distribute about 200,000,000 acres of the public domain, and will give thousands of deserving poor families a just chance to secure a homestead—if they can manage to keep out of the clutches of the numerous bounty land sharks which the passage of this bill has suddenly called into existence. A very good act requires the pre-payment of postages by stamps, in all cases, after the first of January next; and all letters to be pre-paid, by

stamps or otherwise, after the first of this month. The postage on letters for any distance over 3,000 miles was also increased to ten cents. This bill has also a provision for additional care, in the post offices, of letters containing money. A bill establishing a Court of Claims. The Texas claim bill of seven and a quarter millions to satisfy the demands of Texas creditors against the United States.

Among other things, four new regiments were added to the army; a telegraphic line granted to the Pacific; a searching party ordered for Dr. Kane in the Arctic regions; General Scott created a lieutenant-general; the heirs of General De Kalb were provided for; Gen. Jackson's sword accepted from the heirs of Gen. Armstrong; small notes abolished in the District of Columbia; and a bill passed and approved regulating the transportation of passengers in steamships (suggested by the Arctic and other recent marine disasters.) The House amendment reducing the Tariff to an approximation to the policy of free trade failed in the Senate by a close vote.

One of the most remarkable documents of the nineteenth century made its appearance the past month. The report of the Ostend Conference, by Messrs. Buchanan, Mason, and Soule—in which the remarkable proposition is made to purchase the Island of Cuba for \$120,000,000. The report holds this significant language: "After we shall have offered Spain a price for Cuba far beyond its present value, and this shall have been refused, it will then be time to consider the question—Does Cuba in the possession of Spain seriously endanger our internal peace, and the existence of our cherished Union? Should this question be answered in the affirmative, then by ever law, human and divine, we shall be justified in wresting it from Spain, if we possess the power." But it appears the National administration does not endorse this policy, and Cuba will no doubt remain in the possession of Her Catholic Majesty for some time to come. At all events, the

action, or non-action, of our government in regard to our difficulties with Spain was not satisfactory to Mr. Soule, who has resigned and come home.

From California we have had most important news. A great commercial disaster had overtaken that new and flourishing State, in the sudden suspension of several of the leading banking houses of San Francisco, among which the house of Bacon, Page & Co. took the lead. As the suspension of bank after bank was announced the excitement in the streets of San Francisco became intense, and is said to have exceeded anything of the kind ever witnessed even among that excitable population. Calmness was at length restored by the assurance that the failure on the part of the banks arose from the difficulty of getting their ingots of gold converted into specie, and not from any real insolvency of the institutions themselves. All they asked was a reasonable length of time to exchange their deposits of gold dust for specie, when they would be able to pay dollar for dollar. The Legislature had adjourned sine die after declaring the impossibility of electing a U. S. Senator.

American mechanics have achieved another great triumph—we may say one of the wonders of the world—in uniting the British Colonies to the American States by a wire suspension bridge over the Niagara gorge, across which the shrieking locomotive drags its ponderous trains of humanity and the products of labor. The length of this bridge, from the centre of each tower is 822 feet; height of tower above the rock on the American side, 88 feet; do. on the Canada side, 78 feet; do. floor of railway, 60 feet; number of wire cables, 4; diameter of each cable, 10 inches; number of No. 9 wires in each cable, 8,659; aggregate strength of cables, 12,400 tons; weight of superstructure, 750 tons; do. superstructure and maximum loads, 1,250 tons; maximum weight of cable and stay will support 8,500 tons; height of track above the water, 234 feet; height of railroad above wagon track, 60 feet. The first locomotive passed on the 8th inst.; it weighed 23 tons. The depression at the centre was $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches, but no vibration was produced. On the 9th the experiments were repeated with two other engines, making trips at the rate of eight miles an hour. One locomotive, weighing 34 tons, with a car

full of passengers passed over at the same speed; the depression at the centre was $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches. The strongest gales of wind have no effect upon it. The train paused when half-way over the river, at the line where the State and Colony meet, when the flags of the two nations were waved in exultation of this triumph of strength and skill. The bridge is built so that it rises arch-like in the centre. There are two main tracks, one 4 feet 8 inches for the New York Central, another 5 feet gauge for the Great Western, and by a fifth rail the New York and Erie Railroad can also run their cars across. Far away beneath—so far that the heavy wave scarce shows its swelling—rushes the Niagara, and the shrill shriek of triumph that the locomotive sends forth, as it passes over the chasm, is heard beyond the Cataract itself. This bridge now, with its busy road-way below—its quintuple rails above—the headlight of the locomotive flashing in the darkness of the gorge—the car—the carriage—the throng of all—has placed itself in the very first rank of the wonders of the world.

A case was recently decided before the Court of Common Pleas at Cincinnati, which we hope will have a good effect towards finally breaking up a pernicious system of lottery gambling, which is becoming very general in this and other States. An indictment was found against H. H. Shippey "for publishing a scheme of chance," the offensive publication being the prospectus and advertisement of the Cosmopolitan Art and Literary Association, of which any person could become a member by paying \$3, receiving in return a copy of a \$3 magazine, and a chance in the "drawing" of receiving any one of the numerous works of painting and statuary. This stupendous lottery scheme, we are sorry to say, was extensively advertised by many respectable newspapers and magazines, one of the principal head-quarters of the concern being at the office of the Knickerbocker Magazine. The defence set up was that the association did not constitute a lottery or "scheme of chance," within the meaning of the statute; but the Court held, and so charged the jury, that notwithstanding every member or purchaser of a ticket thereby received certainly a periodical of equivalent current value with the price paid, yet if other and further inducements were held out

to the purchasers of tickets, that they should be entitled to a share in the distribution of property to be made by any mode of mere accident or chance, then the concern was a scheme of chance within the meaning of the law. The jury returned a verdict of guilty. The same principle of law would apply with equal force to the "gift concerts" and other schemes of chance, which are got up to evade the laws against lottery gambling. The laws of Pennsylvania declare all and every lottery "and device and devices in the nature of lotteries" unlawful. If these gift or prize concerts are not devices in the nature of lotteries, then the legal force of the English language, in statute law, is certainly very ambiguous and obscure. All such schemes have a pernicious moral influence and should be abolished.

An act repealing the tavern license laws of this State has passed the House and will no doubt pass the Senate also. It makes it a misdemeanor, punishable with fine and imprisonment, for any person to sell liquors and allow them to be drank on the premises; or, in other words, it will completely break up all the public drinking houses but will not affect the sale of liquors by those selling by measure. So far as it goes, the friends of Prohibition regard it as a step in the right direction.

The ten hour law is the subject of much interest and discussion at the present time. The act of 1849 having been found inefficient in establishing the desired reform in factories, a new bill has been introduced into the House of Representatives, which, if passed, will prevent the employment of all minors in factories for a longer period than ten hours a day. A number of large and enthusiastic meetings of operatives and mechanics have been held in the different manufacturing districts of the State, and resolutions adopted urging the enactment of the proposed law.

A new and more stringent prohibitory liquor law has been passed by the legislature of Maine and received the approval of the Governor. The Senate passed it unanimously. In the House the vote on its final passage was 90 yeas to 29 nays. A majority of those voting nay expressed themselves in favor of the principle but were not prepared to endorse some of the details of the new law. Those violating its

provisions are liable to imprisonment for the first offence—for the fourth conviction, \$1000 fine and one year in the State Prison—the intermediate penalties ranging from three to nine months imprisonment, with fine and costs.

A bill prohibiting the sale and importation of liquors has passed the Nova Scotia House of Assembly by a vote of 21 to 17. This goes a step farther than our States, under the laws of Congress, have power to go on this question.

The recent township and borough elections in this State have shown a general breaking up of old parties. The candidates elected appear to be of all political shades, and no party can claim a general triumph. This shows a refreshing determination of independence on the part of voters.

THE OLD WORLD.

THE great event of the past month in the history of Europe has been the death of the Czar Nicholas, Emperor of all the Russias and King of Poland. His death is reported to have taken place on the morning of the second of March. He had been suffering with an attack of influenza and the immediate cause of his death is reported to have been pulmonary apoplexy—although surmises are afloat that he was assassinated. He died in the fifty-ninth year of his age and the thirtieth of his reign. He succeeded his eldest brother Constantine in 1825, who renounced his right to the throne. Constantine died in 1831. Nicholas married Charlotte, daughter of the King of Prussia, in 1817. The issue is Alexander, Grand Duke and hereditary prince, three daughters, and three other sons, Constantine, Nicholas and Michael, Grand Dukes. Prince Alexander, the heir to the imperial throne, was born April 29, 1818, and is therefore in the thirty-seventh year of his age. The news of the death of the Czar has given rise to much speculation, both in Europe and America as to its probable effect upon the war in the East. The general impression appears to be that the prospects of peace will be increased by the event. Our intelligence from the seat of war is more favorable for the allies. The troops generally were in better condition and in higher spirits. The works were progressing and more confidence was felt in the ultimate capture of the place. The Turks under

Omar Pasha had achieved a victory over the Russians at Eupatoria. With the assistance of the allied navy and its effective shells he drove back 40,000 Russians with a heavy loss on their side, losing only fifty men himself. A thousand of the Czar's troops had also perished in a snow storm. These events tended somewhat to discourage the Russians, as well as to revive the spirits of the allied troops—an effect which would no doubt be materially increased when the sad news of the Czar's death reached the camp. The weather had moderated, and sickness consequently diminished. Louis Napoleon had signified his determination to repair to the Crimea and be present in person at the final fall of Sebastopol.

NOTES ON LITERATURE.

COMMENTARY OF DR. ZACHARIAS URSINUS on the Heidelberg Catechism. Translated from the original Latin by Rev. G. W. Williard, A. M. Second American edition. pp. 659.

Dr. Ursinus stood high among the Reformers. He attended Melancthon at the conference of Worms, 1557. He afterwards presided over the Academy at Breslau. In 1561 he was appointed, by the Elector palatine, to the chair of Theology in the University of Heidelberg. He was also still later Divinity Professor at Newstadt, where he died in 1583, aged 49. In 1763, the Heidelberg Catechism, composed by him and Casper Olevianus, was published. He having borne the principal part in the authorship of this pacific symbol of faith, is of course the best expounder of its sense. This fact, as well as its intrinsic merit, makes this a very important work. Mr. Williard has performed an enduring work for Christianity in giving this standard commentary to the public in English. The translation is a good one; and the mechanical execution of this large volume is all that eye and taste could desire. He that buys this book will possess a treasure of sound scripture truth.

THREE HOURS SCHOOL A DAY—A Talk with Parents. By Wm. L. Crandel. New York: Fowler & Wells, Publishers. 1855.

The author of this volume, whose death has been recently announced, was appointed by the New York Legislature, to prepare a report upon the state of education in that commonwealth, and the results of his researches under that appointment are embodied in this excellent work. We desire for the present

merely to call attention to it as a work of the highest importance, and well worthy the attention of every one interested in the culture of the rising generation—reserving a more extended notice of the points embraced for another occasion. The ideas of the author, which are elaborated through many pages, may be embraced in the following four points:

I. A "sound mind in a sound body" is the proper end of education. But health of body and vigor of mind are both assailed and impaired by a daily confinement of six hours in the school-room.

II. Even with the best ventilation no school-room in which a score or more of persons are daily collected can be so healthy as the open air. No pupil, therefore, should be kept in school longer than his attention can be absolutely fixed upon, absorbed in, his lessons. And experience has proved that three hours per day is as long as such attention can unflaggingly be given.

III. The first duty of every child is to grow. It is of course a primary duty of every parent to see that the amplest facilities of growth and development are secured to his children. To this end the constant, or all but constant, enjoyment of pure, fresh air, unconstrained attitudes, ample exercise, exhilarating play, &c., are indispensable.

IV. The mind naturally loves Knowledge, seeks it, receives it with delight, and assimilates it. Each child is a natural seeker, and absorbs Truth as naturally as the growing plant or tree imbibes carbon. We should so adjust our educational machinery as to preserve this thirst for intellectual acquirement fresh and keen through life. But most children are stupefied and stultified by the mephitic dens in which they are confined through six hours on each school-day—they are overtaken and wearied, until, by reason of these abuses, the very thought of school becomes abhorrent—and, having for years been driven to study what they did not comprehend and therefore could not relish, they retain through after life, the disgust and hatred of study which have been excited or implanted.

BATTLES OF THE CRIMEA is the title of an interesting work on the present war in the East. It is chiefly compiled from the graphic accounts of the correspondent of the London Times.



THE ROSE.

The Guardian.

VOL. VI.—MAY, 1855.—No. V.

SPRING.

(See Engraving.)

BY THE EDITOR.

"The silver moon's enamoured beam,
Steals softly through the night,
To wanton with the winding stream,
And kiss reflected light.
To beds of state go, balmy sleep,
('Tis where you've seldom been,) **May's** vigil while the shepherds keep
With Kate of Aberdeen.

"Upon the green the virgins wait,
In rosy chaplets gay,
Till morn unbars her golden gate,
And gives the promised May.
Methinks I hear the maids declare,
The promised May, when seen,
Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
As Kate of Aberdeen.

"Strike up the tabor's boldest notes,
We'll rouse the nodding grove;
The nested birds shall raise their
And hail the maid I love. [throats,
And see—the matin lark mistakes,
He quits the tufted green:
Fond bird! 'tis not the morning breaks,
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

"Now lightsome o'er the level mead,
Where midnight fairies rove,
Like them the jocund dance we'll lead,
Or tune the reed to love:
For see, the rosy May draws nigh;
She claims a virgin queen;
And hark! the happy shepherds cry,
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen."

THE artist has endeavored to give us a picture of Spring. He presents a beautiful young female playing with flowers. We have said playing, and yet it is only about half play. There is earnestness in that eye, and in the purpose of those features, as well as in the act of fixing one in her hair. It betrays the secret wish of giving finish to her own beauty by adding to it the blushing honors of the rose. Whether it really answers that end, we doubt; but certainly it aids the artist in representing Spring. We cannot think of spring without also thinking of flowers; nor can we help thinking that spring is like youth and beauty.

Look at her again, the lovely representative of Spring, in our picture. She is the veritable one whom the poet addresses as the goddess of the month of May:

"Come, pride of my song!
Formed by the Graces, loveliness itself!
Come with those downcast eyes, sedate and sweet,
Those looks demure, that deeply pierce the soul,
Where, with the light of thoughtful reason mixed,
Shines lively fancy and the feeling heart:
Oh come! and while the rosy-footed May

Steals blushing on, together let us tread
The morning dews, and gather in their prime
Fresh-blooming flowers, to grace thy braided hair,
And thy loved bosom that improves their sweets."

Among our earliest compositions at school we have not failed to treat the important subject, Spring. We wrote on it because it was "an easy subject;" and we generally began somewhat in this wise: "Of all the seasons of the year there is none so beautiful as Spring;" and then went on about birds, flowers and music. It was certainly an easy subject, *as we treated it!* Since then, as we have grown older, it has not seemed so easy to us; and we have had some trouble to get up the courage necessary to begin. Yet it is the lovely month of May, and the Guardian greets its readers with youth, beauty and roses; hence something must be said concerning Spring.

A German poet calls spring, especially the month of May, "the kiss which heaven gives to earth." There is beauty, and a world of ideas in that saying. Thomson very graphically calls Spring "the generous smile of Nature;" but more beautifully still, in another place, "the rosy-bosomed Spring." We would include all these in our idea of Spring, thus: Heaven greets earth with a warm kiss of love, the earth smiles in the sense of this love, and its swelling bosom expands in living gratitude and praise.

We must not get the idea that Spring begins and ends in May. It begins before it, and continues long after it. As in the generations of men there is a constant renewal of childhood and youth—the babe upon the grand-parent's knee—so over the face of the earth there are buds and bloom through the entire summer, and even amid the yellow ripeness of Autumn. The youthful flower smiles beside the ripest growth, and the hopeful bud looks out from beneath the pale leaves of the last rose of summer. Thus have we seen the rosy cheek of infancy lay close up to the wrinkled cheek of grand-parent, while glossy curls rolled over the snow-white locks of age. Oh, what a prophesy have we here. Life stands out, in hope and joy, amid death and decay; while youthful vigor presents itself to the sinking heart of age as the embodiment of a never-failing promise.

How dreary would be the year were there no spring. Nor should we imagine that this season of beauty is a blessing which all enjoy. In some northern regions there is no season which, as compared with ours, can be called Spring. Says one, writing from Copenhagen on the first day of May, "The seasons here are all of them unpleasant, and the country destitute of rural charms. I have not heard a bird sing, nor a brook murmur, nor a breeze whisper, neither have I been blest with the sight of a flowery meadow these two years. Every wind here is a tempest, and every water a turbulent ocean."

Though the extreme north is thus dreary, yet it is said the spring transition, in regions not quite so far north, is exceedingly interesting, being more sudden and marked than farther south. Herbert the poet thus beautifully describes the quick bursting forth of a northern spring:

“Yestreen the mountain’s rugged brow
Was mantled o’er with dreary snow;
The sun was red behind the hill,
And every breath of wind was still;
But ere he rose, the southern blast
A veil o’er heaven’s blue arch had cast;
Thick rolled the clouds, and genial rain
Poured the wide deluge o’er the plain.
Fair glens and verdant vales appear,
And warmth awakes the budding year.
O ’tis the touch of fairy hand
That wakes the spring of northern land!
It warms not there by slow degrees,
With changeful pulse, the uncertain breeze;
But sudden on the wondering sight
Bursts forth the beam of living light,
And instant verdure springs around,
And magic flowers bedeck the ground.
Returned from regions far away,
The red-winged throistle pours his lay;
The soaring snipe salutes the spring,
While the breeze whistles through his wing;
And, as he hails the melting snows,
The heathcock claps his wings and crows.”

In our own climate, as in England, the spring comes and goes more gradually. The poet of the Seasons has very considerably called ours “gentle Spring,” coming “mildly.”

“Come, gentle Spring! ethereal mildness! come;
And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
While music wakes around, veiled in a shower
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.
While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch,
Dissolving snows in livid torrents lost,
The mountains lift their green head to the sky.
With growing strength, and ever-new delight
From the moist meadow to the withered hill,
Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs,
And swells, and deepens, to the cherished eye.
The hawthorn whitens; and the juicy groves
Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees,
Till the whole leafy forest stands displayed
In full luxuriance, to the sighing gales.”

The poets will have it that the world without the fall and sin, would have smiled in the loveliness of perpetual Spring. Before this dire event, when “strange pangs” shot through all the pulses of nature, the forebodings of woe and death,—

“Great Spring
Green’d all the year; and fruits and blossoms blush’d
In social sweetness, on the self-same bough.”

We will not dispute the beautiful suggestion—geologists may; and when they have once fully shown that death of any kind came into the world that came *not* “by sin,” we will try to believe it! Till then we go with the poets and with Paul, in believing most assuredly, that if man had not sinned the flowers had been lovelier, the birds had sung more sweetly, and the whole face of nature would have smiled in the glories of perpetual spring.

A more practical thought suggests itself to us here, and urges for expression. It is this: Our hearts must be in harmony and at peace with God if we would see the full beauty, and feel the whole blessed influence of nature in spring. The tossed and troubled lake cannot reflect truly the grand and gorgeous scenery which lines its luxurious and romantic shores. So a troubled heart, boiling with the inner fires of passion and sin, cannot mirror forth without hideous distortion the gay and glad glories of the world around. This accounts for the fact that those poets whose hearts had never found the rest and peace in God, only describe nature in its terrible, broken, and awful forms, as Byron, Shelley, and others of that school. If we would see nature in its mild, graceful forms we must look into Milton, Thomson, Cowper, Wordsworth, Montgomery, and others, who drank their inspiration at “Siloa’s brook, which flows fast by the holy oracle.”

“Acquaint thyself with God, if thou wouldst taste
His works. Admitted once to his embrace,
Thou shalt perceive that thou wast blind before:
Thine eye shalt be instructed; and thine heart,
Made pure, shall relish with divine delight,
Till then unfelt, what hands divine have wrought.”

This explains, too, the fact that the finest specimens of descriptive poetry in the world are found in the Bible. Who can describe nature like Job, David, Solomon, and Jesus Christ. Whenever the sacred writers touch natural objects they stand out to us in holy light. They always look upon them on that side which is illumined by the light which shines on them from God, and thus enable us also to see them from that side.

Go forth, then, into the woods and fields and groves with a pure and peaceful heart. Walk forth in the light of the divine favor, so shall all nature look upon you as with eyes of mildest love. Seek to possess a childlike spirit, so shall the May-scenes around you put on for you their loveliest features of innocence, and joy, and love.

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

I come, I come! ye have called me long,
I come o’er the mountains with light and song;
Ye may trace my step o’er the wakening earth,
By the winds which tell of the violet’s birth,
By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the South, and the chestnut-flowers
By thousands have burst from the forest-bowers :
And the ancient graves, and the fallen fanes,
Are veiled with wreaths on Italian plains.
But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,
To speak of the ruin or the tomb !

I have passed o'er the hills of the stormy North,
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth,
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
And the reindeer bounds through the pasture free,
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright where my step has been.

I have sent through the wood-paths a gentle sigh,
And called out each voice of the deep-blue sky,
From the night bird's lay through the starry time,
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,
To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes,
When the dark fir-bough into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain ;
They are sweeping on to the silvery main,
They are flashing down from the mountain-brows,
They are flinging spray on the forest-boughs,
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
And the earth resounds with the joy of the waves.

Come forth, O ye children of gladness, come !
Where the violets lie may now be your home.
Ye of the rose-cheek and dew-bright eye,
And the bounding footstep, to meet me fly ;
With the lyre, and the wreath, and the joyous lay,
Come forth to the sunshine, I may not stay.

Away from the dwellings of careworn men,
The waters are sparkling in wood and glen :
Away from the chamber and dusky hearth,
The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth ;
Their light stems thrill to the wild-wood strains,
And Youth is abroad in my green domains.

The summer is hastening, on soft winds borne,
Ye may press the grape, ye may bind the corn ;
For me I depart to a brighter shore—
Ye are marked by care, ye are mine no more.
I go where the loved who have left you dwell,
And the flowers are not death's—fare ye well, farewell !

LONGING FOR HOME !

My feet are worn, and weary of the march
O'er the rough road and up the steep hill-side ;
Oh ! City of my God, I fain would see
Thy pastures green, where peaceful waters glide.

My heart is weary of its own deep sin,
Sinning, repenting, sinning still again ;
When shall my soul thy glorious presence feel,
And find, dear Saviour, it is free from stain ?

HUMBUG BECOME PIOUS!

BY THE EDITOR.

PERSONS residing in the country, or in smaller villages, can have no adequate idea of the manner and degree in which all kinds of humbugs are palmed upon the community in our larger towns and cities. The smallest number even of those who are made the victims of these impositions seem to be aware of the wires by which they are made to move. The inhabitants of larger towns and cities are generally regarded as far more intelligent than others, and yet facts prove clearly that they are far more easily duped, especially by that class of humbugs which require a swarm to accomplish their ends. The silliest mock-negro concert, the lowest class of tricksters can rally the crowd, and draw hundreds of dollars from the pockets of the unsuspecting. What is most astonishing is, that hard-working men will willingly carry their earnings, bought by many a drop of sweat and weary stroke, to these itinerant mountebanks—showmen, doggerel-mongers, and quacks—whose name is Legion.

Humbugs are very generally practiced lately under the cloak of having a good, even a religious object in view, in which they meet with great success. Becoming pious to the pious, and moral to the moral, they work themselves into the favor of the community with the most plausible pretensions. This kind of humbug knows that a very considerable portion of the community are members of churches, and that another portion have very great respect, at least outwardly, for religion. How shall this part of the community be made to swarm for Humbug? How shall the conscientious portion of the community have their scruples removed, and their consciences quieted? Here is the Rubicon; if this is once crossed then triumph and success are sure. The matter is soon arranged by the aid of a little Yankee wisdom. "This will I do. I will take a 'free ticket' in my hand—'Admit the Rev. Mr. ——— and his family'—and thus I will show my respect to the pastors of the place." The good-natured pastor, who by the nature of his office, sees only the *best* side of human life, is easily caught in the snare: He is soon booked up as to the wonderful benefit which is thus at hand for the community—their near-sighted eyes are all to be set right—the deaf are to have their ears opened—the nervous are to be galvanized and to be made as steady as a pillar by the wonderful virtues of physico-electrical-mental-alchemy!—all the dear children are to be taught in a few lessons to "sing geography" and "the mathematics"—and all the choirs are to be inducted into the sublime mysteries of scientific psalm-singing—bass, tenor and terrible! Can the good pastor refuse to lift the light of his

countenance upon the proposal of such wonderful wise men "from the East?" can he deny to the people such blessings, especially as he has already a "free ticket!"

Having thus put a silvery bell upon the docile leader, he is sent forth to ring his flock into the service of Humbug. The council of the church—all benevolent men—are asked "for the use of the lecture-room." Or, if it is thought that a *certain class* of the community would not be likely to attend there, another place is selected. If the world will not go with the church, the church, always kind, will go with the world. Next, as it is so good a thing, "the pastor will please announce it from his pulpit!" and accompany it "with a few remarks." If it is musical, the leader of the choir must also have "a free ticket;" besides, "the singers"—how good that flattering distinction feels—"the singers are specially invited."

All is right now. The humbug has been baptized and blest by the church. If any one in the community should be over scrupulous, it is sufficient answer to his conscience to say: "It was published from the pulpit, and all the churches favor it." All goes on piously; perhaps "it is opened with prayer!" No one sees the cloven foot or smells the sulphur until the whole performance winds up in a farce, and Humbug has his pockets jingling with cash!


Having now given you the theory and the science, permit us to give you the actual history of a humbug of this pious, churchly class. It shall be given from the documents—*quod est demonstrandum*. It is of the musical character, and affords as fine a specimen of a pure religious humbug as we have lately seen.

You will see that it makes its *debut*, by a modest voice, as if it *might* be *induced* to come. It suggests that its advent be through the church. We will give its history from the beginning, for we carefully preserved it, seeing in it as we did "Jacob's voice and Esau's hands" from its very dawn.

"MUSICAL.—We hear some talk of a Musical entertainment, which is expected to come off in this city, in the course of next week, which will differ from anything we have ever had here. Professors Johnson and Frost, and Misses Smith and Whitehouse, of Boston, propose visiting our city, and meeting the different Choirs in the afternoon for the purpose of instruction and rehearsal, and giving a Concert in the evening. The object of the visit is, we believe, the initiatory steps to a Musical Convention here at some future day, for the improvement of our Vocal Church Music. The above named Professors and Ladies are now in Harrisburg, where they have been edifying a large number of ladies and gentlemen by their lectures, &c., and entertaining immense audiences with their vocal powers, assisted in choruses by the whole body of singers, to the number of several hundred."—[Lancaster Inland Daily, January 13, 1855.]

Any one who has the least knowledge of our modern newspaper puff-system will at once, as we did, recognize in this item the beginning of things. The next day, being Saturday, ourselves, and

no doubt all the clergy of the city, received the following neatly printed notice, to be attended to on the pulpit next day, being Sabbath:

—“A FREE LECTURE UPON CHURCH MUSIC, with illustrations, will be given in the Lecture Room of St. John's Lutheran Church, West Orange Street, on Thursday Evening, January 18th, by Professors A. N. Johnson and E. H. Frost, of Boston.  Please publish morning and evening.”

Being of age in these matters, and seeing the Yankee in it without mistake, I wrote under it, “My pulpit is not an advertising medium,” and stuck the document upon the wire, among my quack curiosities—feeling sure that it would never be necessary for me to ask pardon of my choir and congregation for refusing to advertise them of this precious morsel of benevolent and pious wisdom.

The Thursday for the “Free Lecture” came, and was duly hailed by a puff in the Daily (Jan. 18, 1855,) thus:

“FREE LECTURE ON VOCAL MUSIC.—The simple announcement, once made, that there will be a free lecture given on the subject of vocal music, ought to be inducement enough for all lovers of that science to turn out, but lest some should have forgotten the notice previously given, we repeat that Professors Johnson and Frost will meet singers and others interested in Music, in the Lecture Room of St. John's Lutheran Church, West Orange street, on this evening at 7 o'clock. The evening will be occupied in singing from the Handel collection, a new work by Prof. Johnson, and with an explanation of Prof. Frost's method for training and improving the voice. Admission to this exercise free. * * *

“It will depend much upon the success or rather upon the interest exhibited in the present effort, whether these celebrated Professors will hereafter visit our city for the purpose of establishing a musical association, such as they have created in Harrisburg. The musical interest in that place has through their instrumentality risen to the highest point, and after generations may bless the day that dawned on the first musical convention in Harrisburg. * * * We have now the means offered, let us employ them, and by establishing a musical convention in our city, we will call down upon our heads the blessing of posterity.”

Please notice in the above paragraph the reference to “the Handel collection, a new work by Prof. Johnson,” and “Prof. Frost's method of training and improving the voice.” If “these celebrated Professors will hereafter visit our city” then these books will come also, and a chance will be afforded to all who will buy. Please notice also, that it is still doubtful “whether the celebrated Professors” will consent to serve and bless our city, and thus “call down upon our heads the blessings of posterity.” Alas! if it should fail!


So far it works well. The churches and choirs are now enlisted. What next? There is a preparation also necessary among the populace outside, in order to insure the *harvest at the end*, as will appear by and by. Having now the smiles of the church, and the help of the choirs, we go now to Fulton Hall to bring on “the people!” See Daily:

“CONCERT OF PROFESSORS JOHNSON AND FROST.—Our readers will see by the advertisement that a Concert will be given at Fulton Hall, on Friday evening next, by Professors Johnson and Frost, and Miss Smith and Miss White-

house, of Boston. This concert is given mainly for the purpose of awakening an interest in Church Music here. These gentlemen and their associates are not professional concert singers. They are engaged in giving instruction in Church Music, and for this purpose hold conventions or musical gatherings in various parts of the country, at which vocal instruction is given and perfected." . . .

Notice that in Harrisburg the concerts were "held in the churches." This is important. Without the churches nothing can be done. Certainly the churches in Lancaster will not show themselves less pious than those of Harrisburg. Put away your scruples, ye conscientious ones—these are "not concert singers;" no, no; "church music." It is time, however, that the good people begin to pay, if not for the whistling, for the singing. How can they expect such a blessing for themselves and "posterity" for nothing? Far be that from the generous hearts of the Inland city. Therefore "see advertisement:"

"A CONCERT, CONSISTING OF SONGS, DUETTS, QUARTETTES, &c., WILL BE GIVEN IN FULTON HALL, ON FRIDAY EVENING, JAN. 19, 1855, by Professors A. N. Johnson and E. H. Frost, assisted by Miss M. J. Smith and Miss S. E. Whitehouse, of Boston.

" Tickets 25 cents; for sale at the book stores, and at the door on the evening of the Concert.

"A FREE LECTURE, with practical illustrations, will be given in the Lecture Room of St. John's Lutheran church, on Thursday evening. Singers, and all interested in Music, are respectfully invited to attend."

Here please notice a new feature in "church music," namely, "songs," &c.; but recollect we are now preparing the outsiders. Notice, also, the benevolence at the close, as manifested in the "free lecture;" and the piety, as seen from its being in the "church." At the proper time this "first fruit" concert came off with "a good house." The choirs were there, and so were the clergy—but *one* was *not*—for behold, they had "free tickets." What a thing it is to be on the free list. We say they had free tickets. *One*, however, was overlooked. He had to stay at home and miss the "songs," or pay his quarter. He deserved it; for did he not refuse to "advertise on his pulpit!" and does not this show that he is opposed to all "progress," and "musical refinement." Yea, does this not prove him to be the veritable man, so long ago described by Shakspeare:

"The man that hath no music in his soul
And is not moved by the concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils."

To send such a man a "free ticket" would be like casting pearls before—a man!

But, as we said, the clergy were there with "free tickets" and "choice seats." The concert began with sacred music; but, as Old Humphrey says, it did not end there! Here was a mixed audience; and it became a serious problem, How shall the funny among them be pleased in the presence of a row of white-cravated

brethren? How shall we get in some funny songs, so as not only to please the laughter-loving ones that are here, but thus also advertise fun for a future gathering. For if this occasion ends without fun there will be no chance for another haul from the outsiders. But the grave clergy—if the light of their countenances is withdrawn there will be also an end to “this grand festival of church music.”

Fortunately this was not the first concert “the Professors” held under the auspices of the church. The plan had been long since matured, and is part of the business. Hear one of the Professors discoursing, by way of introduction, something like this: “Ladies and gentlemen—It is the object of this festival to cultivate church music. We have now sung a number of sacred pieces, and you have noticed the deep, rich, solemn melody. Sacred music is the highest order of music, &c. Now, it is necessary, in order to show the great difference between church music and all other music of a light kind, that we sing some of quite another character. You will see the vast difference in the expression, sentiment, intonation,” &c. Then came the songs, the doggerel, the burlesques, and the fun—

“Till sides and benches failed.”

They saw “the difference,” especially the clergy! It is not often they have an opportunity of seeing and hearing “the vast superiority of church music” to this “of quite another character.”

“At first”—this is the confession of one of them—“at first I felt strangely, wished myself out, saw the impropriety of giving countenance to it; but then he said it was to show the difference, and it did.” The others also felt for a moment as if an insult had been offered to their office; but the feeling vanished before the plausible excuse that it was “to show the difference.” It belonged to the science of sacred music—it must be in order to bring out the true idea of church music in contrast—this is now well settled “in the East”—this is part of the wonderful progress of the science.

Of course it does not become us, who are not from “the East,” to set up our own private judgments in such matters. The principle is perhaps correct. If so, we would suggest whether it would not be well for pastors, after preaching a sermon on profane swearing, immediately to swear some, to show the people “the difference.” On the same principle it might be well for our choirs always to close with *Uncle Ned* or *Yankee Doodle*!

I am ashamed that I am a man, when I see men, with human faces on them, stoop to such silly impositions on their fellows for money!

But the end is not yet. This is only a few drops before the shower. This is only preparatory—the gathering of the first fruits. Let us hasten on to the grand harvest. Prepare to shell

out your quarters at a richer rate for the glory of "church music" and "the blessing of posterity." Come, obey the wires, ye docile inhabitants of the Inland city—follow the stars of the East, and they will show you where to pour out your treasures of small change.

This concert was given on the 19th. "The Professors were compelled to leave for a short time. They are the principal singers in Boston, and have to proceed yonder to meet singing engagements there. But they will return, if sufficient encouragement is given." So the word went through private circles. There is hope.

On the 25th the following appeared in the Inland Daily:

"PROPOSED MUSICAL CONVENTION.—Professors Johnson and Frost, together with the talented ladies who accompany them, have it in contemplation, provided they receive sufficient encouragement from our citizens, to hold a grand musical festival here, about the first of next March. * * * To secure this desirable object, it is only necessary for the lovers of pure and rippling melody in our midst, to purchase two hundred tickets, at the very moderate cost of one dollar each, which ticket will give the person holding it an admission to all their concerts and lectures for that time." * * *

Only two hundred dollars to begin with! Will it be raised? Of course. The choirs are enlisted.

The work goes bravely on. March 1st:

"MUSICAL CONVENTION.—By an advertisement in another column, it will be seen that the arrangements for the proposed Musical Convention have been completed, and we believe nearly all the tickets sold. We would advise those of our citizens who have not yet procured their tickets to this Grand Musical Festival to do so without delay, as we believe the number is limited."

"The number is limited!" Let those who would "see the difference" and "bless their posterity" hasten or they will be too late.

Here is progress surely. The time arrives, and so do "the Professors." But where shall it begin? It must begin with "the church," and have the countenance of the clergy. Read:

"MUSICAL CONVENTION.—By a notice in another column it will be seen that the Musical Convention will meet to-morrow morning, at 10 o'clock, in the Lecture Room of Rev. Mr. ———'s church. There is a deep feeling abroad among our citizens, and especially among some of the clergy, in regard to the better cultivation of vocal church music, and we may anticipate a rare treat during this week." —[Inland Daily, March 5.]

Of the few days during which instructions were given, we have nothing to say. We have no doubt there were many useful matters in relation to music communicated; and against this part of the performance we utter not a word. Two hundred dollars, moreover, we think was good pay for all of it. Our object is only to show that all this was a mere means to another and a different end, and belonged to the preparatory buzzing, leading, and gathering, for the great swarm of humbug. It will at once be seen, by any one of the slightest penetration, that "one hundred choir singers," together with the "deep feeling abroad among our citizens, and

especially among some of the clergy, in regard to the better cultivation of vocal church music," was not a small item in producing the current which should flow at length at *a quarter a piece* into Fulton Hall.

But the time draws on for the final harvest; behold, the field is whitening, and humbug is preparing to swarm:

"MUSICAL CONVENTION.—This association, composed of ladies and gentlemen in numbers sufficient to fill the session room in which they meet, have been in constant session since Tuesday morning, engaged in thorough practice under the instructions of Professors Johnson and Frost. The exercise will close this evening, with a public performance, in which a chorus of more than 100 singers will take part, assisted by those accomplished singers from Boston, Misses Smith and Whitehouse. We hope there will be a general turn out on part of our citizens. See advertisement."—[Inland Daily, March 9.]

This was announced by an advertisement as the closing concert. In the same paper was the following editorial:

"CONVENTION CONCERT.—Our readers will not forget that the last Concert of the Musical Convention will be given this evening, at which over ONE HUNDRED singers will participate. Fulton Hall will undoubtedly be filled to its utmost capacity."

"The last concert!" The prophecy at the close of this editorial notice was fulfilled. The hall was full. The "100 singers" attracted attention—the presence of the clergy, who were there on "free tickets," encouraged it. Even the man who would not advertise from his pulpit, and who had been overlooked before, had been attended to this time with a free ticket. Such was the tide by this time, that it was hoped that even this most unmusical, unprogressive, anti-humbug individual would be moved by the "rare treat" and the "free ticket." The sprinkle of fun which had been afforded at the previous concert, gave promise to the funny outsiders that the Professors of "church music" would not fail again to "show the difference!" and they flocked in numbers. Their hopes of fun were, moreover, confirmed by the word "songs," which stood in the advertisement among "hymn tunes" and "anthems," like wit peeping out between the folds of a bishop's gown. They were sure it would come—the doggerel. They were not disappointed; for as soon as "the Professors and the 100 singers" had given a reasonable share of sacred music, it was now time to "show the difference." In a moment more the whole solemn assembly is edified by a "Gipsy Song," by "Robin Ruff," and "Gapher Green," closing with "Mr. and Mrs. Snibbs," a most silly and ridiculous burlesque, mocking the weaknesses and sins of men! This farce required one "Professor" to act out antics, make all kinds of clownish grimaces, while the other "Professor" kept beating time upon his colleague's back, looking monkey at the audience the while. The scene can be better imagined than described. The outsiders roared; the "100 singers" looked half

ashamed; professing Christians felt indignant at the insult, and the clergy saw "the difference!"

But the end is not yet. You had supposed that this is the winding up of the Humbug. You had good reason for thinking so; for did not the advertisement say: "*Closing Concert.*—The closing concert of the convention will be given in Fulton Hall THIS EVENING." Did not the editorial puff say: "Our readers will not forget that *the last* concert of the Musical Convention will be given *this evening*, at which *one hundred* singers will participate." This was reason enough to lead you to regard this as the end.

But no. The Humbug has succeeded too well to stop here. Are not 800 or 1000 quarters a consideration? Why not make another haul? Do not the outsiders shout and shake at the fun? Do not the 100 stand firm in the service? The dear clergy, are they not patient, and show unabated zeal and interest in the cultivation of sacred music, which is "so vastly superior" to any other kind, as they have seen? Any Yankee can see that the prospect of a rich second crop is good. Therefore, read the Inland Daily three days after the concert:

"CONVENTION CONCERT.—The concert given by Professors Johnson and Frost, and their associates, at Fulton Hall, on Friday evening last, was attended by a large audience, the spacious hall being filled with admiring and delighted patrons. The change and improvement made by those who have been under the instruction of these gentlemen during their short stay, in Church music, is truly astonishing, and has awakened a spirit that we hope will continue to increase until the vocal music of all our churches shall be revived and improved. It is expected that another concert will be given at the Hall on Monday evening of next week."

Think of this pious allusion to "church music," after the farce and fun of Friday night.

"It is expected that another concert will be given." If so, the wires must be pulled by way of preparation. Humbug must buzz again before he can swarm. Therefore, in the Daily of March 14 appeared again an earnest appeal to our citizens who had greeted the Professors "with such generous enthusiasm in their former exhibition." But there ought to be some new feature in the next concert to give it freshness. Here it is:

" Miss WHITEHOUSE, having recovered the use of her voice, will assist in the exercises of the evening."

Who ever heard of a menagerie coming to a place for exhibition that had not some rare animal—the perfect wonder of the animal kingdom—that did not either die on the way the day before, or, fatigued from traveling, had to be left behind, but would be on for the second day's exhibition!

Meantime, while these preparations were going on, it was found that it would be too long to put off the concert until Monday of next week. It is hinted around that the tide of public sentiment

is fast turning the other way. Some of the "100 singers" are faltering—the church-members "really don't like it"—the clergy throw themselves back upon their dignity. The feeling in favor of the "grand musical entertainment, for the improvement of church singing" is growing "small by degrees and beautifully less." Delay is dangerous. Therefore read the Daily of March 1:

"It will be noticed that the meeting will be on THURSDAY instead of Monday, as at first designed."

The day has arrived—rally all, especially the "100 singers." Without them no stir can be made. Therefore read advertisement:

"The members of the Convention will please meet for practice in Fulton Hall, at 9 o'clock, A. M."

See, also, the Daily's editorial:

"MUSICAL CONVENTION.—The members of the late Musical Convention, will not forget that they are to meet this morning at 9 o'clock, in Fulton Hall."

Next, handbills are carried to every house. Mark in these bills the glorious promise of *fun*! It shall exceed by far anything which has preceded it. There is a special department opened for the outsiders. Read, for there is fun ahead—"the usual variety."

"PART THIRD will consist of pieces of a LIGHT and POPULAR character, sung by Miss M. J. SMITH, Miss S. E. WHITEHOUSE, and Professors JOHNSON and FROST. This part is introduced because the illness of Miss Whitehouse, at the first concert, rendered it impossible to present the usual variety. As Miss Whitehouse has recovered the use of her voice, the usual variety will be introduced in this part."

Thus far the preparations are all made—only a good editorial is yet needed. Therefore read in the Daily of Thursday, March 15:

"THE MUSICAL CONCERT.—Having always in view whatever may tend to the mental gratification and intellectual enjoyment of our citizens, we consider it an imperative duty to direct special attention to the grand musical entertainment which will take place this evening, at Fulton Hall. * * * The spectacle of a choir numbering over one hundred singers, is sight enough to venture the price of a ticket, but when to this is added their joining in the same anthems, the effect may be imagined, but not described." * * *

You see at once in this, that the "100 singers" were put to a good use by "the Professors." The show of "over one hundred singers," is sight enough to venture the price of a ticket. A perfect show! And these "one hundred" have all their influence and their friends. How could "the Professors" do without them? Why they might have afforded well to give them their instructions gratis, only to get them as "sight enough to venture the price of a ticket."

Ah, the "one hundred" began, by this time, to see that they had all along been used as mere means to an end. The call to "meet for practice at 9 o'clock," fell dead upon their ears. In the evening the stage was comparatively thin, and so was the audience. Strange to say, the scales at once fell from the eyes of the community, the humbug was seen, but only after the community had been

duped, and perhaps from four to six hundred dollars safely lodged in the purses of "the Professors."

We have been thus circumstantial in giving the history of this humbug, because it is a fine illustration of this most plausible kind of imposition. Humbug is now extensively taking this form—it becomes religious to inveigle the church. It may come with some modification in form, but if closely watched the spirit which we have here traced will always be found to underlie it. Let the churches beware of lending their influence to advance the selfish purposes of itinerant humbugs.

THE PERILOUS PASS.

BY THE EDITOR.

"To pass that period is to die—
To die as if by stealth!"

YOUNG men are not, we think, impressed as they should be, with the solemn fact that while they are young men they lay the foundation for their future life, character and condition. Once in a while, it is true, there is an instance in which the current of life is radically changed at a later period; but this is seldom, and must be regarded as only an exception to the general rule. In most cases the life of man takes its direction before he is twenty-five years of age. His character and tendencies may change afterwards, but it is only in the way of modifications on the surface, while the general stream of destiny flows on beneath.

This is the case physically. During this period he lays the foundation of a healthy or else an enfeebled constitution. If he leads a temperate, chaste, and regular life, he will preserve his bodily vigor and health. If he yields to profligacy and debauchery, he will poison the fountains of health, and sap the energies of his body, the dreadful consequences of which no future care or repentance can fully counteract and overcome.

Let any closely observe the manner of life led by many young men in our towns and cities, and the truth of what we say will at once be illustrated. Various kinds of dissipation waste the energies of physical life by inches. The regular action of the bodily organs is constantly interfered with by indulgence in various stimulants. Restaurants are visited late at night. The stomach is burdened with oysters, sweetmeats, and condiments of all kinds, which only a morbid, gluttonous taste can crave, and for which there is no call except the love of unnatural indulgence. With the bodily organs thus afflicted and distressed, the young man, at late and irregular hours, where he finds not

"Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,"

but restlessness, and disordered dreams. The morning comes without refreshment. The duties of the day are performed by forcing the jaded and heavy energies of the body to the task. Thus labor is not healthy exercise, but a dull drag of duty. Night returns and the very restlessness of the body increases the craving for the same kind of unnatural indulgence, and the same scenes are reacted. How can such a course kept up through several years of a young man's life, and that in the formation period, fail to rack his physical system, enfeeble his constitution, and prepare him for an after life of bitterness and sorrow. The experience of hundreds, if they will confess it, proves the truth of this picture. Oh, how direct and searching is the question, "Hath this man ruined, or his parents?" How has he ruined that his physical vigor is gone; by what kind of dissipation and sinful indulgence has he enfeebled his body and destroyed his health?

How easily is it seen that where these abuses of physical health are avoided by young men, opposite results will follow. A regular diet, regular habits, a regular life, kept up during the forming period of youth, have vastly to do with the health and comfort of after life.

What we have said of the abuse of health and vigor of body is also true of the mind. Such is the intimate connection of body and mind, that what affects the one does also influence the other. The irregular habits of life in which many young men indulge, gradually darken and enfeeble all the faculties of their minds, degrade their intellectual dignity, and only promote the low impulses of mere animal life. Then, too, the time which should be spent in intellectual improvement is devoted to idle folly and sinful dissipation. How can those whose leisure hours are spent thus ever become intelligent? It never can be. Hence, such must fall into a rough, rowdyish habit of life, which will forever unfit them for positions of true honor, influence, and usefulness in society. In this way hundreds of young men, neglecting their intellectual elevation, doom themselves to an after life, if not of positive disgrace, still of drossish and inglorious degradation.

The foundation for moral destruction is laid in the same way. Habits of irregular indulgence in scenes of dissipation are sure to lead to moral deformity and ruin. The life of a spendthrift is also a life of sin. He that is content in ignorance, is also content in wickedness; and he that cares not for the health of his body and the cultivation of his mind, can feel no true earnestness in his moral elevation. Hence we find that debauchery, ignorance, and sin are generally companions in the way; and when a young man in this condition passes the period of which we speak, nine cases out of ten his destiny and doom is fixed for life—and, what is more solemn, for eternity!

How sad is the sight of such a ruin! Angels may weep over

such a young man. He throws away his talents, disappoints the hopes of his friends, misses the true end of life, ruins his character, destroys his peace, prepares for a life of ignominy, a death of gloom, and an eternity of despair. Young man! who art now reading this lesson, enter not thou into the secret shame and wo of such a history. Take care of your body by a temperate and regular life. Cultivate your mind by an earnest pursuit in the pleasant paths of useful knowledge. Seek the higher spiritual life for your soul in Jesus the Saviour. Remember that the way of transgressors is always hard; while the ways of wisdom and piety are ways of pleasantness, and all their paths are peace.

THE TREASURES OF THE DEEP.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

What hidest thou in thy treasure-caves and cells,
Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious main?
Pale glistening pearls, and rainbow-colored shells,
Bright things which gleam unrecked of and in vain.
Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy sea!
We ask not such from thee.

Yet more, the depths have more! What wealth untold,
Far down, and shining through their stillness, lies!
Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold,
Won from ten thousand roral Argosies.
Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful main!
Earth claims not these again!

Yet more, the depths have more! Thy waves have rolled
Above the cities of a world gone by!
Sand hath filled up the palaces of old,
Sea-weed o'ergrown the halls of revelry!
Dash o'er them, Ocean! in thy scornful play,
Man yields them to decay!

Yet more! the billows and the depths have more!
High hearts and brave are gathered to thy breast!
They hear not now the booming waters roar—
The battle thunders will not break their rest.
Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy grave!
Give back the true and brave!

Give back the lost and lovely! Those for whom
The place was kept at board and hearth so long;
The prayer went up through midnight's breathless gloom,
And the vain yearning woke 'midst festal song!
Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers o'erthrown—
But all is not thine own!

To thee the love of woman hath gone down;
Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head,
O'er youth's bright locks, and beauty's flowery crown!
Yet must thou hear a voice—Restore the Dead!
Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee!—
Restore the Dead, thou Sea!

SISTERS IN THE FAMILY.

BY THE EDITOR.

"Oh! tell us not of other love—it cannot surpass that of a sister. What can be purer than her caresses, what can be more heavenly than her smile? The memory of a sister's kindness, and the consciousness of her affection have been a balm to our hearts in every ill. They have cheered us in sickness, and sorrow, and absence; they have been to us beacons of hope and happiness." ANON.

WE ask the attention of our female readers to some thoughts on the position, relations, and influence of a sister in the family, and the cultivation necessary to qualify her to fill that sphere, in the proper spirit and with the proper character.

There are few ties that can be regarded more peculiarly intimate and sacred than those which unite brother and sister, or sister and sister. They are united in the same love of parents—flowers that hang side by side upon the same stem. Their love is warmed in the same bosom of home. It grows up in one from infancy. Its tendrils twine around each other like vines from the same root, and so entwined, grow firm and abiding to the flower and fruit of love.

"They that love early become like-minded, and the tempter toucheth them not: They grow up leaning on each other, as the olive and the vine."

It is easily seen that the influence of sisters upon brothers, and upon each other, in the family, must be great and lasting. They are, or they ought to be, the vestal lights of the home circle. They are like the flower-plants upon the windows, the freshness, the life, the beauty, and the joy of the household. The love of sisters is the extension and division, but still the continued unity, of a mother's love. Toward brothers they are mediators—softening down a mother's strong love in sweet attenuations, binding their hearts by a freer familiarity. Brothers are bound to parents more by feelings of honor and reverence, to sisters more by the freedom of pure love. To parents they look as above them, to their sisters they cling as around them. To their parents they feel bound by law and love, but to each other by love without the sense of law. Brothers and sisters standing on the same level with each other, their relations admit of no looking down as by authority, nor of looking up as in awe and fear—their relation is one of free affection side by side.

The influence of a sister in a family must not be underrated because it may be less tangible than some other forms of influence which promise far more but really confer less. In the very nature of the position and relations of a sister lies the reason why her influence is gradual and silent. It is rather felt than seen. Its fruits belong rather to the future than the present. As a gentle

power it loses itself and yet still lives in the heart, life, and character of the members of the family.

As in the natural world, so in the social, silent influences are the most potent, extensive, and lasting. The seen ever has its hidden cause in the unseen. That which rushes, rages, and rolls upon the surface of the world is but the effect of silent and unseen powers. The loveliest flower is the smallest one, and that same flower is prettiest in hue, and sweetest in odor where it is least seen. Those virtues and graces which we most admire and feel are the silent ones—love, hope, faith, meekness, patience, modesty, gentleness. It has been truly said—

“Stillest streams
Oft water fairest meadows, and the bird
That flutters least is longest on the wing.”

We observe that persons belonging to a particular nation have a similarity in their appearance, manners and habits; it is just so in families. This shows that there is a general family spirit which molds silently every individual in it. How prominent an item in this general power and spirit is a sister's influence.

It is very apparent that sisters exert a softening and subduing influence upon brothers, both in regard to their spirit and manners. Men are called the rougher, sterner sex; and when there are no refining influences exerted upon them from the softer, gentler sex, their rugged tendencies will develop into a fault. The milder graces will be neglected, and bluntness, awkwardness, and rudeness will take their place. How appropriately, therefore, come in here the meek and gentler graces of sisters, silently and unconsciously curbing and molding the sterner features of a brother's spirit, and character, and manners. It is easily noticed that there is an unconscious imitation of manners, habits, and even looks and tones of voice, visible in all families—one influencing and molding the other—thus producing a general similarity. Thus brothers give firmness and strength to the characters of sisters; and sisters give tenderness, grace, refinement and polish to the characters of brothers.

Hence, we may yet say, it is regarded fortunate when brothers and sisters are evenly mixed and mingled in a family. Where there are, in a household, sisters alone, the danger is that a mawkish effeminacy of disposition and a prudishness of manner will come to prevail. When there are brothers alone the danger is in the direction of old-fashioned awkwardness of manner, and selfish reserve of spirit—the one tends toward bachelorship, the other the estate of elderly maiden! It may be observed, by such as think closely on this subject, that both these go in droves generally; and they are most frequently found in families where the sexes are unevenly balanced. Few elderly ladies have brothers; few bachelors have sisters; or if they have it is perhaps but one,

and that one so much younger as not to have influenced their manners and spirit. It is a one-sided development of character, and is surely produced by one-sided influences.

This leads us farther to remark, that on the same principle it is regarded fortunate when the ages of brothers alternate. If all the sisters are quite young, while the brothers are all in advance of them in age, their influence upon each other is comparatively lost. When young brothers are trained in the midst of a number of grown sisters they are apt to become too effeminate and womanly; and if a sister grows up in the midst of a company of large brothers she is apt to partake too much of the roughness and coarseness of the man—the gentle, the feminine, the delicate shadings of the female spirit, will be wanting. We are able, in our own mind, to refer to instances confirmatory of the truth of these remarks. We doubt not many of our readers can do the same.

We have referred to these facts by way of illustration of our asseveration that the influence of sisters in a family, though silently, gradually and unconsciously exerted, is very great and solemn. We see thus, that even by circumstances which seem incidental, and over which they have not free control, brothers and sisters do influence one another, favorably or unfavorably. If spontaneously, and without effort or attention, they hold over each other so important a power, how much greater the influence when the secret of exerting it for good is carefully studied and religiously tuned to so holy an advantage.

Is not, therefore, the influence of sisters in a family a subject worthy of serious attention? Ought it not to be the holy ambition of sisters to fill this important sphere with a spirit and character worthy of so high and interesting a station, and such a solemn trust? Ought not the education of daughters to have constant reference to the sacred functions and influence of a sister in the family? While a proper qualification for other relations in social life ought not to be overlooked, this ought to receive prominent and special attention.

ARE YOU KIND TO YOUR MOTHER?

Who guarded you in health, and comforted you when ill? Who hung over your little bed when you were fretful, and put the cooling drink to your parched lips? Who taught you how to read? Who has borne with your faults, and been kind and patient in your childish ways? Who loves you still, and who contrives and works and prays for you every day you live? Is it not your mother, your own dear mother? Now let me ask you, "Are you kind to your mother?"

FIRST LEAVING HOME.

BY SELDOM.

TURNING-POINTS in life occur here and there with almost every one, and serve as hand-boards along the traveler's way to indicate his course and mark the several stages of the journey. One of these turning-points, where the course of life changes one way or another, is our *first leaving home*. This, if not the first, is one of the most note-worthy of those dotted places along life's pathway.

Each one's own experience will serve to illustrate the fact here noted. We may all sing the same tune if the notes be put down, and each one may enter into its spirit, having the heart chords moved within, as truly as if it had first been struck in that heart alone. The old man's experience is here the same as that of the youth. The mother remembers, as if but yesterday, when she, on her bridal day perhaps, first left home. Ah! there is a sympathetic nerve here that communicates with the heart-strings, and these somehow awaken slumbering memory, which, in its turn, stirs up the fountain of emotions, and the trickling tear spontaneously gushing from the overflowing eye bedews the cheek long hardened with care. No one thinks this strange, for that is not a wonder which is familiar to all.

How much others value a good home I know not. If they yet have one, oh! let them cherish it as a heavenly boon. The little I remember of mine only makes me regret the more that it was not longer given me to enjoy. Before attaining my ninth year I was compelled by sad reverse of circumstances to leave that home. It has never been mine since—nay, for twenty years I have not had a home—have none now. If friends have been met, they are not such as in the home circle are found. If pleasant places are sometimes allotted us, they are only comparatively so when we think of home. A world of loss is theirs who lose a home—a glorious good is theirs who have one to enjoy.

A single passage in my own life's experience may be given, and if it awakens a response in the breasts of others in such way as to beget happy thoughts of early home, or prepare in the smallest degree the inexperienced for that trial that may not be far before them, it will not be altogether without profit. Experience makes history, no matter how small and seemingly insignificant; and history in this shape is the best teacher under which we can put ourselves.

It is now years ago since the trial came to me. We had lived pleasantly at home. But changes came. Our father was taken from us. The farm and mill and all had passed into strangers' hands. Trusting in the consolations of her religion and its Divine

Author, my mother despaired not at the sight of six fatherless children. At the same time, however, she knew full well that much depended on personal effort. Accordingly, it was determined that all but the two younger children should go out to work. Strong and ready hands and good bodies now stood us good service. We rebelled not at the necessity of work, but that it required a breaking up of the family circle. Some obtained places near home, but I had to go to the next town some miles away.

Early on an April day, the few necessary arrangements were completed, and I was compelled to leave home. The sun shone brightly, the little birds, full of new spring-life, sang cheerily, the tender grass-blades were silently growing in the yard, now already in living green, and our favorite pet-dog, Lilly, frisked about as lively as ever. But our hearts were sad. Mother's face, I well remember, was lined with shades of ill-concealed sorrow. The rest said little, while she spoke encouragingly of the future. At last the little bundle of clothes was completed and nicely tied up in a cotton handkerchief. Still I lingered—and all grew silent.

My stubborn will, until now restrained, broke bounds and, as a last resort to keep back the tears that threatened to overflow my eyes, I said determinedly, "Mother, I won't leave you and go away from home to live with them people. When I was there last summer, they did not use me well, and I don't like to live away from you and home."

With evident pain she said: "Do not talk so, my son. It must be so now. You can often come to see us. You may come in four weeks." Then, with a look I always loved, she continued: "I shall expect to hear a good report from you—which will certainly be the case so long as you remember what you were taught at home. *Only be a brave, good boy, and you will do well.*"

Strengthened by her confident yet half reproving tone, and ashamed that I had said what I did, I turned towards the door. The only good-bye was a hasty look of regret to all, and then my eyes grew dim with big tears, which it was my intention they should not see; and hurrying to the end of the long porch, at the south-side of the old stone house on the hill, my feet were soon tripping through the little gate that led into the orchard—and *I was on my way from home.* Hastening along through the rows of apple-trees, now thick with blossoms, which made the air redolent with fragrance, down near the turn of the hill I stopped to cast another look behind. With my sleeve I brushed away the tears to see more clearly. There stood the whole family except myself and father. Two links were now taken from the once circling chain. Three others that day also fell out. Little sister, the baby I had often fondly caressed, and my youngest brother, three years younger than myself, were farthest down the yard towards the orchard-gate. My two elder sisters and elder brother were stand-

ing about the stone steps, looking down after me into the orchard. While mother was leaning with one arm upon the railing of the porch, and with the other hand held the corner of her apron near her eyes. There, too, was a freshet.

"Don't cry," said my little brother, as loud as his voice would allow him. In an instant I turned and was off at a run, thinking on the last words of my mother. She shall hear a good report of me, thought I, as turning the hill the scene of my home was hid from me for ever. I have never enjoyed it as my home since. Many tears followed those then shed—my pillow often has become moistened when my night-dreams renew that scene—or when the day-dream of former memory awakes the long slumbering sympathies not yet dead. Even at this distant day, a few spare tears are freely shed in memory of my early home, too early lost. Our family now can only be united in our heavenly home!

The days and nights succeeding were not the longest days in the calendar, but they certainly were long days and nights to me. Cut off from all I held dear in the world, in deep loneliness of soul, without sympathy or encouragement, my boy-spirit began the battle of life. It was a hard school, and sometimes my hopes gave way to desponding fear. But enlisted for the whole war, I knew there was no release. Since my ninth year many victories have been won—some defeats have been met—but I had half a life-time's experience before others commenced.

How well do I remember the home-sickness, in which my soul yearned for what was now lost, no more to return. When the four weeks were over, at which time my mother promised me I should come home, the privilege, valued more than gold, was ruthlessly denied. They wondered what the boy meant by wishing to go home already. Who has left home early for a hard place may not thus wonder if memory is faithful.

The last words of my mother, when I left home, have been of service to me more than once. There are many roads leading in the wrong direction. I was often tempted to walk in them; but the expectation of my mother to hear a *good report* of me, and her admonition to be a *brave, good boy*, often recalled me and gave me strength. She has not been disappointed. Her prayers, and sovereign grace, have done more than my own strength.

When we see others leaving home for the first time we can appreciate their claim for sympathy. Let all speak a kind word, encourage their hearts, and give them the benefit of intercessory prayers, that they turn not from the right path. Home thoughts often stop the straying soul.

Thus we are reminded that the sinner has left home, and is now away from home. We may remember the first time sin drove us away. Since then, many have never gone back to their heavenly

Father in true repentance. Some continue boldly in sin, "unmindful, alas! that it leads them from home." To such God's grace calls, "Return, O wanderer, return!"

WAIT A MINUTE.

Such was the exclamation of one man to another in the street yesterday.

"Wait a minute." For what he was desired to wait—whether to listen to a dainty bit of scandal, or to transact some item of business—we know not, we only heard the words, "Wait a minute," and we passed on our way, thinking the while, however, that we had picked a real pearl of a text for future use.

"Wait a minute." The world is much given to waiting. All of us are apt to loiter in the path of Effort. The least obstruction dampens our ardor, and we will sit down to "wait a moment," hoping that shortly some angel will beat down the impediment, and lead us safely forward. It matters not how important may be the work we have to do, the moment an idling brother calls upon us to "wait a minute," we pause from our labor, and leaving our weapons let the precious moments slip away unimproved, unsanctified.

"Wait a minute." Not a man of us does not some time or other put up this cry. Duty calls, but we bid it wait. Pleasure beckons, but we are not quite ready to embrace her. Virtue summons us, but we stand upon the order of going, asking her to bear yet a little while with our delay. And so we go through life, squandering our time and opportunities, making all things that can, wait upon our indolence.

"Wait a minute." Brother heed not the cry. It is that siren, sweet it may be, but luring to death and ruin. Pause not in your march towards the Last Rest. Do what you have to do, instantly and earnestly; lift your banner boldly upon the air, and push straight on towards the goal. Do otherwise—pause whenever a neighbor bids you "wait a moment," and you will prove but a cumberer of our Master's ground, passing away at last unhonored and unsung. Let no one who has a good work to perform waste a single minute of the time allotted him.

To feel oppressed by obligation, is only to prove that we are incapable of a proper sentiment of gratitude. To receive favors from the unworthy, is simply to admit that our selfishness is superior to our pride. Most men remember obligations, but not often to be grateful for them. The proud are made *sour* by the remembrance, and the vain *silent*.

THE TREES OF THE BIBLE.

NO. V.—CASSIA.

BY THE EDITOR.

The scented aloe, and each shrub that showers
Gum from its veins, and odors from its flowers.

THIS tree, called in Hebrew, KIDDAH, is three times referred to in the English Bible. It grows in oriental countries; but is said to be most common in Arabia and India. The bark of this tree is very fragrant, like sassafras and cinnamon. It was one of the ingredients used in making the holy oil of the sanctuary used in anointing the sacred vessels, as we learn from Ex. xxx. 24. It was procured by the ancients from Tyre; and is mentioned by the Prophet Ezekiel as an article of trade in that noted sea-port. The Psalmist, in that beautiful song to the praise of the Messiah, the anointed of the Lord, very appropriately says: "All thy garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces, whereby they have made thee glad." Ps. 45. 8.

NO. VI.—CINNAMON.

The cinnamon, like the cassia, is an aromatic tree. It is a small tree about the height of the willow, and is valuable chiefly for its spicy and fragrant bark. The finest quality of it is at present procured from Ceylon. Anciently, according to Pliny, it grew in Syria. The Jews, it is supposed, procured it for sacred uses from Arabia. It is mentioned in Rev. 18. 13, as among the merchandise of mystic Babylon. It was used, like the cassia, in preparing the holy anointing oil, and generally as an article of perfumery. Prov. 7. 17: Cant. 4. 14: "I gave a sweet smell like cinnamon," says the author of Ecclesiasticus. Eccl. 24. 15. It is not easy to find a metaphor more appropriate and beautiful than that which sets forth a christian's influence as perfume.

NO. VII.—ALOE.

This tree, or shrub, grows in the East Indies, and attains the height of from eight to ten feet. "At the head of it is a large bundle of leaves, thick and indented, broad at bottom, but narrowing towards the point, and about four feet in length." It bears a red blossom intermixed with yellow, and double like a pink; from this blossom comes fruit, or pod, which is oblong and triangular, with three apartments filled with seed.

It is said to be a very beautiful tree. It is regarded as sacred by the inhabitants, and they never fell it except with certain reli-

gious ceremonies. They think it is one of the trees which grew in Paradise, and ought to be venerated on that account, as well as its many virtues and agreeable qualities.

The aloe tree is very fragrant, though it is bitter to the taste. "It contains under the bark three sorts of wood. The first is black, solid, and weighty; the second is of a tawny color, of a light, spongy texture, very porous, and filled with a resin extremely fragrant and agreeable; the third kind of wood, which is the heart, has a strong aromatic odor, and is esteemed in the East more precious than gold itself." It is used for perfuming habits and apartments, and is administered as a cordial in fainting and epileptic fits."

There are frequent allusions in Scripture to the perfume of the aloe. Ps. 45. 8. Prov. 7. 17. Cant. 4. 14.

The fragrance of the aloe is not confined to its wood, but delightful odors are also emitted from its flowers. A traveler refers to this fact thus: "This morning, like many of the foregoing ones, was delicious. The sun rose gloriously out of the sea, and all the air around was perfumed with the effluvia of the aloe, as its rays sucked up the dew from its leaves."

The aloe was used anciently in embalming bodies. Herodotus says that its virtues in this way were known to the Egyptians. We are told that Nicodemus "brought a mixture of myrrh and aloes, about a hundred pounds weight," to embalm the body of Jesus. Joh. 19. 39. When we consider that this perfumery of aloes was more valuable than gold, and that there was in this mixture one hundred pound weight, we have a very touching exhibition of the fond affection which was entertained for his sacred body. This was right and highly appropriate. The richest odor and the sweetest perfume are but faint emblems to show forth the gracious influence of his death and resurrection upon the world. His name is fragrant to the unbeliever's heart—it is "like ointment poured forth." His burial has perfumed the grave of every saint; and he is to all who sleep in him a sweet savor of life unto life.

A SISTER'S INFLUENCE.

"I was drunk once," said a young man to us, the other day, "and I never shall forget it. In company with several jovial fellows, I was induced to drink pretty freely, and by the time I got home, I scarcely knew where I was or what I was doing. I was put to bed, and how long I laid there I do not know; but when I awoke, my sister was sitting beside the bed, engaged in sewing. The moment her eyes fell on my face, she burst into a flood of tears, and wept as if her heart would break. Overwhelmed with shame for my conduct, I then formed a resolution that I would never get drunk again; I have adhered to it for some years, and I mean it."

THE INVENTOR OF RAILROADS.

We hear the question asked, who was the inventor of the railway? and have never heard it satisfactorily answered; and we believe there are very few persons in this country who know any thing on the subject. Some few years ago, Howitt, of the "People's Journal," gave a somewhat lengthy sketch of the alleged inventor, who, up to May, 1836, had been neglected in England. While thousands had been enriched by his brilliant scheme, he had remained forgotten—forced by poverty to sell glass on commission for a living. How many of the railway projectors, agitators, stockholders, etc., have heard of the subject of these remarks?

"About half a century ago—the exact year is not known—there was born in Leeds, England, a man named Thomas Gray. Scarcely any thing is known of his early history. He was, we believe, a poor collier; and being very ingenious, he conceived the idea of facilitating the transportation of coal from the middle-town colliery of Leeds, a distance of three miles, by means of a sort of a railway which he constructed of wood. Upon this his cars moved at the rate of three and a half miles an hour, to the great merriment of a wise and discriminating public, who laughed at the idea of a railway as something very visionary, and as the mere suggestion of laziness. Poor Gray thought otherwise. Magnificent visions of future railways, such as are now stupendous realities, loomed up before him, and he began to talk in public of a general system of iron railroads. He was, of course, laughed at, and declared a visionary, moon-struck fool. But the more Gray contemplated his little railway for coal, the more firmly did he believe in the practicability and immense usefulness of his scheme. He saw in it all that is now realized, and he resolved, in spite of the ridicule, the sneers, and rebuffs, that were heaped upon him, to prosecute his undertaking. He petitioned the British Parliament, and sought interviews with all the great men of the kingdom; but all this had no effect but to bring down upon him, wherever he went, the loud sneers and ridicule of all classes. Still he persevered, and at length engaged the attention of men of intelligence and influence, who finally embraced his views, urged his plans, and the result is now before the world. Thomas Gray, the inventor of railroads, who, no longer than 1820, was laughed at for even mentioning the idea, still lives in Exeter, England, in the full realization of his grand and noble railroad schemes, for which he was declared insane. How much has the world been benefited by his insanity?"

NOBLE REPLY.—"Boy, what will you take to tell a lie for me?" asked a mate of the cabin-boy. "Not all the gold of California," was the prompt answer of the lad.

DEATH-BED SCENES.

THE rich cardinal Beaufort said: And must I die? Will not all my riches save me? I could purchase the kingdom if that would prolong my life. Alas! there is no bribing death.

An English nobleman said: I have a splendid passage to the grave, die in state, and languish under a gilded canopy; I am expiring on soft and downy pillows, and am respectably attended by my servants and physicians; my dependants sigh; my sisters weep; my father bends beneath a load of grief and years; my lovely wife, pale and silent, conceals her inmost anguish; my friend, who was as my own soul, suppresses his sighs, and leaves me, to hide his secret grief. But, oh! which of them will bail me from the arrest of death? Who can descend into the dark prison of the grave with me? Here they all leave me, after having paid a few idle ceremonies to the breathless clay which may lie reposed in state, while my soul, my only conscious part, may stand trembling before my Judge.

The celebrated Talleyrand on his death-bed was visited by Louis Phillippe, king of the French. "How do you feel?" said the king; the answer was, "Sire, I am suffering the pangs of the damned."

Sir Thomas Scott said: Until this moment, I believed that there was neither a God nor a hell. Now I know and feel that there are both, and I am doomed to perdition by the just judgment of the Almighty.

A rich man when dying, was informed by his physician that he should prepare for the worst. "Cannot I live for a week?" "No," said the doctor, "you will continue but a little while." "Say not so," said the dying man. "I will give you a hundred thousand dollars if you will prolong my life three days," but in less than an hour he was dead.

THE LITTLE DEAF AND DUMB BOY.—At the examination of a deaf and dumb institution some time since, a little boy was asked in writing, "Who made the world?" He took the chalk and wrote underneath, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth."

The question was then asked, "Why did Jesus come into the world?" A smile of gratitude overspread the face of the little fellow as he wrote, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners."

He was then asked the trying question, "Why are you born deaf and dumb, when I can both hear and speak?" "Never," said an eye-witness, "shall I forget the look of sweet resignation and peace as he again took up the chalk and wrote, 'Even so, Father, for it seemed good in thy sight.'"

Our Monthly Retrospect.

THE UNITED STATES.

THE LIQUOR LAW.—A very important act has passed the Legislature of Pennsylvania, which was approved by Governor Pollock on the 14th ult. It is entitled "an act to restrain the sale of intoxicating liquors," and will, if duly enforced, completely break up the retail liquor traffic and all public drinking houses, besides greatly restricting and guarding the sale by measure. As the provisions of this law will have an important bearing upon the morals of this Commonwealth, as well as the business interests of a large class of citizens, we will be pardoned for devoting a considerable space in this number of the Retrospect to a consideration of its provisions and the duty of all good citizens in relation thereto.

First, it must be borne in mind that this is not "a prohibitory liquor law," such as was voted against by a small majority of the people last fall on the abstract issue. It probably goes as far in legislating upon this subject as the legislature would have been justified in going under the circumstances—and that they were justified in going just so far as they did does not admit of a reasonable doubt. The very large vote polled for a prohibitory law, understood to include the search and seizure clause, so objectionable to many even friendly to temperance, demanded some very stringent legislation at the hands of the present legislature: and they could scarcely have done less than they did to accomplish any good at all.

The most prominent feature of this new law is that it forbids the issuing of any license to sell any kinds of intoxicating liquors or admixtures thereof, as a beverage, by less measure than a quart, after the first day of July; and after that date, no license to sell by any measure or without measure, can be granted to the keeper of any hotel, inn, tavern, restaurant, eating house, oyster house or cellar, theatre, or other place of entertainment, refreshment or amusement. Those who procured licenses before the 14th day of April can sell until the expiration of said licenses,

and all procured since that date and before the fourth day of July authorize the sale until the first of October, for which the price of a year's license must be paid. After the first of July the courts can grant licenses, in their discretion, to citizens of the United States, to sell by not less measure than a quart, provided it is not drunk on the premises, but under severe restrictions. They must advertise their applications as under existing laws, omitting the certificate of applicant and the necessity of the house, giving bond in sufficient security for \$1000, with judgment confessed, for the faithful observance of all laws relating to the sale of liquors in this State. The sureties on these bonds are liable at any time to have them forfeited upon the principal violating the law and failing to give legal satisfaction therefor. When it is borne in mind that the act of May 8, 1854, making it a misdemeanor to sell or give liquor to intemperate persons, drunkards, or minors, and the Sunday liquor law of 1855, are unrepealed by the new law, the effects of this provision will be to keep irresponsible and reckless men out of the traffic, as few men will be found willing to go on a bond where so much risk of its forfeiture is involved.

This law does not prohibit the sale of cider or domestic wines in quantities of not less than five gallons, and it will not therefore interfere with the farmer in the making and selling of cider of his own manufacture. Importers, distillers, brewers, and auctioneers are also allowed to sell in the same quantities, and the druggist is not prohibited from selling "admixtures of intoxicating liquors as medicines." This section has been thought by some to be a loop-hole for evading the law, but that clear headed and able jurist, Judge Pearson, of Dauphin, declares that "the druggist has no general license to traffic, but merely to use liquors for the purpose of preparing medicines for the sick, and should he under cover of that authority, sell for an ordinary beverage, and not in good faith for the administration of medicine, he would come

within the penalties of the law, although some kind of medicine might be mixed with the liquor." It would therefore be a risky business for any one to set up a grog-shop under the guise of a drug store!

The penalties for a violation of any of the provisions of this law are very severe—for the first offence a fine of \$50 and one month's imprisonment, and for the second offence a fine of \$100 and three month's imprisonment—and the law is so framed as to permit no escape under any pretext or evasion. The innkeeper cannot, under this act, place on his table to be used by his guests as a free gift and without charge, the prohibited beverages, if thereby he obtains any advantage whatever, either by an increased price for his meals, or even as a temptation to additional custom; in the language of the act he must not sell, nor in connection with any other business or profitable employment, give liquor, by any measure whatever, recovering therefor any price, profit or advantage. The storekeeper cannot furnish it by gift to his customers with the view of selling an additional quantity of goods and permit it to be drank in his store, or any other room or place furnished by him. The only safe method, therefore, as Judge Pearson remarks, for those engaged in such occupations, is not to keep any kind of drink on their premises to be used by others, unless where they are licensed to sell, and on a sale being effected they must require the purchaser to abstain from using it on the place of purchase.

One of the best provisions is that which supplies a great defect in all previous legislation on this question in Pennsylvania; and it was one which should be generally understood both by officers and citizens. We refer to the 13th section, which requires the constables of the respective wards and townships to return, UNDER OATH, all violations of this act which comes under their knowledge, and also to RECEIVE INFORMATION FROM OTHERS, together with the names of witnesses who can prove such violations; and any neglect of this duty is made a misdemeanor in office, for which he can be fined fifty dollars and imprisoned from one to three months. Altogether, we regard this law as a great step in reform for Pennsylvania, and now that it is the law of the State it becomes the duty of every good citizen to submit to its pro-

visions and aid in its enforcement, at least by assisting to keep up a healthy public sentiment on that subject.

AN INTERESTING WELCOME was given to Prof. E. V. GERHART, the new President of Franklin and Marshall College, on the 12th ult., by the students of the college. His arrival having been expected on that day, the arrangements were made by the students, who assembled in the old College Building, to give him a cordial greeting and welcome. The President was introduced with a few appropriate remarks by Prof. Porter, after which Mr. Bonebrake, representing the students, delivered a warm congratulatory address, in which he remarked that it is but natural that every friend of the College, and especially every student, should feel anxious to have filled the long vacant chair in the faculty. Many regretted the resignation of Dr. Nevin—whose loss would leave a blank in any body—but none deplored more than the students the disappearance of that distinguished name from the catalogue—yet your presence, he continued to Dr. Gerhart, will be the guarantee hereafter that our ranks will not be disordered, and that we march under a captain of the highest authority and ability. That vacancy is now filled, and every heart thrills because it is so well filled. You may have left with regret your late post of honor at Heidelberg, but we will ever strive to make the period of your abode in our midst one of pleasure. Your call, then, may have been pressing, but ours was no less so. The generous West could not refuse to give back what she had taken from us, for the sons of the East are the brothers of the West. You came, and it now remains for us to show our pleasure at your coming. To speak of the duties and responsibilities of your place, will be the part of an older and abler tongue than mine. My office is but to express our cordial sentiments of greeting and regard. Then, in the name of these, the Students of Franklin and Marshall College, I kindly, respectfully and heartily bid you welcome to your chair.

To this President Gerhart responded in a touchingly beautiful strain of impassioned eloquence. He felt that he did not come among strangers in a strange land. In this institution he was born intellectually, morally, and he must add, even spiritually. The moulding influence of principles imbib-

ed in Franklin and Marshall College he had felt during his life. He had come home, and could not but feel happy to meet warm hearts and open arms. True, said he, our alma mater no longer abides in her old home. The lofty mountain no longer lies before us. The green fields and quiet woods through which our familiar walks led us, are not here! Yet she is still the same, although she has exchanged her old home for a more suitable place of residence. Her genius, her spirit, her energy, her aims are still the same. Franklin and Marshall College will continue to serve the cause of science and Christianity with earnest, steady purpose. I can labor with pleasure in the institution where I studied, and graduated, and regaled my spirit, many years ago. * * * Your relation to me will be that of students to an officer of the College. But this is not all: I too am a son of Marshall College, and my relation to you will be that of a brother—an elder brother, if you please. I do not wish only to hold a position of authority among you; but I desire also to be a sympathising friend—to labor in the spirit of common brotherhood.

You very properly allude to the pain with which I broke away from my connections in the West. I was surrounded by a noble band of youth. I loved them, and their conduct manifested in turn love to me. I separated from them amid many blessings and good wishes, with many warm graspings of the hand. And how else could I feel but sad, when I cast the last look upon the scene of my labors? Other ties, too, were formed in the Providence of God—all were broken. The joys of this hour, you may imagine, are mingled with sadness. I loved Heidelberg. She is the daughter of Marshall. I love her still. May the blessing of the Almighty ever abide in her midst. But I believed it to be right to obey the call of Franklin and Marshall College, and I come among you with all my heart.

As this was an occasion of joy to the faculty and students, so it may well be to all the friends of the College. The disadvantages under which the institution labored without a President is removed. The Faculty is now full and the new College Buildings will soon be completed. The buildings, when all completed, will be among the most convenient and imposing in the country. A bright future is evidently opening

up before Franklin and Marshall College.

THE NEW POSTAGE LAW, which went into operation on the first of April, requiring the prepayment of all letters, seems to be disregarded by many persons, to their own cost and inconvenience, as numerous letters lie dead in the post office on account of their neglect. We trust every reader of *The Guardian* will bear in mind that no letter will reach its destination unless the postage is prepaid, at the office where mailed.

NUMEROUS ITEMS prepared for this number of the Retrospect have been crowded out by the articles on the Liquor Law and President Gerhart's Reception. The greater interest and importance of these will be a sufficient apology for any lack of our usual variety which the reader may discover.

OUR NEIGHBORING STATES.

CUBA.—This "Queen of the Antilles," upon which a party of the people of the United States still appear to look with longing eyes, is more like a nation than a province, and yet it is, politically, one of the most abject slaves of the mother government. As everything pertaining to it is now of general interest, we briefly recapitulate its most prominent features. Cuba is six hundred and eighty miles long, with a breadth varying from thirty to one hundred miles, and contains twenty million acres of land. Its population is one and a quarter million—six hundred thousand whites, two hundred thousand free colored, and four hundred and fifty thousand slaves. The soil is described as fertility itself, and the climate, for a tropical region, mostly salubrious. Rain falls every month in the year. There are mountains on this island—excellent harbors on its coast—streams, and lakes coursing and dotting its hills and dales—mines of copper and coal enriching the bosom of the earth—while the vast tracts of primeval forest abound in the most precious woods. Only about one-tenth of the soil of Cuba has been brought under cultivation; yet the annual products even of that small portion, counting only its saleable products, is sixty million dollars a year—the Spanish government deriving a revenue of twelve millions from it. It exports annually twenty-five millions, and imports twenty-six millions, of

which about one-fourth goes from the United States. Cuba has every requisite for a prosperous independent existence—nothing being wanting to make it a powerful nation except a successful struggle for liberty with the Spanish government. The greatest difficulty in the way of annexation to the United States—now so much talked of—is the difference in language, habits, and religion of the inhabitants. The Cubans are idle and luxurious—in these respects almost the antipodes of the people of our States. Nevertheless, the government of Cuba are still apprehensive of trouble—the Captain-General having issued an order for the organization of sixteen companies of free mulattoes and blacks, to be commanded by the white officers of the regular army of which these additional companies are to form a part.

SAN DOMINGO.—An attempted revolution in the city of San Domingo, in favor of Ex-President Paez, was discovered on the 25th of March. The leaders were captured. Some of the revolutionists took refuge at the British Consulate, where they still continue to remain. President Santana issued a proclamation, announcing to the Dominican people what had transpired, and quiet and order are said to again reign in the country. At the city of Porto Rico an attempt on the part of a detachment of the artillery corps in the fortifications to mutinize seems to have terminated in a failure.

THE OLD WORLD has not furnished us with news of special importance or stirring interest during the past month. There has been a good deal of hard skirmishing before Sebastopol, but the great issue still remains as problematical as ever—if anything, the “chances of war” look rather favorable for the Russians maintaining their position. They are continually receiving reinforcements and supplies which the allies appear to be unable to cut off. We may probably be able to indicate the portentous result in our next issue, as the affairs of the East can not remain in statu quo much longer.

GREAT BRITAIN had proclaimed a loan of £15,000,000. The visit of Louis Napoleon was the great expected event in London, and the opening of the World's Fair the only topic at Paris. The Vienna Conference was still in session, but nothing had been done.

NOTES ON LITERATURE.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES, or Present, Past and Future, by Rev. Dr. Cumming, has been received from the American publishers, Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia. In purity of style, and comprehensive view of prophetic details, it is perhaps superior to any of the distinguished author's previous efforts; but we notice in it that fault to which we have noticed a proneness in nearly all his works—namely, magnifying the importance of minor events of history and prophesy. It is true, the author's object in this comprehension of details appears to be by a general grouping to show their importance in the aggregate, as they bear upon the truth of prophesy and signs of history, and we must let this go as his justification. This book is certainly the most interesting of Cumming's works we have yet read, and all interest in the great events of which it treats will be amply repaid by its perusal.

ROUSSELL'S CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT COUNTRIES COMPARED, is the most valuable and reliable book on the subjects of which it treats we have yet had the pleasure of examining. The learned author, Rev. Napoleon Roussell, of France, compares Protestant and Catholic countries in their threefold relations to Wealth, Knowledge, and Morality, and sustains his views by statistical facts and reliable Catholic authorities. These show, to an astonishing extent, the depressing influence of Roman Catholicism upon the morals, intelligence and wealth of the masses. It is a complete refutation of Bishop Spalding's last work on the other side of the same subject. It is published by John P. Jewett & Co., of Boston, and may be had at Murray & Stock's Book store, in this city.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE, published by Carlton & Phillips, New York, is a welcome visiter to this office. It is, without doubt, the best popular family magazine of the day, and although published at the low rate of \$2 a year, it will favorably compare, in literary merit and typography, with the three dollar magazines.

PUTNAM'S MONTHLY—the only really original American monthly magazine—has passed into the hands of Messrs. Dix & Edwards, by whom it will be hereafter published. \$3 a year.

The Guardian.

VOL. VI.—JUNE, 1855.—No. VI.

SISTERS IN THE FAMILY.

SECOND ARTICLE.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE proper education of a sister must include these three things, viz., the cultivation of the heart, the mind, the manners. She must be educated spiritually, intellectually, and socially. She must have the holy nurture of the church, the light and discipline of the school, the love and communion of the social circle. Nor must these three be separated and succeed each other—but these three are one.

We regard it as one of the most serious of mistakes, when it is supposed that an individual is to be educated religiously by one person, at one time and place, and then intellectually and socially in the same separate and independent manner. The school and the social circle must be alike pervaded by the religious life of the church. As these three departments of our being are one, and united in our nature, so they must be in their nurture. The church, the school, and the social circle are one bosom of divine nurturing, educating and sanctifying powers. The daughter of a pious family can never, without violence and wrong to her nature, be in one of these and not at the same time also in the rest. In the church she must be a spiritual, intellectual and social being; in the school she must be a spiritual, intellectual and social being; in the social circle she must be a spiritual, intellectual and social being. She can, in no place ignore, or leave out of view, part of her nature. Like all life, her inward being must be unfolded uniformly, and all the powers of her nature must evolve and grow in symmetry and harmony. Faith that is not developed in knowledge is superstition; knowledge that does not rest in faith is infidelity; and social life that is not developed in the light of knowledge and the purity of religion is but the stupid herding of brute life.

In the growth of a flower-plant it will not do to give it water for a month, then sunlight for a month, and then air for a month.

It must have all these at once and together. Indeed it is their mutual influence upon each other that produces healthy and beautiful growth. It is just so in education. The will, by grace; the understanding, by knowledge; the heart, or affections, by social communion, must mutually live and act in each other, and upon each other, and by each other. What an ideal of a sister would this be—a gracious spirit, a clean mind, and holy affections. The clear light of intelligence is as the clear cold air, unless warmed by the glowing of love from that heart above and this heart below. Blessed is he who has such a sister to grow up with him side by side.

“O happy lot, and hallowed, even as the joy of angels,
When the golden chain of godliness is entwined with the roses of love.
Let her be an heir of heaven, so shall she help thee on thy way.”

The word sister has more than one sense. It has the *sacred* or *mystical* sense, designating the highest of all relations—the relation of the spirit to Christ and to saints in the kingdom of grace. So the word is used in the holy scriptures. He that doeth the will of my Father in heaven the same is my sister, said Jesus. This is the highest sense of this term. No one is a true sister that stands not in the holy family of Christ.

The word sister has also a *natural* sense, designating the relation in the flesh as it appears in the family. This is a merely natural relation; it is common to saints and sinners; it has even its likeness in the irrational orders beneath us. It only becomes better than nature as it rises into the sphere of the spiritual. The natural sister must become a spiritual one, or the relation does not transcend the instincts of nature, nor will it outlive the wreck of death, and the ordeal of the grave.

The word has a *figurative* sense, designating the relations of friendship and love formed in social life. It is only properly used in this sense, where it applies to a social love which is pure and disinterested, like that of mystical sisters. It is an extension of holy family love, including such as stand in the heavenly family. When used out of this bosom of pure love and spiritual relation it is mere sham, mere mockery, or mere animal instinct. It is the mere herding of nature. It is the selfish friendship of Herod and Pilate. It is often the asp-like kiss of Judas!

In these different conceptions of sister, as in all other cases, the higher must sanctify the lower. The relations and the love of the natural sister must bloom in the higher and holier relations of the mystical one; and the natural, thus purified and perfected in the supernatural, must reach out beyond the family, taking into its social embraces all who do the will of the common Father in heaven, and thus say, with our Saviour, “these are my sisters.” The small family surrounding the earthly parent, is thus enlarged around the Father in heaven, who has united all that are his in one

family in Christ. Thus the idea of sister becomes infinitely wider and purer.

Now, which idea of sister ought to be prominent and prevail in the education of a true sisterly spirit and character? Evidently the highest—the mystical—the spiritual. Our first and deepest relation is to the heavenly—the Father of our spirits. The lower relation is only in the flesh, and has neither strength nor purity except in the power of the higher. It is therefore first, and it must be recognized and rested upon as the first and deepest element in the true education of a sisterly spirit. Hence we have placed first in order and importance the education of the heart—education spiritually—the education which comes through the church.

Is not this the order in fact, and in the history of every human spirit? The very first educational power which a human spirit feels, before the intellect can at all be reached, is in the heart, from a mother's eyes, a mother's tones, and the mysterious influence of a mother's life and love! Next to this, similar to it, only more outward in character, is that of the father. These, being pious, their united faith secures to the infant spirit the motherly zeal, blessing, and care of the church. The intellect is as yet only touched by the softest nurture, such as the warm, moist, genial bosom of the earth affords to the first and feeblest tendrils of the infant plant. The school is not yet—the idea of teaching, instructing and training by aid of extraneous means has as yet neither place nor meaning. As yet the will, the faith, (in the sense of dependence,) the heart, rule and reign. The understanding, the intellect, that which is developed by knowledge, imparted by foreign means and helps, comes gradually and later, and with it the school. Still later in order comes the social; for love, which is the fruit of faith, and that knowledge of the relations between beings which the intellect perceives, lay the foundation, beget the desire and unfold the qualification for social intercourse. The religious is the life, the intellectual is the light, the social is the love, of the true sisterly spirit and character.

Let her, therefore, who would be a sister truly cultivate her heart in the life, power, and grace of piety. A sister without piety is a monster—a wandering star! Being herself sundered from God, whatever her influence binds and holds to herself, it binds and holds away from Him. She may have beauty and polish, but it is mere outward devotion; like the green vines hung with flowers that cover a moldering wall, or creep over doleful ruins. Her heart has no holy of holies, holding us off in reverence, and yet drawing us near in love. The angel is wanting! We recognize not, hid by the thin veil of the real and human, the ideal and the saintly. She can never nestle herself in our memory or float before our dream-like fancy as "a thing of beauty and a

joy forever." The mystic charm is not there. We miss "the fragrant blossom that maketh glad the garden of the heart." The influence of such a sister must be felt. To say nothing of the positive influence of words and acts, a pious sister is in the family as the constant presence of God to her brothers. It is as if heaven breathed and whispered around them. By silent reprovings her purer spirit quickens their consciences, reminds them softly of the wrong, and allures them gently to the right. The very sympathy which a brother knows dwells in a sister's heart for him, and which, where true confidence exists, he has occasion in many a bitter sorrow of his own to fathom, to his own exceeding comfort, gives her an influence over him which she can use to the highest and holiest purpose. For her sake he will do what will prove to him an everlasting good. When separated, memory will make her to him a present power, restraining him from many an evil, and breathing courage and strength to rise out of it when captured and carried away. Often, too, the impressions made upon the heart by a sister's piety are long latent in the heart, like sentiments written with invisible ink, and are only brought out by future circumstances and events.

We have a case just in hand. But lately we received a letter from a very talented lawyer, who proposes to quit his profession and enter the ministry, and who asks advice in reference to that earnest and solemn step. Hear what he says: "You are probably aware that I was originally intended for the ministry. Youthful follies and vagaries turned the channel of my life into the legal profession. This decision, too, was attended by many marks of rashness and of immature reasoning. Thus it was, till 1848, when a loved sister's departure made a deep impression upon my mind. The subject of the ministry again forcibly presented itself to my mind."

This is only one case like a thousand others, varied as to the particulars, but in substance the same, showing the powerful and lasting influence of a pious sister. We knew her well, that gentle spirit. Slowly was the power of grace blooming toward her glorification; and long, as from the borders of the land, did she shed the "soft white light" of heaven around her! He was absent from the home circle, and felt not all the power of her piety; yet, to the distant field of his labors, his struggle, and his ambition, did he bear in his heart the image and the memory of that pure white lily in the garden at home. When at last he was called home to see it fade away for ever from the earth, ah, how his strong spirit melted! ah, how he saw that that hope alone was worth living for which had wakened into such smiles even the cold marble of her face, and which breathed around such words of peace and joy, while all the energies of life were sinking like weary, worn-out winds. Oh, how earnestly he vowed at the death-bed to preach

that hope to others, and live only in its life himself. Through many subsequent years does he turn at the beckoning of that angel being. Such is the influence of a pious sister.

ORIENTAL CUSTOMS.

I.—BURIAL.

BY REV. RECK HARBAUGH.

“THAT I may bury my dead out of my sight”—the language of an old patriarch, and descriptive of feelings as true to our nature now as when Abraham would barter for “the Cave of Macpelah.” Among every people moral and religious, burial out of sight has ever been regarded as the most proper and natural mode of disposing of the dead. The custom of burying the dead is an ancient one; and it was a peculiar feature throughout the whole history of God’s chosen people. To them the rights of the sepulchre were considered of indispensable importance; it was deemed not only an act of humanity, but a positive religious duty to pay due honors to the departed.

The funeral ceremonies of the Jews were in many respects similar to those common to the East at the present day. After the sad and solemn ceremony of the last kiss and the closing of the eyes of the corpse, the body was perfumed and subjected to entire ablution with water, as of Dorcas, (Acts ix. 37,) “whom, when they had washed, they laid in an upper chamber.”

The process of embalming was peculiar to the ancient Egyptians, and such adepts did these “physicians” become in this preservative art, that there are still found bodies which have resisted the attacks of decomposition for thousands of years. In Genesis (50, 3,) we read that Jacob underwent this eminently Egyptian preparation for burial, “having fulfilled the forty days of those which are embalmed.” The Jews, in later times, observed a more simple and expeditious but less successful process, that of wrapping the corpse in numerous folds of linen cloth, having anointed it with a mixture of aromatic substances composed chiefly of aloes and myrrh. There was no higher mark or evidence of respect for the departed than the profuse expenditure of such costly perfumes. By the writers of the Talmud we are told that no less than eighty pounds of spices were used at the funeral of the learned Rabbi Gamaliel. Josephus also tells us that, in the splendid obsequies of Herod, five hundred of his servants attended as spice-bearers.

After the process of wrapping the corpse in folds of linen cloth, the body was placed in an upper chamber in solemn state, when the relatives of the deceased, especially the females, in the violent

style of oriental grief, burst out in shrill, loud and plaintive lamentations, the friends and neighbors mingling their outcries with the bereaved. Among the better classes, this duty of sympathising with the family was performed by mercenaries—a class of females—professional mourners, who, by vehement sobs, gesticulation and singing of dirges, eulogized the qualities, virtuous and benevolent, of the deceased.

The period between death and burial was usually shorter than custom sanctions with us, for which there was a twofold reason—the heat of the climate and, particularly among the Jews, the circumstance of uncleanness for a week of the person who came in contact with a corpse. Two cases of burial immediately after death are recorded in the New Testament—those of Ananias and Sapphira. Acts 5, 1–10.

A bed or bier was the vehicle commonly used for carrying the dead to the place of burial. This was plain or costly according to the circumstances and position of the deceased. It was from an humble carriage of this kind that our Lord called back from death and the grave, the widow's son of Nain. Luke 7, 11–15. This particular form of funeral rites still obtains among the Jews, Mahomedans and Christians of the East.

The sepulchres, by a prudential arrangement, but lately appreciated by us, were situated without the limits of the cities. They were either of a costly style, with no little architectural display, either excavations in the solid rock, or the humble grave with its simple upright stone over the head and feet. Besides these public cemeteries for the general accumulation of the inhabitants of the cities, there were also fields appropriated for the burial of strangers. Members of the royal family of David, and a few persons of exalted character, only were permitted a burial within the walls of the city of Jerusalem.

It was customary to paint the sepulchres white—the reason of which was to make them plainly discernible to the eye, and thus prevent contact with the same, and the consequent ceremonial defilement—more especially at the annual festivals, when multitudes of strangers visited Jerusalem. From this custom we have the meaning of that sarcasm of our Lord, when he so severely rebuked the hypocrisy of the Pharisees. Matthew 23, 27.

The affecting custom still remains of groups of women going daily to the tombs of their relations, strewing them with flowers and weeping there, as was supposed of Mary, that she was going to the grave of Lazarus to weep when Jesus met her. John 11, 31.

Connected with these oriental customs of burial are the mournful associations, that He who is our Saviour underwent most of the same processes with those who have gone to the dead. His death, like his life, was one of untold, unknown humility. He chose to die like a thief: his burial was that of a prince. Joseph of Ari-

mathea testified his regard for the sacred body of the Saviour by bringing a mixture of myrrh and aloes, about an hundred pounds, (John 19, 39,) while the two Marys were prepared to tender the same costly office at the earliest dawn of the first day of the week. But Jesus the crucified needed not the Egyptians' secret art to defy the worm and corruption. Death to him was a calm three days' rest—such a rest as he seldom took, for so long a turn, in his ministry of denial and devotion.

Such is a brief sacred history of the burial custom referred to in the Bible. One thought more: Reader, are *you* prepared for what the Bible declares is to follow the ceremonies I have just discussed? After death comes the burial, after the burial comes the Judgment!

A PORTRAIT.

BY WORDSWORTH.

SHE was a phantom of delight
 When first she gleamed upon my sight:
 A lovely apparition, sent
 To be a moment's ornament;
 Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
 Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
 But all things else about her drawn
 From May-time and the cheerful dawn;
 A dancing shape, an image gay,
 To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her once upon nearer view.
 A spirit, yet a woman too!
 Her household motions light and free,
 And steps of virgin liberty;
 A countenance in which did meet
 Sweet records, promises as sweet;
 A creature not too bright or good
 For human nature's daily food;
 For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
 Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
 The very pulse of the machine;
 A being breathing thoughtful breath,
 A traveler betwixt life and death;
 The reason firm, the temperate will,
 Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill.
 A perfect woman, nobly planned,
 To warn, to comfort, and command;
 And yet a spirit still, and bright
 With something of an angel light.

THE RECLUSE.

My days among the dead are passed:
 Around me I behold,
 Where'er these casual eyes are cast,

The mighty minds of old:
 My never-failing friends are they
 With whom I converse night and day.

A LITTLE MARTYR AND A MONUMENT.

"The noble army of martyrs praise Thee."

IN the month of October, 1844, a poor but pious family of the name of Dannan came to Milwaukee, Wisconsin, from Trevelyan, Cornwall, England. The family consisted of nine persons, Benjamin Dannan and Mary his wife, and seven children; Emanuel, the youngest, was born in Trevelyan, February 25, 1844. In March, 1847, the father died of consumption, brought on by severe labor and exposure. When cautioned in reference to it by a friend, he said, "God has given me this wife and these children, and I wish not only to provide for them, but also to teach them by my example, to learn and labor truly to get their own living, and to do their duty in that state of life unto which it shall please God to call them." In July, 1847, the mother also died, and the children were left alone, yet not alone, for God watched over them, and kept alive in their hearts that love of truth which had been implanted there by the teachings and example of their pious parents, and which "Emanuel," in the language of one of his sisters, "was old enough to learn and *not forget*." After the death of his mother, Emanuel remained two months with the Rev. Benjamin Akerly of Milwaukee, who was ever ready to aid the orphan and the destitute, and was afterward placed by him under the care of Joseph Moore, Emanuel's uncle, with whose family he remained until the death of Mr. Moore and his wife, when he was taken into the Milwaukee poor-house, where he remained until the spring of 1850, when he was adopted by Samuel W. Norton, a man residing in Marquette county, Wisconsin, with whom he resided two and a half years, and until he was found in the house of his adopted father *dead*, having been, by Norton's own confession, *whipped to death*. Norton and his wife were arrested for manslaughter. In the language of the Hon. Judge Larrabee, before whom they were tried, it appeared that—

"The defendants—husband and wife—were respectable farming people, residing in Marquette county, and were childless. They had two orphan children bound to them—one a little girl about ten years of age, and the other the boy Emanuel, eight years of age. I have no means of ascertaining any thing of the previous history of Emanuel, and only know that he was taken from the Milwaukee Poor House. He was a fragile child, and had never been in robust health. Those who knew him spoke of him as an intelligent, bright blue-eyed boy, and very winning in his playful little ways.

"It appeared from the testimony of the little girl—who was the sole witness to the torture—that Emanuel was charged with having

told a lie. What the lie was we could not, by either persuasion or by fear of punishment, induce her to tell. The counsel for the State exhausted their ingenuity in vain; nor could I, after drawing her to me, and by soothing words endeavoring to quiet her fears, induce her to tell what the lie was. The child had evidently been intimidated by threats of personal injury. This was afterward ascertained to be the fact, when the trial was over, and her foster-parents safely lodged in prison. She then said that Emanuel had, by chance, discovered the woman in a criminal act, and had told her, and she had told her wicked parents. Hence it became all-important to the woman (who had succeeded in quieting her husband) that the *lie* should be whipped out of Emanuel. Accordingly, the man procured six whips—the toughest kind of swamp willow—which, by his own confession, were four feet in length and as large at the butt as one's little finger, and about 9 o'clock at night took Emanuel—who still persisted in telling the truth—to the loft of the cabin, and having stripped him to his shirt, wound that around his neck and tied him up by a cord, by both wrists, to a rafter, so that his feet but barely touched the ground.

“Here he whipped him for two hours, only resting at intervals to procure a fresh whip, or to demand of his victim that he should own that he told a lie. The boy's only answer was, ‘Pa, I told the truth. Pa, I did not lie.’ The girl said that Emanuel *did not cry much*; and it is probable that he fainted during a portion of the time, as the injuries on his body testified that there was not a spot, from the arm-pits to the ankles, large enough to place your finger upon but was covered with livid welts, and that in very many places the skin was broken!

“And still the brave boy held out! He must have had a sainted mother, for the teachings of none other could have so implanted truth in his every fibre.

“Yes, still he held out: and when he was taken down, with the cords cutting deep into his little wrists, and the warm blood trickling from his limbs, with his head upon his murderer's shoulder, his last words, ‘Pa! I am so cold!’ and then his pure spirit fled for ever, beyond the reach of torture and inhumanity, to that bright world where wrong and oppression can never be known.

“He unquestionably died with the TRUTH still in his heart, and was a martyr to it.

“The whips were quite worn up, as the splintered fragments were afterward found. The trial, as you may imagine, was one of deep and painful interest. There was scarce a dry eye in the court room. The verdict was *manslaughter in the first degree*, and the convicts were sentenced to ten years' imprisonment in the State Prison—the extreme penalty of the law.”

At the last Convention of the Wisconsin Sunday School Union, a committee were appointed, who, with others, were subsequently

incorporated by Act of the Legislature of the State of Wisconsin into an association, entitled the Dannan Monument Association, with power to erect a monument or such other testimonial as they might deem proper, to perpetuate the memory of Emanuel Dannan.

PERSEVERANCE.

J. V. B.

“Attempt the end and never stand to doubt,
Nothing so hard but search will find it out.”

THIS has been one of our own mottoes since we commenced battling, individually, with the world. It has done much to encourage us under the trying and discouraging conflicts of life. When the dark clouds of adversity hovered thick around us, and when the future objects of our desires were apparently hidden from us by impenetrable barriers, a resort to memory's store for this motto would inspire us with new vigor and determination; feeling assured that what others had accomplished could be done again.

It is not so much our intention at present to speak of our own trials and encouragements, as being anything different to what is common to all who live to be useful; but our design in this article is to inscribe on the memory of aspiring youth this excellent motto, which is fraught with so much power to impel those who can be moved onward.

“Attempt the end”—that is, let him who would desire to arrive at any worthy and honorable position in life, not sit down and wonder whether it is attainable by him or not, but at once, after he has fully resolved, attempt the end, and he need not fear disappointment. It matters not what useful position in life we have a desire to occupy, the attempt to reach it is the very first condition of success. The mechanic must “attempt the end” by making the first effort.

Poor John Fitch, and Fulton, had to *attempt* to make their simple steamboats before the “Great Western,” “Atlantic” and others could sail the ocean. Hiram Powers, the eminent American sculptor, had to *attempt* to finish the common monument before he presented to the world the “Greek Slave.” So with all the great works of art, attempts at the end had first to be made by beginning with small things.

In science and literature, also, perfection was not reached at once; but the steps were gradual. Attempts at the end impelled the philosopher, statesmen and divine to attain the end. The reflections of Newton, on the falling of an apple, led to the discovery of the laws of attraction and gravitation, and the solar system.

Had he not *attempted* to find out why the apple fell toward him, instead of flying in some other direction, these discoveries and results would not have been the *end* of his studies. Had not a few Americans *attempted* to throw the tea overboard in Boston Harbor, perhaps we would not this day be a free people. "Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth." Had not Franklin *attempted* to catch the lightning with his silken kite and wire-string in a bottle, perhaps we would not this day be sending news instantaneously thousands of miles, in all directions, by means of the Telegraph. Had not Columbus *attempted* the uncertain voyage of discovery, when he launched out on the Atlantic from Spain, perhaps centuries might have passed before this continent would have been discovered. Had not the pilgrims who landed on Plymouth Rock *attempted* to find an asylum for the oppressed and persecuted, they would not had the consolation and happiness of worshipping God according to the dictates of their own consciences. Had not the renowned Neal Dow *attempted* to restrict the despotism of King Alcohol by prohibition, in Maine, perhaps he would yet reign triumphant over the whole Union. But *that* small attempt will find its end in the entire overthrow of his authority in this country. God speed the day. So we might add example to example, both great and small, to prove that the end is only within the reach of him who—

"Attempts the end and NEVER stands to doubt."

To "stand to doubt" is as much as to say, This thing has been done, but never can be done again. If a young man wishes to be poor all his days, just let him stand to doubt the possibility of getting rich. If he wishes to remain ignorant and die in obscurity, just let him stand, doubting his ability to become learned and eminent. If he wishes to get feeble and morbid, just let him imagine he is so, and doubt the fact that, through exertion and business, he can become happy and strong. If a young lady wishes to fit herself for the follies of the ball-room only, just let her doubt the fact that she was created for something better. If she wishes to paralyze her nerves and weaken her mind, just let her stand and doubt her ability for solid reading, and continually doat and weep over novels. If she wishes to get a light-minded, foppish husband, just let her never be seen in the kitchen, but always visiting, and doubt the fact that men have brains. In a word, if young men or ladies wish to be useful and wise, they must not stand and doubt their ability to do so; but let them attempt that end and persevere, and they will reach it.

Doubting has damped the ardor of many a promising genius. Doubting has cast a gloom of despair over the brow of many a hopeful youth. And doubting has made scores of infidels, and has consigned thousands to present and future sorrow and disgrace.

"Then stand ye not in doubts and fears,
Although it cost a thousand tears;
Still search and hope, and search again,
Attempt the end nor think it vain."

Whether the end be heaven, or any earthly object, we must attempt to gain it by bending all our energies in that direction; for there is

"Nothing so hard but search will find it out."

The scriptures saith, "Seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you." And this is not only true in a spiritual sense, but also in a temporal sense. It is only by search that we find out the hidden gems of science. It is only by search that we find out the hidden treasures of the earth. It is only by search in the regions of thought that the mathematician is able to measure time, space, surface and bodies. It is only by search that the theologian can find out the *deep things* of God. It is only by search that the regular and orderly movements of the heavenly bodies have been found out by the astronomer. In a word, it is by search only that all that we know, or can know, is and can be found out. Then let us—

"Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt,
Nothing so hard but search will find it out."

We will now close, hoping that the readers of *The Guardian* will faithfully *attempt* to find out all the wisdom that it contains, by *searching* carefully every page as it makes its monthly visits to them. For we feel convinced from experience, that from it they may collect a goodly store of truth and knowledge. May the life and character of many a young man and lady be shaped under the pure and healthful influence of *The Guardian*.

"DOUBT NOT."

THOUGH sorrow's clouds seem o'er us,
Hanging like palls forever,
Hope's star, still bright before us,
Cheers with glad promises ever;
And firmly tread we life's rough way,
Patiently bear its sorrow,
For though our Father frown to-day,
He'll cheer with smiles to-morrow.

Our God, in his good pleasure,
Oft sendeth want and care;
With these in equal measure
Are given strength to bear.
And death, with all its terrors,
Is a veil that Christ hath riven;
On the other side, quite near us,
Are the glorious joys of heaven.

THE GULF STREAM.

FROM the Gulf of Mexico there is a current of water constantly flowing outward toward the north, and passing between the Bahama Islands and the shores of Florida, known as the "Gulf Stream." This current proceeds along the coast of the United States as far north as Cape Hatteras, where it gradually turns eastward, and finally bends so far southward as to touch the Azore Islands. Its length is estimated at more than three thousand miles, and its waters are supposed to extend to the shores of Europe, as far as the North Cape.

On passing the Straits of Florida, the velocity of the stream is estimated at one hundred miles per day, and at forty miles per day at a distance of one thousand miles from the Gulf of Mexico. The water in the Gulf Stream is more salt, warmer, and of a deeper blue than the rest of the ocean, till it reaches Newfoundland, where it becomes somewhat turbid from the shallowness of that part of the sea.

The highest temperature of water belonging to the Atlantic Ocean is found in the Gulf of Mexico, where it is eighty-eight degrees of Fahrenheit. As the Gulf Stream, which carries this warm water along, proceeds northward, it becomes gradually wider and wider, spreading over a vast surface of the ocean, giving warmth to the colder climates through which it passes, while its own temperature diminishes. Lieut. Maury says, "that the quantity of heat which it spreads over the Atlantic in a winter's day would be sufficient to raise the whole atmosphere that covers France and Great Britain from the freezing-point to summer heat, and that it really is the cause of the mildness and of the damp of Ireland and the south of England." We can readily see its effects on the climate of the northwest of Europe by comparing it with the same latitude on the shores of America. On the coast of Labrador we find perpetual snow and ice, while Great Britain, of the same latitude, is clothed in robes of green, and seldom has any snow.

In summer there is a northern current coming from the coast of Greenland and Labrador, floating icebergs from the polar regions. This cold current meets the Gulf Stream on the banks of Newfoundland, and the difference between the temperature of these two oceanic streams as they come in contact is the cause of the dense fog that broods over that region.

The north polar current becomes warmer from its contact with the Gulf Stream, and passing between that and the coast of the United States, runs on to Florida, and sends an under-current of cool water into the Caribbean Sea. The water on the surface of this sea, and of the Gulf of Mexico, becoming heated by the sun's

rays, flows out in that remarkable current known as the Gulf Stream. Thus, owing to the influence of the sun's heat, and the rotation of the earth from west to east, this great stream is continually sending its vast tide of warm water to the north to moderate the cold of those regions, making climates genial which otherwise might become bleak and dreary wastes.

Even far to the north, the water in this astonishing current is always from eight to twenty degrees warmer than the surrounding ocean, and imparts its temperature to the superincumbent atmosphere, thus generating fearful storms. It is also, as has previously been hinted, the great thawing laboratory for all the ice that comes down from the polar regions, and thus those inhospitable mountains of floating ice are dissolved in nature's furnace and prevented from intruding on the more genial climes of the south.

The Gulf Stream is not only the most interesting of the ocean currents, but is the most important in its relations to the commerce of Europe and America. It was doubtless by this great current that those pieces of wood and other materials were drifted across the Atlantic to the Azores, which so much strengthened Columbus' belief in the existence of a western continent, and led to the opening of the gates of the New World.

Owing to the prevalence of westerly winds in the North Atlantic, the voyage from Europe to the United States is longer than that from the latter to Europe; but the Gulf Stream adds still more to this difference; hence it is avoided in voyages from Europe to the United States, as it would lengthen the time some two weeks.

When Dr. Franklin was in England, the merchants of Providence, Rhode Island, petitioned the Lords of the Treasury (it was before the recognition of independence) that the government packets that usually sail from Falmouth to Boston, U. S., might in future sail from London to Providence; and they supported the prayer of their petition by the allegation that the average passage from London to Providence was fourteen days less than from Falmouth to Boston.

Now, Falmouth and Boston being between London and Providence, this statement seemed rather startling, and Dr. Franklin, who was always on the alert when his country's interests were at stake, hearing it, sent for Captain Folger, an old New England whaler, who happened also to be in London at the time. The old Captain immediately accounted for the fact that had puzzled the Doctor.

"The London packets," said he, "are commanded by New England masters, who know something about the Gulf Stream; the Falmouth by Englishmen, who know nothing about the matter."

This hint was enough for Dr. Franklin. He had taken the temperature of the Gulf Stream, and found it considerably higher than the surrounding ocean. Dipping a thermometer into the sea,

therefore, showed when you entered and left it. He and the old captain laid down its limits according to the best of the existing information on the charts, and the result was a complete change in the course taken by vessels trading between England and America. By using or avoiding the Gulf Stream, as circumstances required, for which the thermometer served the purpose of a sextant, the distance between London and New York was shortened from sixty to thirty days. In this way New York became nearer to England than Charleston. It grew into the point for all vessels bound to the New World to touch at, and so assumed the importance of a great commercial depot. Charleston lost its chance of ever growing into the metropolis of the republic; and, to use the words of Lieut. Maury, "all these results are traceable to the use of the thermometer at sea."

Notwithstanding Franklin's observations on the Gulf Stream so long ago led to such important results in America, yet of this great ocean current comparatively little is yet well known. During a few years past, Lieut. M. F. Maury, of the National Observatory, at Washington, has devoted much time to this subject, and in his recent visit to England has awakened considerable attention to the subject there.

"Nothing less than a great number of observations of every kind, and those made through many seasons, in order to embrace all the variety of causes, can enable the most diligent inquirer to make himself master of the whole subject; and this can be the work of the government only, for individual inquiry can produce little more than unconnected facts."

America is doing her part in the great work. Holland has also given her adhesion to Lieut. Maury's plan. No country could not keep aloof from such an enterprise, so important to her trading interest, so precious in scientific results. And we may hope that ere long the nature and cause of that long-sought-for interesting ocean-current, the Gulf Stream, will become better understood in all its relations to commerce and climate.

I KNOW BETTER.

"I know better," is often an ugly expression. We are heard boys and girls use it when they were angry and were in contradicting those who wish to do them good. It is frequently used by young persons to their parents, and those older than themselves. Let the young remember that if they acquire the habit of pretending to *know better* than all others, they will never be able to find that they know less than they are. Their disposition is very opposite to that humility and modesty which become all who wish to be wise, and it is particularly disagreeable to the young.

THE CONTENTED MAN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JOHAN MARTIN MILLER.

Why need I strive or sigh for wealth?
 It is enough for me
 That heaven has given me strength and health,
 A spirit glad and free;
 Grateful these blessings to receive,
 I sing my hymn at morn and eve.

On some what floods of riches flow!
 Houses, herds, and gold have they;
 Yet life's best joys they never know,
 But fret their hours away.
 The more they have they seek increase;
 Complaints and cravings never cease.

A vale of tears this world they call,
 To me it seems so fair;
 It countless pleasures hath for all,
 And none denied a share.
 The little birds on new fledged wing,
 And insects revel in the spring.

For love of us, hills, woods and plains,
 In beauteous hues are clad;
 And birds sing far and near sweet strains,
 Caught up by echoes glad.
 "Rise," sings the lark, "your task to ply;"
 The nightingale sings "lullaby."

And when the golden sun goes forth,
 And all like gold appears;
 When bloom o'erspreads the glowing earth,
 And fields have ripening ears:
 I think these glories that I see,
 My kind Creator made for me.

Then loud I thank the Lord above,
 And say, in joyful mood,
 His love, indeed, is Father's love,
 He wills to all men good.
 Then let me ever grateful live,
 Enjoying all he deigns to give.

TO THE BUTTERFLY.

BY SAMUEL ROGERS.

CHILD of the sun! pursue thy rapturous flight,
 Mingling with her thou lov'st in fields of light;
 And, where the flowers of Paradise unfold,
 Quaff fragrant nectar from their cups of gold.
 There shall thy wings, rich as an evening sky,
 Expand and shut with silent ecstasy!
 Yet wert thou once a worm, a thing that crept
 On the bare earth, then wrought a tomb and slept.
 And such is man; soon from his cell of clay
 To burst a seraph in the blaze of day.

NEGLECTED COMMANDS.

NO. I.—RETURNING GOOD FOR EVIL.

BY THE EDITOR.

"He is overcome of evil who sins against another; because he sins against himself."—THOMAS AQUINAS.

How many commands there are in the scriptures that are not so seriously considered even by Christians as they should be. Indeed it seems as if they were for the most part regarded as beyond the reach of piety, and are not therefore even earnestly aimed at. They occupy a kind of obsolete position in the practical piety of the age; perhaps because they refer to the higher and deeper life of grace. We feel inclined to call attention to some of these neglected commandments.

Before we proceed, however, let us ask what right we have to choose our "favorites" among the divine commandments. Are they not all of like authority? and yet how lightly do we regard the evil of coming short in regard to some of them. While we shudder at the idea of violating some, the neglect of others scarcely gives us a serious thought. We scarcely regard them as furnishing any test of our gracious state; we tolerate the neglect of them with an easy conscience, which shows that to all practical purposes these commands are obsolete. Let us look at one of these slighted laws.

We are to return good to those who do us evil. Is not this a command? Let us see: "Recompense to no man evil for evil." That is plain and direct. "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink." How can we obviate the force of this. "Overcome evil with good." So act, so do, says God.

Now let us ask, What power has this plain injunction to the consciousness of the piety of our age. Is not the idea of giving good for evil nearly obsolete as to its practical application? Is not a man considered soft, and small, and lacking in manliness, who seeks to act in the true spirit of this command? How few keep it. Yea, how few seriously, prayerfully, and earnestly aim at keeping it!

Let us see. When, and in what particular case did we make the effort to overcome evil with good? When, after receiving an injury from a fellow being, did we study how we might do him a kindness and a good in return? We "marked" him; we "remembered" him; but not to do him a favor. Yet his doing us evil, laid on us the duty of doing him good; and as soon as the evil was done to us, it was our duty to study earnestly how we might return him good. This duty lies heavier on us now than it did before we received the injury. Before that we owed him in general

kindness and love; but now we owe him this in particular. The evil which he did is now particularly to be overcome by our good to him. If a fellow being asks us for bread the duty to give him lies heavier and more directly on us than it did before; so when one does us evil that act of his fixes on us directly the duty to return him good. His doing us evil is the same as if he came to us and asked us to do him good.

Who is sufficient for this? How sweet to the old nature is revenge. Ah, nature cannot do it. It requires grace—a high degree of grace. Our blessed Saviour did it. Eminently pious persons have attained to this grace. It is the duty of all. It is my duty—it is your duty. There it stands as in letters of fire: “Overcome evil with good!”

How is this to be done? What course of conduct must we pursue toward those who do us evil in order that their evil may be overcome by us? Our duty in this respect is plainly pointed out by our Saviour.

If it be with *words* that they do us evil, then here is the rule: “Bless them that curse you.” To bless is to give them good words—words born in good wishes, and redolent with the savor of prayer. We are to meet them with that soft answer which turneth away wrath.

If their evil against us be in the form of dead, silent *hatred*, that must be overcome, not so much by kind words as by kind deeds: “Do good to them that hate you.” While evil words are generally born in a flow of wrath, and need therefore only be met at the time with meek words, settled hatred of heart needs a remedy more deep and steady than words. Here the quiet power of kind acts, of good deeds, is needed.

If their evil take the form of positive *acts* of injury, then their wrath has risen so high and become so impetuous as not to regard our meek words or kind acts. What then? We turn from them to God: “Pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you.” Instead of still attempting to prevail upon them, we now seek to prevail upon God. He only now can overcome their evil; for he holds in his hands the hearts of men and can turn them as the streams in the south. This was our Saviour’s course in the same circumstances. He met their evil words and evil hearts with kind replies and acts of love; but when their evil took the form of violence he resorted to prayer: “Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.” So must we do. The answer to our prayer will not only arrest his evil against us, but will also stop his evil against himself; it will reconcile him not only to us, but also to God. One, whose heart-hatred reaches this pitch of violence, needs more than we can bring to allay his wrath; he needs resignation of heart, which God alone can bestow, and which he will give in answer to prayer.

Here, then, is the course. Do they speak evil, speak thou good. Do they silently and sullenly hate, do thou let kind acts, like a warm sun, shine steadily upon their wrath-beclouded hearts. Do they rashly assail you in acts of injury, do thou turn to God in prayer for them; for he can prevail where thy words of meekness and acts of kindness fail.

What is the wisdom of this mode of overcoming evil? The command itself is proof of its adaptation to the end. Yet it is well to see how beautifully it accomplishes its purpose.

Our returning him good for evil will cause him to see and feel how superior grace is to nature. It will show him that a Christian can do what he feels to be right but is not able to do. Saul sought David's life; but David saved Saul's life when he might have taken it. This overcame Saul that he wept, and confessed to David, "Thou art more righteous than I: for thou hast rewarded me good, whereas I have rewarded thee with evil." Saul felt that the pious heart of David had done a noble act, of which his own natural heart was not capable. This is the best way to convince the wicked that religion lifts the heart above the selfish and revengeful spirit of unrenewed nature.

If we return them good for evil we cause them to become conscious of their own guilt and vileness. As long as we resist them with weapons like their own they regard themselves on a level with us; and they feel as if it were an honorable as well as a brave warfare. But as soon as we begin to change weapons, and do them good for evil, they sink in their own estimation, and the feeling of bravery gives way to a sense of sin and shame. A man who has any human feelings left will always hate himself after he has acted revengefully; and the more so when he sees that the object of his revenge has shown the contrary spirit. A sinner never feels his vileness so much as when he sees most clearly God's love to him. Nothing leads to repentance so effectually as the goodness of God. Sinners never mourn over their sins so deeply as when they look upon him whom they have pierced. Judas never felt his guilt in the betrayal of Jesus as he did when he saw him, with lamb-like innocence, receive the sentence of death! Nothing so deeply cuts a sinner's heart as to see the object of his hatred meekly endure his injuries.

By doing him good for his evil we use the most effectual means for reconciling him. If he sees in our spirit a superiority to his own, and if our conduct towards him has the effect of causing him to grow tender under a sense of his own vileness, the strongest obstacles in the way of his reconciliation are already removed. This is the true sense of "heaping coals of fire on his head." It makes him uneasy and unhappy, and drives him to peace. It melts his spirit, and, like a furnace, separates the dross of wrath and

revenge from the better feelings which have been covered and smothered.

"So artists melt the sullen ore of lead,
By heaping coals of fire upon its head.
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And pure from dross the silver runs below."

We must *study* to do this. It is a delicate duty. We may do it in form and not in spirit. We may show kindness to one who has grieved us in a way so officious as to provoke him the more. As in giving presents, we may do it in such a way as will offend instead of win; so in this duty we may seem to him to be either overbearing or mercenary. We must study such modesty and humility as to be discovered in what we do, rather than discover our own acts of kindness to him. What we do must not be ostentatious, but so veiled in quietness as that he himself will discover the silent flow of our goodness to him with a surprise. This will cause him to feel that it is done in sincerity and not merely for effect. The coals of fire must not be put upon his head as though it were for revenge, but for mercy and for love.

Thus it is to be done; but what a task! Yes, to nature it is a task—a hopeless task. But grace can attain to it—and only grace. It must be earnestly resolved upon. It must be attempted in faith and with prayer. The absence of this spirit is so far a fearful sign of a low state of grace, or even of its entire absence. A Christian must aim at it, and in a degree at least approximate to it. How greatly would the general observance of this law promote and hasten in fully the reign of peace and good will.

WHO ARE YOUR COMPANIONS?

It is said to be a property of the tree frog that it acquires the color of whatever it adheres to for a short time. Thus, when found on growing corn it is commonly of a dark green. If found on white oak, it has the color peculiar to the tree. Just so it is with men. Tell me whom you choose or prefer as companions, and I certainly can tell you who you are? Do you love the society of the vulgar? Then you are already debased in your sentiments. Do you seek to be with the profane? In your heart you are like them. Are jesters and buffoons your choice friends? He who loves to laugh at folly is himself a fool. Do you love and seek the society of the wise and good? Is this your habit? Would you not rather take the lowest seat among such than the highest among others? Then you have already learned to be wise and good. You may not have made much progress, but even a good beginning is not to be despised. Hold on your way, and seek to be the companion of all that fear God. So you shall be wise for yourself, and wise for eternity.

ONE SQUARE ON SATURDAY EVENING.

BY SELDOM.

NEVER have I been so much *alone* as when mingling with the thronging crowd of a populous city. In the calm solitude of the country, among nature's own works, where every object has a familiar look and a home-toned voice, there cannot be the same sense of loneliness. Where every face in a selfish crowd is cold and forbidding—where one heeds not the other, but each passes hurriedly on, intently bent on his own selfish purposes—there we feel alone. We have not been alone, however, in the exercise of that feeling, when we found ourselves like the poet's hero, who—

“Sat himself down on a hot-frozen stone,
With ten thousand around him and himself alone!”

More than half the world, we are told, know not how the other half lives. This remark is doubtless true in more than one respect. So much of the outside of life only appears that we judge vastly amiss if we form our conclusions from these appearances. It requires something of the Gnostic's isoteric view of men and things in order to reach a true interpretation of either or both.

Ours is not the most public thoroughfare in the city, though there is enough there ordinarily of the web and woof of individual history and experience to fill the eyes, and head, and heart of any one who will give it attention. If you could spend half an hour with me on Saturday evening, you would be abundantly convinced of that fact. As you cannot do so bodily, let me at least engage for a short time your thoughts. With your permission we turn down this street.

Here is a scene, not just the counterpart of Burns' "Cottiers' Saturday Night," but had Burns engaged his thoughts upon it, he had doubtless produced an equally fine poem. The multitude, in moving, changing, formless mass, means nothing and affords but little to interest the eye. It is only when we single out specific characters that we reach history in individual traits and personal experience. Let us now take the first marked characters we meet.

In that crowd of hardy sons of toil, returning from their week's work, we notice the first one, whose whole appearance bespeaks the character of a father. "Hard times" is written on his care-worn brow. In his hand he holds the tin bucket that *did* contain his keenly relished dinner. Labor has left its marks upon his well-built frame. Now he is going home to the family he loves, from which he separated at early morn; his hand in one pocket seems clenched with determined grasp, for it holds his hard-earned wages. Six o'clock is never more welcome any other evening than the one

on which he draws his week's pay. Oh, there will be a happy family at father's return! One of the children will be sent with a basket to the grocery, another to the bakery, while, perhaps, another goes to the shoe store, the bonnet-maker's, and a few other places; then all will be ready for a pleasant Sunday morning. The joys and sweets of life palliate much of its sorrows and bitterness.

By this time the man we first noted is lost in the moving crowd. Many others pass along carrying buckets and wearing almost the same appearance—differing in age, from the spare, thin boy, to the stout youth, the strong man, and even the aged and deformed one bending towards his mother earth and the opening grave. Toil on, nobly, faithfully—the work will soon be done. Brave spirits are needed here, and heroic efforts alone will triumph in the end.

There goes a seamstress with an armful of made up clothing. She is taking them to the store of some Shylock, who imagines he is doing her great service in keeping her from starving. Five chances to one, however, she will not get the cash pay for her work, to meet her week's expenses. What shall she do then? Her worn out frame will not hang together much longer at this rate. Over-tasked nature will give up the determined effort before long. See how thin and wan and sallow she looks. Hear that peculiar cough, brought on by her continual bent posture over her needle. When she dies there will be other victims ready to take her place, and feel thankful that they have at least something to do. She, too, has already disappeared, but we need not be wanting long for another object.

"Please, sir, will you buy some sand, gentlemen?" That is the little "sand girl." She has not sold all her sand to-day. She carries on her shoulder a number of little bags, as thick as your wrist and about half a yard long, filled with sand. She goes from house to house selling it out "by the small." When she fails to bring home her usual amount of money in the evening, her unnatural mother cruelly punishes her. Her little gains, her mother spends for strong drink! "What, crying again?" "Yes, sir, it's getting late and cold, and I haven't sold my sand." And if she does not sell it all she must sleep out or get a beating—in anticipation of which suffering she is now crying. God have mercy upon such poor children! With such treatment and training, it will be a miracle indeed if they reach their heavenly home. We, whose condition is far better, what do we not owe in gratitude and service to our heavenly Father?

Reeling and staggering along the sidewalk, there goes a miserable victim of the bowl. He has stopped work early, drawn his earnings, and has just come out of that saloon with less money and more misery than when he went in, a short while ago. What he is pleased to call a "glorious drunk" does not look very glorious if he is a fair specimen of its operation. Mistaking the true source

of pleasure, he seeks to drown the memory of his hard week's labor in the fumes of lager beer, or something stronger. Poor man! irresponsible and without self-control, his week's toil ends in a beastly debauch. The law will soon stand between such victims and those who filch them. The purposes of Providence are ripening fast.

Give way a little or that rowdy-looking set approaching may offer you some insult. What vicious countenances they wear. Stumps of segars stick out at the corners of the mouths of several. Others, in a swaggering way, squirt out streams of tobacco juice, prepared at personal expense of labor, money, cleanliness and dignity to bespatter themselves and others. Their leader stops them in front of the theatre; they read the "posters," are caught by the bait, and are relieved of some of their loose change. Neither their minds nor morals, souls nor bodies, will be benefited by the investment. Only their tastes will be vitiated still more, their appetites excited to a morbid state and unnatural degree—and they will be tenfold more fitted candidates for crime. My soul, come not thou into their councils.

Along, on the other side, is a lame cobbler and his little grandson—the one walking on crutches, the other carrying their week's work in a basket to the store, in whose service he is engaged. One would think that he has hardly body enough to encase a soul. His injuries must have been severe—run over by a dray—and yet he must labor hard in his old days to support himself and others. Years ago, a joyous heart beat in that emaciated breast, where sorrows nestle thickly now. Still, you have seen sadder shades in the faces of those who had less cause to complain. Those who have healthy bodies and sound limbs may feel thankful to God for the blessing.

Down at the mouth of that court you see a group of children; some are black, some are white, and all are dirty. Dirt is a disgrace, more reproachful than poverty. But blame those forlorn little creatures not too severely. That little girl, with those large eyes, lost her mother in the time of the cholera; and this one's father died the next day. The family of the one lived next room to that of the other. So the father of the one and the mother of the other manage to take care of both families now. God grant that those little buds of immortality may expand into blessings to themselves and others, and save them from the dangers and ills of life that seem now to threaten them. Hundreds of light little hearts present no more favorable spectacle than that one before you down there.

Evening is drawing on, and yet we have had time to notice but a few of the passing multitude. Hurrying along on the right goes one fast enough to push down all who do not get out of his way. Perhaps he is on an errand of necessary haste; some one

may be sick and wants the doctor—or it may be he is after some less worthy object. That is the carriage of a rich merchant, who has a fine country seat and a pleasant family, and he is hurrying from the confinement of the store to the loved ones at home—regardless alike of the wants and wishes, the miseries and ills of his suffering fellow creatures around him. He is too selfish to be truly happy. Next look at the poor shop-boy, who has toiled hard all week and is now lugging home to some rich man's house that capacious basket stored with family groceries and delicacies. Not far behind comes a widow with her scanty supply. Which will enjoy them best to-morrow? Let the other characters in the crowd pass on while we thank God for distinguishing favors far above our deserts.

“When daily I walk abroad, how many poor I see,
What shall I render unto God for all His gifts to me.”

VISIONS OF HEAVEN.

BY X. Y. Z.

STERN Winter had vanished, so drear and so long,
And woodland and valley were vocal with song,
As down a lone meadow I pensively strayed,
Bestudded with flowers, in beauty arrayed.

Each object encountered seemed pleasant and new,
And beauties exquisite stood forth to my view;
All, all was so simple, so charming and fair—
With Nature, so lovely, O what can compare.

The gay-dancing streamlet, that flowed by my side,
Made music so simple and free from all pride;
Its soft-flowing cadence, its echoes so sweet,
Bro't scenes to remembrance with rapture replete.

I tho't of that music, whose soft-flowing strains,
Distilling like dew-drops on Bethlehem's plains,
Gave “glory to God”—and to mortals forlorn
Proclaimed the good news that a Saviour was born!

I tho't of that moment, when first on my view,
Brake scenes of Redemption, so strange and so new;
When Jesus, who saw me in gloominess grope,
Became to my spirit the “day-spring” of hope!

I thought of yon temple—sweet portals of bliss—
And mansions we enter when called to leave this;
The home of the pilgrim, once wearied below,
And oceans of pleasure unmingled with wo!

That pureness I tho't of—the sweetness and love,
The beauty that reigns in the mansions above;
These visions, so lovely, so blissful, divine—
This beauty, dear reader, this sweetness be thine!

THE TREES OF THE BIBLE.

NO. VIII.—CYPRESS.

BY THE EDITOR.

THIS tree, in Hebrew called *TIRZAH*, is mentioned only once in our translation of the Bible. Is. 44, 14. It is an evergreen tree, and grows to the height of from twenty to thirty feet. Its trunk is straight, and its limbs, growing shorter towards the top, close up in the form of a regular cone.

This tree is remarkable for the great age which it attains. There are two of these trees in the gardens of the Alhambra, in Grenada, which five hundred years ago were already known as old trees. The wood of the cypress is very fragrant, compact, heavy and durable even after it is cut. It scarcely ever rots, decays, or is worm-eaten—for which reason the ancients made the statues of their gods of it. The imperishable chests which contain the Egyptian mummies were made of cypress. The gates of St. Peter's, at Rome, which had lasted from the time of Constantine to that of Pope Argene the Fourth—that is to say, eleven hundred years, were of cypress, and had in that time suffered no decay. There are large groves of these trees in the Island of Cyprus.

The balsamic odor of the tree is said to be wholesome. This agreeable fragrance of the tree, together with its sombre, solemn appearance, no doubt suggested its being planted over graves, which has been done from very early times.

NO. IX.—CAMPHIRE.

The Camphire, in Hebrew *COPHER*, is perhaps rather a shrub than a tree. It grows from six to ten and twelve feet high. It is a great favorite among the Arabians, and is by them called *henna*.

This shrub or tree is thus described: "The henna is a tall shrub, endlessly multiplied in Egypt; the leaves are of a length and oval form, opposite to each other, and of a faint green color. The flowers grow at the extremity of the branches, in long and tufted boquets; the smaller ramifications which support them are red, and likewise opposite: from their arm-pit cavity (*axillæ*) springs a small leaf almost round, but terminating in a point: the corolla is formed of four petals curling up, and of a light yellow. Between each petal are two white stamina with a yellow summit; there is only one white pistil. The pedicle, reddish at its issuing from the bough, dies away into a faint green. The calix is cut into four pieces, of a tender green up toward their extremity, which is reddish. The fruit or berry is a green capsule previous to its maturity;

it assumes a red tint as it ripens, and becomes brown when it is dried: it is divided into four compartments, in which are enclosed the seeds, triangular and brown-colored. The bark of the stem and of the branches is of a deep gray, and the wood has, internally, a light cast of yellow. In truth, this is one of the plants the most grateful to both the sight and the smell. The gently deepish color of its bark, the light green of its foliage, the flowers collected into long clusters like the lilac, are colored, the red tint of the ramifications which support them, form a combination of the most agreeable effect. These flowers, whose shades are so delicate, diffuse around the sweetest odors, and embalm the gardens and the apartments which they embellish; they accordingly form the usual nosegay of beauty; the women, ornaments of the prisons of jealousy, whereas they might be that of a whole country, take pleasure to deck themselves with these beautiful clusters of fragrance, to adorn their apartments with them, to carry them to the bath, to hold them in their hand, in a word, to *perfume their bosoms with them*. They attach to this possession, which the mildness of the climate, and the facility of culture, seldom refuses them, a value so high, that they would willingly appropriate it exclusively to themselves, and that they suffer with impatience Christian women and Jewesses to partake of it with them. The henna grows in great quantities in the vicinity of Rosetta, and constitutes one of the principal ornaments of the beautiful gardens which surround that city. Its root, which penetrates to a great depth with the utmost ease, swells to a large size in a soil, soft, rich, mixed with sand, and such as every husbandman would have to work upon; the shrub, of course, acquires a more vigorous growth than any where else; it is, at the same time, more extensively multiplied; it grows, however, in all other cultivated districts of Egypt, and principally in the upper part."

The flowers grow in clusters. This explains the allusion in the song of Solomon, 1, 14.

The dried leaves of this shrub makes a greenish fragrant powder, with which a very durable red dye is made. With this the Egyptian females stain, ornament or disfigure, as the taste may judge, the soles of their feet, the palms of their hands, and the nails of their fingers.

This powder "is prepared chiefly in Saiid, from whence it is distributed over all the cities of Egypt. The markets are constantly supplied with it, as a commodity of habitual and indispensable use. They dilute it in water, and rub the soft parts which they mean to color: they are wrapped up in linen, and at the end of two or three hours the orange hue is strongly impressed on them. Though the woman wash both hands and feet several times a day with lukewarm water and soap, this color adheres for a long time, and it is sufficient to renew it about every fifteen days; that

of the nails adheres much longer; nay, it passes for ineffaceable. In Turkey, likewise, the women make use of henna, but apply it to the nails only, and leave to their hands and feet the color of nature. It would appear that the custom of dyeing the nails was known to the ancient Egyptians, for those of mummies are, most commonly, of a reddish hue. But the Egyptian ladies refine still further on the general practice; they, too, paint their fingers, space by space only, and, in order that the color may not lay hold of the whole, they wrap them round with thread at the proposed distances, before the application of the color-giving paste; so that, when the operation is finished, they have the fingers marked circularly, from end to end, with small orange-colored belts. Others—and this practice is more common among certain Syrian dames—have a mind that their hands should present the sufficiently disagreeable mixture of black and white. The belts, which the henna had first reddened, become of a shining black, by rubbing them with a composition of sal-ammoniac, lime and honey.

“You sometimes meet with men, likewise, who apply tincture of henna to their beards, and anoint the head with it: they allege that it strengthens the organs, that it prevents the falling off of the hair (the followers of Mahomet, it is well known, preverse, on the crown of the head, a long tuft of hair) and beard, and banishes vermin.”

This practice of staining the hands and nails with the powder of camphire may explain the allusion in Deut. 12, 12. “Pare her nails,” critics say may mean “adorn her nails,” and thus point to the antiquity of this singular practice.

PRAYER.

Like the low murmur of the secret stream,
Which through dark alders winds its shaded way,
My suppliant voice is heard: Ah! do not deem
That on vain toys I throw my hours away.

In the recesses of the forest vale,
On the wild mountain, on the verdant sod,
Where the fresh breezes of the morn prevail,
I wander lone, communing with God.

When the faint sickness of a wounded heart
Creeps in cold shudderings through my sinking frame,
I turn to thee—that holy peace impart,
Which soothes the invokers of thy awful name!

O all-pervading Spirit! sacred beam!
Parent of life and light! Eternal Power!
Grant me through dubious clouds one transient gleam
Of thy bright essence in my dying hour!

“THERE’S NOTHING TRUE BUT HEAVEN.”

WHEN we first hear these words we are inclined to think there must be in the world some lasting good besides that which is denied from above. But, upon more reflection, we will be led to conclude that every thing of an earthly nature will soon fade away and forever pass from our view.

Wealth, with all the attractions attendant upon it, may for a short time appear to promise to us true enjoyment; but in a moment our fondest hopes may be turned to the bitterest disappointments, and we feel that “There’s nothing true but Heaven.”

We may trust confidently in those whom we fondly hoped were our friends; but when affliction comes, or when we most need their sympathy, some of those whom we thought were the most faithful, have entirely forsaken us. And the resistless hand of death may take from our midst those few who still remain unchanged, and thus we are led to think that true and lasting friendship is not to be found on earth.

The fair and the beautiful may picture to themselves bright scenes of pleasure, which they soon hope to realize, but how often are they disappointed, how often do all their pleasures fly away just as they are about to enjoy them, and when it is too late, they know “There’s nothing true but heaven.”

When our life is almost gone, and we see the wisdom, pleasure, wealth and happiness of this world rapidly pass from our sight, and our spirits are about to wing their flight to another world, then can we fully realize “There’s nothing true but heaven.”

W O M A N .

FROM the lips of woman every infant hears the first accents of affection, and receives the first lessons of duty on tenderness and love. For the approbation of woman, the grown-up youth will undertake the boldest enterprise and brave every difficulty of study, danger, and even death itself. To the happiness of woman, the man of maturer years will devote the best energies of his mind and body; and from the soothing and affectionate regards of woman, the man who is become venerable by years derives his chief consolation in life’s decline. Who, then, shall say that the one-half of the human race, and they confessedly the most virtuous and the most amiable, may not be entrusted with an intelligence and influence equal to our own? To them, when sorrow afflicts us, we consign half our sufferings, and they cheerfully relieve us by lightening them. When joy delights, we give the half of our pleasures, and they readily consent to share them. They deserve, therefore, the full enjoyment of every privilege that is in our power to confer on them.

Our Monthly Retrospect.

UNITED STATES.

Two sections of our country have been the objects of unusual interest in the political world since our last issue; and though the public acts which have elicited this interest are pregnant with political excitement and sectional jealousy, they are of too much importance to be passed over in silence. We allude to Kansas and Massachusetts. In the one the spirit of lawlessness and brutality has run wild, and in the other Disunion has sat down calmly in the guise of humanity and plotted treason against the general government. It is now admitted as a fact that the recent elections in the territory of Kansas were carried by the preconcerted irruption of an armed mob from Missouri, and that the whole proceeding was a gross outrage upon the rights of the citizens of that Territory and the Union. As was to be expected, such an unjustifiable proceeding has caused a whirlwind of indignation to sweep over the public mind of the north, and thousands who were the friends or advocates of the "popular sovereignty" scheme of the last Congress now condemn the "first fruits" of that measure. It is not just, however, to hold the entire south responsible for the acts of a few thousand excited Missourians, led on by one or two political demagogues—the great bulk of the southern people will repudiate all such demonstrations as dangerous to the perpetuity of our republican institutions; and for the same reasons there are thousands in the north who will repudiate the action of Massachusetts in the passage of the Personal Liberty bill,* which virtually nullifies the Fugitive Slave law. Whatever opinions we and our friends may entertain of that act as one of the compromises of 1850, we do not think the passage of such laws for its obstruction any nearer the right way of working

than the organizing of a secret and lawless band for the subjugation of Kansas. The issues growing out of that question has caused an excitement in the north never before witnessed, while the action of the Massachusetts Legislature will undoubtedly have a similar effect in the South. This continual feeding the flame of sectional jealousy is much to be regretted by every true lover of his country, who joins in the memorable aspiration of Webster, (in his reply to Hayne,) that when his "eyes should be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, he might not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original luster, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as, 'What is all this worth?' nor those other words of delusion and folly, 'Liberty first and Union afterwards;' but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart—Liberty AND Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!"

An act "to protect the keepers of hotels, inns and boarding-houses" was passed by the Legislature of this State, which provides that they shall not be held responsible for the loss of any articles of value by their boarders or guests, unless they be deposited with them for safe keeping, nor for the robbery of their baggage if they leave their rooms unlocked. It gives also the right of lien upon the baggage for board due, and renders swindling boarders, who come with a mere empty show of baggage, for the purpose of deceiving,

*This act was passed by both houses of the Massachusetts Legislature, and vetoed by Governor Gardiner, on the ground of its unconstitutionality. The veto was no sooner received and read than the bill was again passed over the executive objections, by a vote of 230 to 76 in the House and 30 to 3 in the Senate.

liable to be arrested, imprisoned, and fined to an amount not exceeding \$100. While tavern-keepers are thus justly protected in their rights, we trust they will pay such regard to the rights of those who suffer by the evils of intemperance as will induce them to submit quietly to the new law which takes effect on the first of October.

Governor Pollock has advertised the Main Line of the public works of the State to be sold, at the Merchants' Exchange, in Philadelphia, under the recent act of the Legislature. The property to be sold includes the whole main line of public works, between Philadelphia and Pittsburg, consisting of the Philadelphia and Columbia Railroad, the Allegheny Portage Railroad, including the new road to avoid the inclined Planes, the Eastern Division of the Pennsylvania Canal, from Columbia to the Junction, the Juniata Division of the Pennsylvania Canal, from the Junction to the eastern terminus of the Allegheny Portage Railroad to Pittsburg, and including also the bridge over the Susquehanna at Duncan's Island, together with all the surplus water power of said canals, and all the reservoirs, machinery, locomotives, cars, trucks, stationary engines, workshops, water stations, toll houses, etc.

The next State Fair of the Pennsylvania Agricultural Society will be held at Harrisburg on September 25,-6-7-8, the citizens of that place having subscribed the amount requisite to secure its location in that borough. The annual address will be delivered by Judge Watts, of Cumberland, President of the Society.

The fruits of the Sunday liquor law speak volumes for the cause of Temperance. The Philadelphia Bulletin of a recent date says that on Monday morning the returns of many of the lieutenants of police were blank sheets, not a single arrest having been made in their districts the day before. In several of the wards in which the station houses were formerly filled to overflowing each week with the victims of Sunday tippling, not a single person has been arrested for drunkenness since the going into effect of the Sunday law. If Prohibition works so well one day in seven why not try it the other six?

The Crop prospects are highly encouraging. We have intelligence from all parts of the country, and everywhere indications of a bountiful harvest are

hopefully spoken of. This, in connection with the fact that large quantities of wheat and flour are concentrated at the great Lake-ports, point with almost certainty to a reduction of the present ruinous prices of breadstuffs. The fruit crops, too, look encouraging all over the East, North and West. In the South the planters have suffered much from drouth, and a rise in many of the staple productions of that region is spoken of—particularly in sugars and molasses. In California late developments have shown that the prices of many articles have been kept up by speculators exhausting the market, and they are now beginning to suffer in consequence, and deservedly too. No man deserves commiseration who meets with misfortune by speculating in the necessities of his less fortunate fellows.

Col. Kinney, about whose fillibustering movements so much has been said of late, has been held to trial for fitting out an armed expedition to Nicaragua. The Colonel alleges that his three hundred men found on the vessel at Philadelphia were merely intended as a colony; but published extracts from a letter, written to a friend in Texas, go far towards showing an intention on his part to set up a government there on his own account, in violation of our national neutrality laws.

The supplement to the Common School law passed by the late Legislature of this State, contains a section recognizing the "Pennsylvania School Journal," (published in this city by Thos. H. Burrowes, Esq.,) as the official organ of the department of Common Schools of the Commonwealth, and authorizing the superintendent to subscribe for one copy to be sent to each Board of School Directors in the State, for public use, the cost of the same to be paid by the State. The Journal will hereafter contain the current decisions, the annual report, and such other official circulars and letters of explanation as the Superintendent may find it necessary to issue. This will be a great public convenience, and will materially increase the interest and usefulness of that excellent publication, increasing its circulation about 1500 copies. Mr. Burrowes has labored long and at much sacrifice for the cause of popular education, and this mark of confidence was well deserved.

The opponents of the new law to re-

of flattering encomiums tendered by constitutional England!

A serious insurrection has broken out in Ukraine, and it is stated that Poland is becoming very restless. The indications tend strongly to show that the allies will yet be compelled to adopt Kossuth's policy of attacking Russia through Poland, Hungary and Italy, before they can indulge any reasonable hope of humiliating the surly Bear or elevating the oppressed nationalities of down-trodden Europe. All of that eminent statesman's predictorial conclusions are being rapidly developed, and haughty England will yet be compelled to admit the Magyar was right.

A great triumph of art has been achieved in the construction of a line of magnetic telegraph from London to the Crimea, which is now complete, with the exception of a portion across the Danube. Notwithstanding this break in the line, a message can now be transmitted from the camp at Sebastopol to the government in England in two hours. In the House of Commons the question is now asked every night whether there is any news from the seat of war, and the answer has almost invariably been, nothing worth communicating. The government has complete control of the wires and great caution is exercised in giving unpleasant news to the public.

The French government has the negotiation of a new war loan of \$140,000,000 under consideration. A pretty sum to be dedicated by a Christian nation to feed the horrors of war.

NOTES ON LITERATURE.

CECIL'S WORKS, in three volumes, including Miscellanies, Sermons and Remains. New York: Robert Carter, 58 Canal-st.

OUTLINES OF UNIVERSAL HISTORY, from the Creation of the World to the present time. From the German of Dr. George Weber. Boston: Jenks, Hickling and Swan.

These excellent works have been laid before us by the enterprising firm of Booksellers, MURRAY & STOEK, of Lancaster. Cecil is well known as a clear, sparkling, original, earnest and pious writer. In the volume of Remains, which is principally made up of laconics, there is a vast amount of suggestive thought, and many valuable hints for ministers. Weber's is by far the best attempt at Universal History that has yet fallen into our hands. It is not, like most others, a careful consolidation and abridgment of facts; but rather it is

the LIFE OF THE WORLD IN MINIATURE. The German mind, which always views the inward as over the outward, is in it. The facts of history are made to assume their original positions in the living, Christian philosophy of history.

We cannot refrain from referring to the fact that these standard works are but a fair specimen of the well selected stock of the higher order of literature in all its departments which fill the ample shelves of the book store of Murray & Stoek. It is a pleasure, in these times of the trashy deluge (permitted in wrath?) in the book line, to look upon the vast stock of solid volumes which are here brought together—Sunday-school, tract society publications, together with the old and new standard works in Theology. Messrs. Murray & Stoek are paying special attention to religious publications, and are well supplied with the excellent issues of Robert Carter, Lindsay & Blakiston and others. We can confidently invite our friends who visit the city of Lancaster, to make a pilgrimage through the extensive up-stairs and down-stairs of this large book establishment. We may also say, from experience, that there is here, at least in regard to many works, a real advantage in price over city book stores. The advantages of the trade are all open to country dealers equal with those enjoyed by city dealers; and when we consider that there are many items of expense, such as rents, &c., less in country towns, we need not wonder that the large stores in the inland cities can sell cheaper. Lately we purchased a new book in Philadelphia for \$1.25, which we saw a few days after on the shelves of Murray & Stoek for 87½ cents. It is a matter of sincere joy that such centers of literature and light are brought so near to us.

MARSHALL HALL.—The Committee of the Synod of the German Reformed church entrusted with the erection of this hall near the College, in Lancaster, have matured their plans, selected the site, and are moving on with vigor. The subscriptions to the fund have already commenced. It is expected that the building will be commenced after harvest. This hall, which has been neatly lithographed, will scarcely be second in beauty to the fine College edifice, to which it is to stand in friendly brotherhood upon the same hill. Success to it.

strain the sale of intoxicating liquors in this State are denouncing it as "the jug law," and men who never felt any sympathy for the temperance cause before have suddenly turned bar-room temperance lecturers, and express great fears that this "jug law" will greatly increase intemperance! They should take the epithet home to themselves and throw their fears to the winds. The "jug law" is older than the temperance movement, and the friends of Prohibition never advocated any such measure. They would have had the ancient "jug law" repealed along with the tavern license law, but their opponents objected. If there is anything obnoxious about the "jug law" the anti-temperance men must bear the responsibility of it. The temperance men will repeal it for entire prohibition as soon as they can do so.

The Virginia election on the 24th ult., was warmly contested, and the result watched with unusual interest by all parties. The returns received at the time we go to press leave no doubt of the election of Henry A. Wise, democratic, over Flournoy, American, by a large majority. The democrats appear to have elected their Congressmen also.

THE OLD WORLD.

WE have news from England to the 12th of May and from the Crimea to 10th, from which we can gather very little hope for the peace of Europe or of the early determination of the siege of Sebastopol. Although the allies, during their recent incessant bombardment, threw an amount of shot into the town equal in weight to the rails of the entire route of the Pennsylvania Railroad, the advantage gained was but trifling. The Russians repaired during the night the damage done the preceding day. In the numerous sorties and skirmishes which have taken place, the allies have generally come off victors, but the Russians are so well reinforced and supplied that they can afford to laugh at all such repulses. The impression is now obtaining (and we have thought so for a year past) that the allies will yet be compelled to raise the siege and fight their enemy in the open Crimea, in order to cripple him effectually by cutting off his reinforcements and supplies. Under the present state of affairs the allies could not hold Sebastopol hardly long enough to destroy it—but the probability is that the

present occupants would blow up the fortifications as soon the captors entered. In such an event the slaughter would be too horrible for even distant contemplation!

Politically, the war is treated by the London press as a fixture upon the Governments of France and England, and all prospects of its removal by diplomacy regarded as at an end, although the English Premier—Lord Palmerston—had evaded a direct answer in the House of Commons as to whether the Conferences at Vienna were finally broken off or not. The sincerity of Austria is much doubted, and a rumor is mentioned that she was endeavoring to bring all the German States into a league of neutrality. A motion has been notified in the House of Lords of an address to the Queen deploring the failure of negotiations. The French Minister of Foreign Affairs, unwilling to see the war persevered in, had resigned the seals of office, and Count Walewski, the French Ambassador at London, had been called home to succeed Drouyn de L'Huys. Considerable surprise is expressed that an American ship, said to belong to Boston, with the owners on board as supercargoes, should have reached a Russian port in the Baltic, apparently laden with cotton only, but having on board 50,000 muskets and 5,000 revolvers. The English Consuls in the ports of the United States are blamed for failing to watch and notify such an adventure. The London Times again expresses astonishment at the reported Russian sympathies of the people of the United States. The writer considers it shocking and revolting.

An attempt has been made to assassinate Napoleon the Little, Emperor of the French. He was shot at in the public street by an Italian named Pianori, who fired two pistol shots before he was arrested. He says he made the attempt to revenge the overthrow of the Roman Republic. The fact that this bold attempt to rob France of her ruler in so foul a manner has created but little excitement in Paris—much less than the murder of the grog-shop pugilist, Bill Poole, did in New York—does not look as if the Usurper stood very high in the affections of the people. Pianori has already been condemned to death; but the successful wholesale butcher of French republicans is still at large and the recipient

Mrs. M. A. Chirk

Life—Light—Love.

VOL. VI.]

JULY, 1855.

[No. 7.]

THE GUARDIAN:

A Monthly Magazine,



DEVOTED TO

THE SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS INTERESTS OF
YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

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Rev. H. HARBAUGH, Editor.  
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LANCASTER, Pa:

JOHN H. PEARSON, PUBLISHER,
No. 9½ West King-st.

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"God is Love."  
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"I have written unto you, young men, because ye are strong"

"She that liveth in Pleasure is dead while she liveth."

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* * A TRANSPOSITION.—Our readers have doubtless noticed that, owing to an oversight in the "make-up," the two last pages of the June number of THE GUARDIAN were transposed—page 192 occupying the place of 191 and vice versa. This can be easily remedied in binding the volume, by cutting and turning the last leaf of the number. Subscribers should call the attention of their binder to this when the numbers are placed in his hands for binding.

* * BACK NUMBERS WANTED.—If any of our subscribers, who do not file The Guardian for binding, can furnish us with No. 1 of Vol. 1., and the July No. of Vol. 2, we will pay a liberal price for them.

RECEIPTS FOR THE GUARDIAN.

VOL. I. and II.	Sarah J. Eckert....\$1 00	Sarah Harrold.....1
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Samuel Yantz.....2	A. R. Horne.....1	Eve Ann Lingle...50 cts.
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John M. Ryan.....1	Mary M. Kroh.....1	Sarah J. Eckert.....1

The Guardian.

VOL. VI.—JULY, 1855.—No. VII.

SISTERS IN THE FAMILY.

THIRD ARTICLE.

BY THE EDITOR.

WE have said in a previous number that the mind must be cultivated in order to bring out fully the true spirit and character of a sister, and fit her for her sphere. The influence of mind is compared to light. To have a cultivated mind is to be enlightened. It is intelligence that gives definiteness and clearness to thoughts and actions.

In the natural world light reveals the nature of objects, and their relations to each other; it enables us to judge of them, and to act properly in reference to them. Without light a great part of the world would not exist for us—afford us neither advantage nor pleasure; and objects would possess neither beauty nor power of reflection. It is light that gives to gems their glory, to grass its beautiful green, to the sky its hues, and to flowers their delicate and varied colorings. What light is to the world without us, that is intelligence to the world within us. It gives to all the faculties of the mind enlargement and polish—to all the affections of the heart beauty—and to all the actions of the body grace. It gives dignity to the brow, light to the eye, and life to the countenance.

How important, therefore, is this element in the formation of the female character. It inspires reverence, confidence, and respect. It gives dignity to actions. It begets that prudence and wisdom without which there is but very little true influence. It is easy to see how necessary all these things are to one who would fill properly the position, and sustain the relations of a sister in the family.

Especially powerful and beautiful is intelligence when it has its ground and root and life in piety—when the light of intelligence is a holy light, giving new ornament to modesty, humility, meekness and piety.

The true sisterly character is not complete without an education of the social nature—the manners. This is intimately connected with the heart and the mind. Those things in which piety manifests itself we call the graces—the outward manner of piety.

Those things in which mind externalizes itself we call cultivation, refinement, polish. True social cultivation always presupposes religion and intelligence.

There is a social polish which is produced by mere outward influences, a mere repression and regulation of the outward being. This is a false social cultivation. True manners, like true piety and intelligence must spring from within. It must not be formal and fashionable, but living, free, and natural. It must not be the forced and cramped production of rules, but the outflow of life—the natural exhibition of inward grace. A true, intelligent Christian needs no instruction in regard to manners. Grace itself is the highest politeness—piety the best regulator of social intercourse.

The sociality of a sister must have the domestic or home-element. Social life, like the rose whose inner petals are most delicate and loveliest, must unfold itself with greatest perfection, in the inner, smaller circles of social life. They do not love abroad who do not love first at home. The very fact that God's order makes it necessary for our affections, in their forming period, to unfold in the family, proves that the home-element is to be their first and their deepest element. Only in proportion as the home feeling pervades a sister's heart has she influence in the family and over the hearts of brothers. Not with any feat of social skill abroad do we love to associate a sister's memory, but with the sober, steady sunshine of joy and love at home.

A sister that shows fondness for vain and giddy display can never hold a sweet and lasting influence over a brother's heart. The light accomplishments of the ball-room he will despise in proportion as he grows earnest and grave. In temptation her airy image, hovering as in the maze of the dance around him, will be no angel touch, or angel whisper to give strength and courage to his soul. In trouble he will feel resort to a sister's sympathy and love, but how then can that airy image of vanity be welcome to him? He will despise it in proportion as his own earnest sorrow differs from the remembrance of her folly. When he remembers her as he sojourns among strangers the very recollection of her light-heartedness will cause her in his own mind to stand apart from all fit sympathy with the plaintiveness of his lonely heart.

In all these circumstances, to be welcome, a sister's form and image must come up in memory, not like a gilded butterfly, a wayward plaything of the air, but mild, earnest, and solemnly tender, like the form and face of an angel—coming bright and cheerful in the joy of her message, but at the same time bearing the holy solemnity of that whence the message comes.

The recollection of anything light and foolish in the past is always unpleasant and repulsive, in others, as in ourselves. No child can stand on the grave of a mother and think with pleasure

of her as a dancing mother. Nor can a sister be so remembered without pain either when she is dead, or when the brother whose thoughts would turn to her is in sorrow. What appears in the past must be serious or earnest, or we hate it. Not so must a sister dwell in a brother's heart. That is the true expression of a brother's heart which speaks to a sister thus:

Yes, dear one, to the envied train
Of those around thy homage pay ;
But wilt thou never kindly deign
To think of him that's far away ?
Thy form, thine eye, thy angel smile,
For many years I may not see ;
But wilt thou not sometime the while,
My sister, dear, remember me ?

But not in fashion's brilliant hall,
Surrounded by the gay and fair,
And thou the fairest of them all—
O think not, think not of me there ;
But when the thoughtless crowd is gone,
And hushed the voice of senseless glee,
And all is silent, still, and lone,
And thou art sad, remember me.

See, then, the model of a sister. She is pious—from her shines out a holy light. She is intelligent—adorned with the materials of wisdom. She is social—rich in all the graces of domestic love. Happy are they who have courage and grace necessary to become all this. If this is your high and holy aim in all your thoughts and studies and prayers, then happy are those around your hearth and home who call you sister.

EVENING HYMN.

THE shades of night around are cast,
And twilight dews are falling fast
Upon a sinful world.
Hear, gracious God ! O hear my prayer,
And let my safety be Thy care,
And keep me from the tempter's snare,
Until the bell, at morn, shall tell
Night's sable robes are furl'd.

Oh God ! whate'er of wrong I've done
Since I, an erring child, begun
Upon Thy care to live—
All wicked words I may have said—
All wicked thoughts my heart hath fed—
Now, for the sake of Him who bled
And died for me, on Calvary,
I pray Thee to forgive.

ROGER SHERMAN.

"The self-taught Sherman urged his reasons clear."

ROGER SHERMAN was born at Newton, Mass., April 19, 1721. His great-grandfather, Captain John Sherman, came from Dedham, England, to Watertown, Massachusetts, about the year 1635. His grandfather, William Sherman, was a farmer in moderate circumstances. In 1723 the family removed from Newton to Stoughton. Of the childhood and early youth of Sherman little is known. He received no other education than the ordinary country schools in Massachusetts at that time afforded. He was neither assisted by a public education nor by private tuition. All the valuable attainments which he exhibited in his future career were the result of his own vigorous efforts. By his ardent thirst for knowledge, and his indefatigable industry, he attained a very commendable acquaintance with general science, the system of logic, geography, mathematics, the general principles of history, philosophy, theology, and particularly law and politics. He was early apprenticed to a shoemaker, and he continued to pursue that occupation for some time after he was twenty-two years of age. It is recorded of him, that he was accustomed to sit at his work with a book before him, devoting to study every moment that his eyes could be spared from the occupation in which he was engaged. During the Revolutionary War, Mr. Sherman was placed on a committee of Congress, to examine certain army accounts, among which was a contract for the supply of shoes. He informed the committee that the public had been defrauded, and that the charges were exorbitant, which he proved by specifying the cost of the leather and other materials, and of the workmanship. The minuteness with which this was done exciting some surprise, he informed the committee that he was by trade a shoemaker, and knew the value of every article. He was sometimes accused, but without justice, of being vain of the obscurity of his origin. From the distinguished eminence which he reached, he probably contemplated with satisfaction, that force of mind and that industry, which enabled him to overcome all the obstacles which encompassed his path. For the gratification arising from such a contemplation, no one will be disposed to censure him.

When he was nineteen years of age his father died. His eldest brother having previously removed to New Milford, Connecticut, the principal charge of the family devolved on him. At this early period of life, the care of a mother, who lived to a great age, and the education of a numerous family of brothers and sisters, brought into grateful exercise his warm, filial and fraternal affections. The assistance subsequently afforded by him to two of his younger brothers, enabled them to obtain the inestimable advantages of a

public education. He continued to reside at Stoughton about three years after the death of his father, principally employed in the cultivation of the farm, and in otherwise providing for the maintenance of the family. Before he was twenty-one he made a public profession of religion. He thus laid the foundation of his character in piety. That unbending integrity which has almost made his name synonymous with virtue itself, was acquired in the school of Christ and his apostles. Mr. Sherman used to remark to his family that, before he had attained the age of twenty-one years, he had learned to control and govern his passions. His success in these efforts he attributed, in a considerable degree, to Dr. Watts' excellent treatise on this subject. His passions were naturally strong, but he had brought them under subjection to such a degree, that he appeared to be habitually calm and sedate, mild and agreeable. All his actions seem to have been preceded by a rigorous self-examination, and the answering of the secret interrogatories, What is right? What course ought I to pursue? He never propounded to himself the questions, Will it be popular? How will it affect my interest? Hence his reputation for integrity was never questioned.

In 1743 he removed with the family to New Milford, a town near New Haven, Connecticut. He performed the journey on foot, taking care to have his shoemaker's tools also transported. He there commenced business as a country merchant, and opened a store in conjunction with his elder brother, which he continued till after his admission to the bar, in 1754. He discontinued his trade as a shoemaker at the time this connection was formed. In 1745 he was appointed surveyor of lands for the county in which he resided. Astronomical calculations of as early date as 1748, have been discovered among his papers. They were made by him for an almanac, then published in New York, and which he continued to supply for several successive years.

About this time, a providential circumstance led him to aspire after a higher station in life. He was requested by a friend to seek for him legal advice in a neighboring town. To prevent embarrassment and secure the accurate representation of the case, he committed it to paper as well as he could before he left home. In stating the facts, the lawyer observed that Mr. Sherman frequently recurred to a manuscript which he held in his hand. As it was necessary to make an application by way of petition to the proper tribunal, he desired the paper to be left in his hands, provided it contained a statement of the case from which a petition might be framed. Mr. Sherman reluctantly consented, telling him that it was merely a memorandum drawn up by himself for his own convenience. The lawyer, after reading it, remarked, with an expression of surprise, that, with a few alterations in form, it was equal to any petition which he could have prepared himself, and that no

other was requisite. Having then made some inquiries relative to Mr. Sherman's situation and prospects in life, he advised him to devote his attention to the study of the law. But his circumstances and duties did not permit him at once to follow this counsel. The numerous family, which the recent death of his father had made, in a considerable degree, dependent on him for support and education, required his constant exertions in other employments. But the intimation which he there received, that his mind was fitted for higher pursuits, no doubt induced him at that early period of life to devote his leisure moments to those studies which led him to honor and distinguished usefulness.

At the age of twenty-eight years he was married to Miss Elizabeth Hartwell, of Stoughton, Massachusetts, by whom he had seven children. She died in October, 1760. Two of his children died in Milford, and two after his removal to New Haven. In 1763 he was married to Miss Rebecca Prescott, of Danvers, Mass., by whom he had eight children.

In May, 1759, he was appointed one of the justices of the court of common pleas for the county. He was for many years the treasurer of Yale College. From that institution he received the honorary degree of Master of Arts. After success in some measure had crowned his efforts, he still continued to apply himself to his studies with the most unremitted diligence. Encouragement, instead of elating him, only prompted him to greater effort. In the profession which he had chosen, perhaps more than any other, men are compelled to rely on their own resources. Such is the competition, so constant is the collision of various minds, that ignorance and incompetency will surely be detected and exposed.

In 1766 he was appointed a judge of the superior court of Connecticut. In the same year he was chosen an assistant or member of the upper house of the legislature. The first office he sustained for twenty-three years, the last for nineteen years; after which a law was enacted rendering the two offices incompatible, and he chose to continue in the office of judge. It is uniformly acknowledged by those who witnessed his conduct and abilities on the bench, that he discovered in the application of the principles of law and the rules of evidence to the cases before him, the same sagacity that distinguished him as a legislator. His legal opinions were received with great deference by the profession, and their correctness was almost universally acknowledged. During the last four years in which he was judge, the late Chief-Justice Ellsworth was an associate judge of the same court; and from the period of his appointment, in 1785, until the death of Mr. Sherman, a close intimacy subsisted between them. The elder President Adams remarks that, "It is praise enough to say that Mr. Ellsworth told me that he had made Mr. Sherman his model in his youth. Indeed, I never knew two men more alike, except that the chief-justice had

the advantage of a liberal education and somewhat more extensive reading."

The period of our Revolutionary struggle now drew near. Roger Sherman, as it might have been expected, was one of the few who, from the commencement of hostilities, foresaw what would be the probable issue. He engaged in the defence of our liberties with the deliberate firmness of an experienced statesman, conscious of the magnitude of the undertaking, and sagacious in devising the means for successful opposition.

In August, 1774, Mr. Sherman, in conjunction with Joseph Trumbull, Eliphalet Dyer and Silas Deane, was nominated delegate to the general congress of the colonies. He was present at the opening of the first congress. He continued a member of this body for the long period of nineteen years, till his death, in 1793, whenever the law requiring a rotation in office admitted it. In his new post of duty he soon acquired distinguished reputation. Others were more admired for popular eloquence, but in that assembly of great men there was no one whose judgment was more respected, or whose opinions were more influential. His venerable appearance, his republican simplicity, the inflexibility of his principles, and the decisive weight of his character, commanded universal homage. In the fatiguing and arduous business of committees he was indefatigable. He was always thorough in his investigations, and all his proceedings were marked by system. Among the principal committees of which Mr. Sherman was a member, were those to prepare instructions for the army in Canada; to establish regulations in regard to the trade of the United Colonies; to regulate the currency of the country; to furnish supplies for the army; to devise ways and means for providing ten millions of dollars for the expenses of the current year; to concert a plan of military operations for the campaign of 1776; to prepare and digest a form of confederation; and to repair to head-quarters at New York, and examine in the state of the army.

On the 11th of June, 1776, in conjunction with John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin and Robert R. Livingston, Mr. Sherman was appointed on the committee to prepare the Declaration of Independence. The committee was elected by ballot. The Declaration, as it is well known, was written by Jefferson. What amount of influence was exerted by Sherman, in carrying the measure through the congress, is not certainly known. The records of the proceedings of that illustrious assembly are very imperfect. John Adams says of him, that he was "one of the soundest and strongest pillars of the Revolution." While he was performing the most indefatigable labors, he devoted unremitting attention to duties at home. During the war he was a member of the governor's council of safety.

In 1784 he was elected mayor of New Haven, an office which he continued to hold during the remainder of his life.

In 1791 a vacancy having occurred in the Senate of the United States, he was elected to fill that elevated station.

On the 23d of July, 1793, this great and excellent man was gathered to his fathers in the seventy-third year of his age. He died in the full possession of all his powers, both of mind and body.

The most interesting lesson which the life of Mr. Sherman teaches us, is the paramount importance of religious principle. His undeviating political integrity was not the result of mere patriotism or philanthropy. He revolved in a higher orbit. The volume which he consulted more than any other was the Bible. It was his custom to purchase a copy of the scriptures at the commencement of every session of Congress, to peruse it daily, and to present it to one of his children on his return. To his familiar acquaintance with this blessed book, much of that extraordinary sagacity which he uniformly exhibited, is to be attributed. The second President Edwards used to call him his "great and good friend, Senator Sherman," and acknowledged that, in the general course of a long and intimate acquaintance, he was materially assisted by his observation on the principal subjects of doctrinal and practical divinity. "He was not ashamed," says Dr. Edwards, "to befriend religion, to appear openly on the Lord's side, or to avow and defend the peculiar doctrines of grace. He was exemplary in attending all the institutions of the gospel, in the practice of virtue in general, and in showing himself friendly to all good men. With all his elevation and all his honors, he was not at all lifted up, but appeared perfectly unmoved.

"That he was generous and ready to communicate, I can testify from my own experience. He was ready to bear his part of the expense of those designs, public and private, which he esteemed useful; and he was given to hospitality." What an example is here presented for the youthful lawyer and statesman! Would he rise to the most distinguished usefulness, would he bequeath a character and an influence to posterity "above all Greek or Roman fame," let him, like Roger Sherman, lay the foundations in the fear of God, and in obedience to the gospel of Jesus Christ.

Another most important practical lesson which we derive from the life of Mr. Sherman, is the value of habits of study and meditation. He was not only distinguished for integrity, but for accurate knowledge of history and of human nature—the combined fruit of reading and reflection. "He was capable of deep and long investigation. While others, weary of a short attention to business, were relaxing themselves in thoughtless inattention or dissipation, he was employed in prosecuting the same business, either by revolving it in his mind and ripening his own thoughts

upon it, or in conferring with others." While laboriously engaged in the public duties of his station, he had, every day, a season for private study and meditation.

The legacy which Mr. Sherman has bequeathed to his countrymen is indeed invaluable. The Romans never ceased to mention with inexpressible gratitude the heroism, magnanimity, contentment, disinterestedness, and noble public services of him who was called from the plough to the dictator's chair. His example was a light to all the subsequent ages. So among the galaxy of great men who shine along the tracts of our past history, we can scarcely refer to one, save Washington, whose glory will be more steady and unfading than that of Roger Sherman.

ONE BY ONE.

ONE by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall ;
Some are coming, some are going—
Do not seek to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each,
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one (bright gifts from heaven)
Joys are sent thee here below ;
Take them readily when given,
Ready, too, to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,
Do not fear an armed band ;
One will fade as others greet thee,
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow,
See how small each moment's pain ;
God will help thee for to-morrow,
Every day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do or bear ;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
If thou set each gem with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passion hours despond ;
Nor, the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token,
Reaching heaven ; but one by one
Take them, lest the chain be broken
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

THE FORTUNATE KISS.

THE following little story by Miss Bremer, is taken from Sartain's Magazine. For its truth and reality she says she will be responsible:

In the University of Upsala, in Sweden, lived a young student, a lonely youth, with a great love for studies, but without means for pursuing them. He was poor and without connections. Still he studied, living in great poverty, but keeping a cheerful heart, and trying not to look at the future, which looked so grimly at him. His good humor and good qualities made him beloved by his young comrades. Once he was standing with some of them in the great square of Upsala, chatting away an hour of leisure, when the attention of the young man became arrested by a very young, elegant lady who was at the side of an elderly one, walking slowly over the place. It was the daughter of the Governor of Upland, living in the city, and the lady with her was the governess. She was generally known for her goodness and gentleness of character, and looked upon with admiration by the students. As the young men now stood gazing at her as she passed on like a graceful vision, one of them exclaimed—

"Well, it would be worth something to have a kiss from such a mouth."

The poor student, the hero of our story, who was looking intently on that pure and angelic face, exclaimed, as if by inspiration, "Well, I think I could have it."

"What!" cried his friends in a chorus, "are you crazy? Do you know her?"

"Not at all," he answered: "but I think she would kiss me now, if I asked her."

"What, in this place, before all our eyes?"

"In this place, before your eyes."

"Freely?"

"Freely."

"Well, if she will give you a kiss in that manner I will give you a thousand dollars," exclaimed one of the party.

"And I!" "And I!" cried three or four others; for it so happened that several rich young men were in the group, and bets ran high on so improbable an event; and the challenge was made and received in less time than we take to relate it.

Our hero (my authority tells not whether he was handsome or plain; I have my peculiar ideas for believing that he was rather plain but singularly good-looking at the same time)—our hero immediately walked off to the young lady and said, "My fortune is in your hand." She looked at him in astonishment but arrested her steps. He proceeded to state his name and condition, his as-

piration, and related simply and truly what had just passed between him and his companions. The young lady listened attentively, and when he ceased to speak, she said, blushing, but with great sweetness, "If by so little a thing so much good can be effected, it would be foolish for me to refuse your request;" and she kissed the young man publicly in the open square.

Next day the student was sent for by the Governor. He wanted to see the man who had dared to seek a kiss from his daughter in that way, and whom she had consented to kiss so. He received him with a scrutinizing brow, but after an hour's conversation was so pleased with him that he offered him to dine at his table during his studies at Upsala.

Our young friend now pursued his studies in a manner which made him regarded as the most promising scholar at the University. Three years were not passed after the day of the first kiss, when the young man was allowed to give a second one to the daughter of the Governor, as his intended bride.

He became later one of the greatest scholars in Sweden, as much respected for his learning as for his character. His works will endure forever among the works of science; and from this happy union sprang a family well known in Sweden at the present day, and whose wealth of fortune and high position in society are regarded as small things, compared with its wealth of goodness and love.

L U C Y .

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways,
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye;
Fair as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and oh,
The difference to me!

T H E D E A D .

WHEN the clear, red sun goes down
Passing in glory away,
And night is spreading her twilight frown
On the open brow of day;
When the faintest glimmering trace is gone,
And all of light is fled—
Then, then does memory, sad and lone,
Call back the dear ones dead.

NEGLECTED COMMANDS.

NO. II.—SPEAKING EVIL.

BY THE EDITOR.

“O how good is it and tending to peace to be silent about other men, and not to believe promiscuously all that is said, nor easily to report what we have heard.”

THOMAS A KEMPIS.

THE scriptures enjoin upon us not to speak evil of any one. We venture to set this down as one of the much neglected commands. It is with many professing Christians practically obsolete; and can be indulged in without the protests and reproofs of conscience.

Let us see whether it is plainly a command. “Speak evil of no man.” Tit. 3, 2. “Speak not evil one of another, brethren.” James 4, 11. “Let evil-speaking be put away from you.” Eph. 4, 31. These are all plain, and to the point. It is therefore just as much a command as, “Thou shalt have no other gods before me.” Yet how weak, how forgetful, how wicked are we on this point. How easily and how often do we fall into this sin.

This is a sin of the tongue. The members of our body, like the faculties of our minds, and the affections of our hearts, are all to be instruments of righteousness. We are to hear good with our ears, see good with our eyes, and speak good with our tongues. But how easily do these members—and the tongue not the least among them—become the instruments of unrighteousness unto sin.

The tongue is a noble member. It is remarkable that the word which, in the Psalms, is often translated “glory,” is the same as the one which is translated “tongue.” When the sacred poet says “my glory rejoiceth,” he means my *tongue* rejoices. The tongue is the glory of man. In man, too, it reaches its highest perfection and honor; for in man alone does it speak intelligent words. As the tongue is thus the greater glory of man, the evil use of it becomes his greatest disgrace.

It seems that the crowning honor which grace confers upon man is upon his tongue. When the Holy Ghost, the author of all the graces came, he crowned the disciples tongues with glory. When any one has once had his tongue completely sanctified and devoted to God, he has attained the heights of grace. “If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, and able also to bridle the whole body.” James 3, 2. The same James represents that the tongue controls the whole man, as the helm turns the ship whither-soever the pilot will, or as the bit and bridle controls the horse. “It defiles the whole body.” The tongue is a kind of general, commanding hosts; either directing them to rest or retreat, or else

to advance to battle. Words are the signals for fight. Words open the fountains of bitter waters. Words kindle the fire of hell.

Speaking evil is therefore an evil worth attending to; and the command which forbids us to speak evil, ought not to loose its practical power upon our hearts. Let us endeavor to understand it. What means the injunction: "Speak evil of no man?"

Does it mean that we are not to speak of the evil of others? No, no. The evil which exists in others is a proper subject for observation and remark, when it is done in the right spirit and for a proper purpose. The sacred writers spoke often of the evil of men, both in their presence and in their absence. The Saviour spoke publicly and freely of the evil hearts of the Scribes, Pharisees, Publicans, and others. They did it to hold up their evil as evil, to reprove them for it, and to warn and instruct others, taking them as examples of the sins against which they spoke. So we may do, and not be guilty of speaking evil.

So far from being sinful it sometimes becomes a duty to speak of the evil of others. As, for instance, when the civil courts or the church council calls upon us to testify of the evil of which we know another to be guilty. Here truth and right, the ends of civic justice, and the purity of the church require us to reveal the evil which we know. In these cases we may speak of the evil of others without speaking evil of them.

It may also, in more private cases, be our duty to reveal to others the evil which we know. Thus: it may be necessary for us to guard our friends against the evil of evil men by speaking to them of their evil. If we know a certain one to be a dangerous companion, it becomes one of the most sacred duties of friendship to warn him who is in danger of being drawn after him to his own hurt. If there is one in the community who is a sharper, and we know the fact, we must not be silent when we see a friend, or even a stranger, about to fall into his hands. It is the very height of love, and consequently in full accordance with the spirit of piety to point out serpents, pit-falls and snares, wherever we know them to exist, and see that others are in danger from them. Thus, too, we may speak of the evil of others, without speaking evil of them.

Once more, let us ask: Do we then speak evil in all cases when we speak of them that which *they regard as evil*? No, no. Those that made money by the soothsaying damsel thought it a very bad kind of speaking against them which the apostles did, when they "saw that the hope of their gains was gone," yet the men of God did none the less right in showing their abominations to all in the way of reproof and warning. Demetrius, who made silver shrines for Diana, and had his wealth by that craft, regarded that as evil speaking which caused that "this craft was in danger to be set at nought;" yet Paul hurled his words of exposure like scathing thunderbolts at the idolatrous trade. The age of the world in

which we live is not free from men, who, steeped in stupidity and ignorance, and with consciences seared, are prone to call their evil good, and to glory in it as right and good. Do we then speak evil of them, because we declare their evil to be evil, when they themselves are either too ignorant or too wicked to see it as evil. Certainly not. Our Saviour spoke of that as evil in others which they themselves did not see and regard as such, and yet he spoke evil of no man. Men may, therefore, regard us as speaking evil of them when we are merely exposing their evil which they know not as such, to them and to others, and thus reproofing them for it.

Now we have learned that neither to speak of the evil of men, nor to speak that which they regard as evil speaking, is a violation of the command, "Speak evil of no man."

We answer now, that to speak evil of men in the sense of the scripture, is to speak that which it is evil *in us* to speak, and to speak that which will be evil *to them*. Let us look at the first of these: Speaking that which requires sin in us to speak is evil speaking. We ourselves are affected by what we speak. Even if our words had no effect upon others, if evil, they will burn a mark into our own hearts. It is evil therefore to speak words which will so blot and blacken our hearts; and we have no right to speak such words—if we do we speak evil.

Let us look at the second: We speak evil when we speak words which will be evil *to them*—words which will wrong them, wound them, injure them. We do them evil when we speak *untruth* of them; when we speak only *part* of the truth; and when we speak *more* than the truth. To tell an untruth is to lie. To tell only part of the truth is to detract. To tell more than the truth is to exaggerate. If you show to another only part of an object he cannot rightly judge of it. Nor can he know it as it is if you so add to it as to cover part of it, and to give wrong proportions to the rest. So it is with any representation we may give in words. To relate part will mislead; to relate more than the whole will also deceive. That is a deep and comprehensive formulary which is used in our civil courts when an oath is administered: "Will you tell the truth—the whole truth—and nothing but the truth." This rule is worthy of serious consideration and careful application whenever we speak of others. A violation of this is the sum and substance of evil speaking.

How has reputation suffered, how has influence been destroyed, how have ties been sundered through evil speaking! What injury has man thus inflicted upon man! Man in his social relations is like a vine that can only be strong, grow and become fruitful as it fastens itself to, and leans upon something else. To cut these tender fastenings is to hurl it to the earth and cover its hopeful life with ruin. By whispers to cut a man loose from public confidence; by stabs of slander to break the social tendrils by which

he has fastened himself in the hearts of others; through misrepresentation to cause him to be repelled and shunned by floating suspicions—this is work for a devil—this is murder that reaches deeper than the body!

We may not run riot in this sin to this dreadful extent. It is only monsters that do. Yet how often, through weakness and temptation and thoughtlessness, are we guilty in a degree—form a rill to this dark stream. We think not as we should of the serious consequences of our many words. We watch not as we should over our lips. We pray not as we should that the Holy Spirit may so reign in us as to savor all that we say with grace.

Let us not overlook the wide range which this command takes. Speak evil of *no man*. Good or bad, high or low. Is he beneath us?—why should we still more distress and debase even the worm that lies at our feet? As he is far beneath us, so be our pity and our tenderness towards him more. Is he above us? God has placed him there. Let us beware how we assail him. Is he above us in talents, in moral excellence; it is the monument which God has raised to His own honor. Is he above us as occupying a civil office?—he is God's minister, has His authority, and bears His sword. It is ours to reverence and honor him in his office. Is he above us in the divine office of the church?—then let us beware how we touch the Lord's anointed! God has put him into His own place, and says "he that heareth you heareth me; and he that despiseth you despiseth me." Even corrupt Pharisees are to be honored as long as they are in Moses' seat; and Paul will not speak disrespectfully of the high priest, even though he be a "whited wall." In the office we are to reverence the man; and we are not allowed to "speak evil of dignities." How much evil speaking of this kind there is, even among professed Christians!

"Speak not evil one of another, brethren." This speaks to Christians. Certainly in this inner and holy fellowship there should be spoken only the most careful and courteous words. "He that speaketh evil of his brother, and judgeth his brother, speaketh evil of the law, and judgeth the law." For the essence of the law is love; to speak evil of a brother is to ignore that law. As the mouth speaks out of the abundance of the heart, it is hard to reconcile evil speaking with the existence of grace in the heart. It implies hatred to our brother, or at least an indifference to his welfare: this is the direct opposite of what grace produces. If we can speak evil of our brother whom we have seen, how can we love his God and our God, whom we have not seen. The Jewish Rabbins have a maxim: "No one can speak evil of his brother without denying God." They also regarded the sin and fall of the devil as the result and punishment for evil speaking. Satan intimates that God had forbidden the tree of life to our first parents

through envy, "He doth know that ye shall be like God," therefore he does not wish you to eat of it!

We ought not to overlook the meanness of the sin of evil speaking. It is a way of injuring others which in many cases leaves him no opportunity of correcting the false impression. It is well called, in one of its manifestations, "back-biting." It is also called, in another of its forms, "whisperings." These words strikingly exhibit its mean and sneaking character. Hence evil speaking is within the reach of any capacity. It requires no talents, no education, no polish, no refinement, no parts of any kind; these are rather in its way. The most ignorant and degraded, the lowest and meanest spirit that crawls on the earth, licks the dust, or wallows in corruption—the foulest and most contemptible moral maggot is capable of it. Yea, is only the better fitted for the wretched work. Shall one raised into sympathy with the heavenly life in Christ Jesus fall into such a fellowship of meanness and sin? "I will take heed to my ways that I sin not with my tongue: I will keep my mouth with a bridle, while the wicked is before me."

The foulest whelp of sin. The man
In whom this spirit entered was undone.
His tongue was set on fire of hell, his heart
Was black as death, his legs were faint with haste
To propagate the lie his soul had framed;
His pillow was the peace of families
Destroyed, the sigh of innocence reproached,
Broken friendships, and the strife of brotherhoods;
Yet did he spare his sleep, and hear the clock
Number the midnight watches, on his bed
Devising mischief more; and early rose,
And made most hellish meals of good men's names.

EVENING BELLS.

THOSE evening bells, those evening bells,
How many a tale their music tells,
Of youth, and hope, and that sweet time
When first I heard their soothing chime.

Those joyous hours are passed away,
And many a friend, that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 't will be, when I am gone,
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
While other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.

THE STRANGER.

BY SELDOM.

SOME years ago our home was in a southern State. It has been a long while since, and many things have faded from my memory. One event, however, has found a lasting lodgment there; although it happened when I was very young, yet even now it is often recalled fresh to my mind amid the excitement of the times in which we live.

Towards the close of a chill November day, an individual stopped at my father's house and petitioned for a home and fare for the night. He stated that he was a stranger, sick, and destitute of means and money. The needy and forlorn looks of the unfortunate stranger won sympathy in his favor. His request was readily granted, and the invalid-looking guest awakened an interest in the family in his behalf. My mother from her own kind heart, as well as from principle of Bible duty, regarded the stranger as the child of misfortune, and therefore entitled to generous kindness.

Bible commands and promises concerning the treatment of strangers are not wanting. "Thou shalt not vex the stranger." "Ye were strangers in a strange land." "There shall be one law to you and to the stranger." There is a stranger's God who looks with no indifferent eye upon the treatment of this class of His creatures. My children may be strangers; then God have mercy on them, for the kindness shown to others in similar circumstances. Has not that prayer been answered more than once! My mother trusted to a faithful God.

A stranger may be "one of the least of those little ones" in befriending whom we may be doing it unto Christ. Our relation to our fellows makes it an unquestionable duty to do all in our power to alleviate the distress of suffering humanity. Man, alas! often hears not the call of this duty and looks upon scenes of wretchedness and misery with selfish indifference. While here and there individuals may be found who like a generous Howard, have souls alive to this duty; the great mass of men live in and for themselves only, and have no concern for any thing beyond sordid interests.

Of the condition of the many whose lot is to be numbered with the unfortunate part of our race, that of the stranger is doubtless the most to be commiserated. He least of all perhaps receives the attention of those whose hearts do sometimes beat in sympathy when moved by "melting pity's call." That the stranger is an unfortunate member of our race it is presumed there are few, in view of the movements in our day, willing to deny. Here, in these evil times, to be a stranger is to be unfortunate. The hardness of

the stranger's lot is this: he cannot help the Providence that has prevented him from being born in the bosom of our own or your own family.

With this apparent digression, we proceed to narrate the simple story of that stranger's woes and wrongs. First, let us introduce him to your notice. He was of a meagre, tall and commanding form, and for one of his age right straight withal. Thin and poorly clad, dressed in a suit of threadbare black. His head and brow bespoke a mind of more than ordinary mold. The undoubted marks of intelligence lit up his face. The fire of his large black eyes still burned with much of its original lustre. Eloquence, beaming from the eye, surpasses all other forms of expression; and thus he poured unfeigned gratitude upon his generous host, who had so freely granted his supplication. His hair, once black, was now mixed with "many hoar and gray," which seemed to indicate that it had felt the blanching frosts of some fifty winters. A deep expression of melancholy spread over his countenance—in short, his whole appearance was that of a careworn man, of one who had poignantly felt the chilling pangs of disappointed hopes, and suffered many of life's keenest woes.

That stranger *once had* a home and friends. A mother's warm heart once did beat as tenderly for her "baby boy" as my mother's ever beat for me, or yours for you. Far from mother, sister, friends and home now, he became the hapless stranger that you see him. Notwithstanding the visible marks of rough-handed time and ruthless fate upon his person, there were yet also traces of former happiness and better days. Something still remained which plainly told the attentive observer that his condition was not always as it now appeared. Only those who have been like him situated can know what it is to be a stranger in a strange land, what it is to be homeless, friendless and alone. God pity the stranger's lot!

The morning of his life had dawned in Italy, where all things were as bright to him as the rising sun on a clear summer day. There first he breathed the pure air, fragrant only with the balmy odors of the flowering groves. There those dark eyes first drank in heaven's clear light. Early joys there filled his soul with pristine emotions never to be forgotten. There, too, with enrapturing delight, peculiar to the enthusiastic soul of those born and nurtured in the "sunny south," he beheld the surpassing natural beauties of fruitful plains, the vine-clad hills, and the glassy surface of the seas reflecting from their smooth bosoms the bright and dazzling floods of light, as the king of day sinks to rest in his place in the west. The land of poets, where once the Muses dwelt, where every hill is crowned with the remembrance of mighty deeds, where once proud Rome flourished in magnificent glory—that land was his home. He could once call it his own native land. A land which to those of other climes appears so lovely, must have been

peculiarly dear to him. There were the scenes of his first, his only, his fondest love, where he was encircled too by friends and luxurious affluence.

Providence saw fit to change his lot. Regardless of his happiness, he was torn from his friends and the embrace of those he most dearly and tenderly loved. He was cast upon our own free shores. Misfortunes never come alone. In almost every walk and at almost every turn the needy stranger was driven and repulsed from the door of the selfish, unfeeling man of the world—often perhaps through sheer thoughtlessness and ignorance of his real condition. The unsympathizing fathoms not the harrowed look of disappointment, of sadness, and of loneliness which the stranger ever wears in his face. This is often seen even when the houseless and homeless wanderer does not depend upon the cold charities of the world for his daily bread. How often has not a sympathizing look and a kind soothing word of a new found friend, as radiant sunshine, cleared up and dispelled the clouds from the beshrouded brow! Or, in the case of the needy, as he goes away cold, hungry and sick, we can see the inward feelings of his heart portrayed, in the sad expression of his dejected countenance; while thoughts of *home* and absent *friends* stir up the deep yearning fountains and inmost broodings of the soul.

Alas! even in our happy, blessed America, on Freedom's soil, the stranger finds "there is no place like home." Even here, wandering on, an outcast from society and its privileges, destitute of many of the comforts and necessities of life, the stranger is made to feel too keenly the bitter pangs that gnaw into the vitals of the sad heart. Who in this selfish, money-loving, business-driving world has the time or disposition to stop and inquire after the hapless, forlorn and persecuted stranger? Who will sympathize with him in his distress, or impart a word of consolation to him, as he buffets with the storms and billows on life's mad tossed ocean?

Having suffered many of the ills incident to a stranger's lot, through many wearisome years, he resolved once more to see his native land, and in his happy boyhood's home commune with friends. Then when life's flickering flame would cease to burn, the hand of some kind one might close his eyes in death and satisfy stern nature's last sad claim. But in this too he was doomed to be disappointed. The fell monster in the form of a wasting disease had already fastened on his vitals and marked for his own. Death met him in this foreign land. He never left our house. In that upper corner room he went to bed, grew worse, and in a very short time died. No loving mother, no affectionate sister, no sorrowing friend was there, whose tender hand would wipe the death sweat from his brow. These were not there to prepare and cheer his lone soul for

its solitary journey through the dark valley of the shadow of death. All alone he met the mighty conqueror, the King of Terrors.

His remains were decently buried near the banks of the beautiful Antietam. The great national road, near which is his grave, has grown less noisy since the stranger sleeps there. The rolling stream still murmurs on as it did when first we laid the weary stranger down to rest under the branches of a "weeping willow." Two rough, nameless and unlettered stones marked the spot where his body is buried. His requiem is still chanted by the spring zephyrs, the summer breezes, the autumnal winds and the wintry storms, as moaningly they revel among the branches which overhang the grave. No longer now does he feel the stranger's cold rebuff. There he will continue to rest alike unmindful of the busy, heartless world passing by upon the road, and of the gently gliding waters of the stream as they roll onward to the mighty ocean.

His friends are doubtless, if alive, uncertain of his fate to this hour; but when the last trump shall summons the cold, dark grave to give up its dead, he will arise and come forth. Then the stranger and others will stand in the presence of the Judge who will say to the righteous, "I was a stranger, and ye took me in—forasmuch as ye did it to the least of one of these, ye did it unto me."

If we have gained by this plea for the stranger, for the forlorn and friendless wanderer, one cup of cold water, one crust of bread, one soothing word of sympathy, of comfort or of pity, our labor has not been in vain.

"That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me."

TO A REDBREAST.

BY LANGHORNE.

LITTLE bird with bosom red,
Welcome to my humble shed!
Courtly domes of high degree
Have no room for thee or me;
Pride and pleasure's fickle throng
Nothing mind an idle song.
Daily near my table steal,
While I pick my scanty meal.
Doubt not, little though there be,
But I'll cast a crumb to thee,
Well rewarded if I spy
Pleasure in thy glancing eye;
See thee, when thou 'st eat thy fill,
Plume thy breast, and wipe thy bill.
Come, my feathered friend, again,
Well thou know'st the broken pane.

BOTANICAL REFLECTIONS.

BY NATHAN.

"Ye are the scriptures of the earth,
Sweet flowers fair and frail;
A sermon speaks in every bud
That wooes the summer gale."

YES, flowers are the bibles of Nature, on whose blushing pages we can learn lessons of divine truth. They are the hieroglyphics of inspiration, full of mysterious meaning. They constitute an evangelical picture-gallery, where Nature exhibits her native, untutored skill in the art of spiritual painting. They are the living untarnished symbols of the graces and virtues of our holy Religion.

* Great God gave to each
A language of its own;
And bade the simple blossom teach
Where'er its seeds are sown."

We have a feeling for flowers akin to the tenderness which parents have for their children. We can pet and caress them for hours with singular fondness, and have even caught ourselves talking to them. "Childish illusion," you will say. Well, perhaps it is. And yet a harmless illusion, which we are by no means willing to abandon. We have often more patience with our flowers than with our friends. We can bear with their drooping, lingering growth for months, nurse them with unabated devotion during a crippled, sickly existence, and with a soft hand smooth their dying pillow. He who could neglect or destroy a plant on account of its declining health, or heedlessly tramp upon a flower, need not think hard if we mistrust his friendship. Such an one betrays a degree of selfishness which would make him a very doubtful friend.

It has often seemed to us that the science of Botany, like some of its kindred sciences, measurably retarded the very object it professes to advance. Hitherto the treatment of plants, with few exceptions, has been too mechanical. In studying the conformation of flowers and their practical analysis, our text-books and professors in botany, give undue prominence to their mere mechanism. If the student of botany is able to analyze a flower, which often means nothing more than to tear it into shreds; if his memory is sufficiently faithful to retain the names and numbers of the several parts, he is at once put down as an adept in botany. This has given rise to a race of literary hypocrites, having the form of botany, but denying the power thereof. Endeavoring to awe the world into respect for their vast learning, by a long array of technical terms, which, like the long prayers of the Pharisees, is simply a sham.

We have always had an insuperable aversion to technical terminology in the study of botany. Apart from the inconvenience and inutility of applying foreign names to plants, it divests them of their home-associations. All our domestic flowers are historical monuments. They are like the costly cathedrals of ancient times. Each has a distinct history, every page of which is filled with family reminiscences. They are like suns in the firmament of home, around which revolve many fragrant memories. They shed a joyous radiance over the history of youth, and are often pleasant helps to pious meditation. We are passionately fond of the rose, and value it as a precious floral album, in which are the autographs and kind wishes of friends whom we are loath to forget. It contains the history of a few large rose-bushes around the old homestead, and tells some very pretty stories in which our boyish mirth acted a prominent part. Shakspeare says—

“That which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet.”

But this is true only in fragrance, but not in fact. Perhaps this was all he meant by this assertion, as he made it with the view of proving a particular point.

We still admire and feel tenderly attached to the honeysuckle, as well for its intrinsic worth as its historic associations. Like the joy we experience when in a country far from friends and their happy society, we become acquainted with a near relative of a beloved one at home, so is the acquaintance with every new honeysuckle we meet. We recognize in each one a near relative to the old friend which spanned the old gate-way to our garden, underneath whose shady bower we oft would sit us down to watch the busy humming-bird loitering from flower to flower. It tells us of the hands which trimmed and trained it; hands ever busy to relieve the suffering, and comfort the distressed. It speaks eloquently of the kindness of a pious mother, not lost but gone before. But it does this in the affectionate simplicity of its native household language, and not in the unpronounceable, heartless idiom of a foreign tongue. Hence we deprecate that spirit of retrogressive innovation which would rob our favorite flowers of names consecrated by the happy recollections of childhood. Tax the ingenuity of botanists as much as you please to invent classical names, our hearts cling with tenacious fondness to names which we were taught in the school of home, and we will call them by no other. Why darken counsel by words without knowledge?

We could never reconcile the prevailing method of analyzing flowers with the dictates of a sound taste. There is something revoltingly cruel in tearing to pieces these fairest specimens of Nature's handiwork simply to gratify our curiosity. We regard it as a species of botanical rationalism, which cannot believe a single

petal, unless it is first lacerated by the criticism of Reason and smell. We have no objection to a post-mortem examination, if the cause of botany requires it. But to commence the operation on a living flower, fresh and fragrant with the glow of beauteous life, is a murderous business. You will perhaps say that we assign to flowers a sensibility which they do not possess. Although they lack the properties of animal life and sensation, they are living organic embodiments of ideas. They are maternal expressions of the beautiful. And to lay violent hands on forms of living beauty is committing sacrilege and murder in the Temple of Nature.

By this time our readers doubtless will put us down as an Old Foggy in botany, far behind the times. Well, be it so. Our mind is conscientiously unbotanical, so far as the mechanism of flowers is concerned. If lectures, text-books, and fields can make a practical botanist, there is no reason why we should not be one. For we have passed through the whole ordeal of botanical drilling. Climbing mountings, traversing meadows, penetrating forests—these were excursions in which we gave full proof of our floral prowess. During the hottest days of the hottest summers we ran, rough-and-tumble, after a professor noted for his pedestrian agility. We gathered as large a proportion of plants as any of our classmates. But here our dexterity was at an end. To pluck the petals and sever the heart-strings of flowers still fresh with life, required a species of vandalism which we never could acquire. We were therefore deficient in analyzing plants because the violent rupture of their parts grated so harshly upon our nerves as to confuse our calculating faculty, so that usually we were among the last to discover the classes, genera and species to which they belonged. On our return we would collect specimens which we were requested to analyze at our leisure. But think you that we would calmly and deliberately pull the life out of a flower simply to gratify curiosity? As well might you expect us to pull the feathers out of a live bird to examine their pretty colors, or to make an incision into the larynx of a live canary, to get at the secret of its melodious voice. Within the premises of our room at least flowers were protected from the cruel vandalism of botanical science. There we would nurse, water and pet them, while they retained a spark of life. Their demise would always be attended with becoming solemnity. And no one could venture with safety to lay rude hands upon them.

Perhaps some one will accuse us of disobedience to a superior. We are protestants in botany as well as in theology. In either case it is right to refuse the commission of a wrong act. In the competency of our professor we all had the utmost confidence. He was a man born and eminently fitted for his station. For it is with the botanist like with the poet, he is *born* and not *made*, as our own history doth most clearly prove. He was an enthusiast in his profession. None of your mechanical book-worms, who

never venture away from the pages of the text-book. He was a complete walking herbarium fast and daring, that would bid defiance to streams and mountains. He would prop himself up in some fence-corner or recline beneath some welcome, long-wished-for shade-tree, and extemporise for hours on the nature and history of plants, interspersing his remarks with occasional passages from Goethe or Schiller. Thus he brought from the treasury of his capacious memory things new and old. What piles of plants he had collected! A perfect hay-stack of specimens, gathered and secured by his untiring diligence.

The good man still teems with the vigor of botanical lore. Long may he live to bloom in the realm of botany and letters. Should his eye meet these pages, he will please accept this faint allusion to his worth, as an humble tribute of gratitude from one who fondly cherishes his memory and dearly values the benefits of his instructions. May he pardon the botanical indocility of his devoted pupil and this indelicate assault upon the old and long-established customs of his favorite science.

Would he learn our progress in this branch of natural science? We have not analyzed a flower since we passed out of his hands. Yet we have examined and praised many a one, and promoted their cultivation. We consider their cause so sacred as to plead it from the sacred desk. Our interest in flowers, however, is mainly spiritual, which to our view is more creditable than a mere mental interest. We gave them a place in our heart while others convert their brains into a floral memorandum. It is well to do both. But if any is to have preference, we would most decidedly choose the former. We abhor abstractions as nature abhors a vacuum. Whether in theology, politics or botany, they are both unnatural and unreal. We view every flower as a concrete reality, a living tint, whose symmetry, structure and tinted beauty will not admit of a reduction to vulgar fractions. Therefore we examine flowers by synthesis and not by analysis.

ETERNITY.

Thou rollest on, oh! deep unmeasured sea,
 Thy length and depth a mystery profound;
 Days, weeks, years, centuries—in immensity
 Pass on, nor leave a footstep, nor a sound.
 Thou lightest up thy smooth, unwrinkled brow,
 Beyond the limit of our utmost thought;
 A shoreless space, where ages mutely bow
 Like bubbles on thy bosom, and are not.
 We hear a tramp of feet, we see a throng
 Of generations flashing through the gloom;
 They fade and others rise, and far along
 Thy caverns yawn, and Nature finds her tomb
 In the—but thou, nor young, nor old, art evermore
 One all-pervading space—a sea without a shore.

THE TREES OF THE BIBLE.

NO. X.—THE OLIVE TREE.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE Olive is a most interesting tree, and is very frequently referred to in the Holy Scriptures. It flourishes in the East, and especially in Syria, where the soil and climate are peculiarly adapted to its growth. Naturalists mention eighteen kinds of olives, but there are only two kinds mentioned by the sacred writers: the cultivated and the wild olive. Rom. 11, 17, 24. The most prominent difference between these two is, that the wild olive is considerably smaller than the cultivated, and its fruit, when it bears any, is far inferior.

The cultivated, fruit-bearing olive, is thus described: "It is of a moderate height, and thrives best in a sunny and warm soil. Its trunk is knotty; its bark is smooth, and of an ash color. Its wood is solid, and yellowish. Its leaves are oblong, and almost like those of the willow, of a dark green color on the upper side, and whitish below. In the month of June it puts forth white flowers, growing in bunches, each of one piece, and widening at the top, and dividing into four parts. After this flower, succeeds the fruit, which is oblong and plump, somewhat like a plumb in shape. It is first green, then pale; and when quite ripe, it becomes black. Within it is enclosed a hard stone, filled with oblong seeds."

The olive is referred to in scripture as a beautiful tree. God says of Israel, when he shall be restored from his despoiled condition, "his beauty shall be as the olive tree." In the parable of Jotham this tree receives the first honor: "The trees went forth on a time to anoint a king over them; and they said unto the olive tree, Reign thou over us. But the olive tree said unto them, Should I leave my fatness, wherewith by me they honor God and man, and go to be promoted over the trees." Well and modestly said. It will be a happy time when all men learn to know their places so well, and are more anxious to fill well the sphere they occupy than look ambitiously higher.

The branches of olives have, from the earliest times, been the symbol of mercy, reconciliation and peace. The presentation of a twig of olive was the same as to say, Let there be no strife between us. Thus when the waters of the flood began to abate God gave the dove an olive leaf to bear back to the ark, to show Noah that His wrath was overpast.

The preservation of the olives was regarded as an evidence of the special favor of God. So shall it be a blessing of God in a pious family; "the children shall be like olive plants round the table"—

they shall flourish in peace and plenty. On the other hand the destruction of the olive was a strong mark of God's displeasure: "Thou shalt have olive trees throughout all thy coasts, but thou shalt not anoint thyself with oil; for thine olive shall cast his fruit." Deut. 28, 40. See also Habak. 3, 17.

The olive was especially valued on account of the oil which it yielded, which was a great luxury, and could be put to various uses. A full-sized tree, when it bears vigorously, produces a thousand pounds of oil. In gathering the olives, the Jews were bound to remember a very touching commandment in regard to the poor: "When thou beatest thine olive tree, thou shalt not go over the boughs again: it shall be for the stranger, for the fatherless, and for the widow." Deut. 24, 20. Hear that, ye who not only stint, but even spurn the poor! Your spirit is not even as good as Judaism, to say nothing of christianity. Moses will condemn you; how then will you answer Christ!

The manner of making the olive oil, and the uses made of it, are thus described: "The olives, from which oil is to be expressed, must be gathered by the hands, or softly shaken from the trees before they are fully ripe. The best oil is that which comes from the fruit with very light pressure. This is sometimes called in Scripture *green oil*, not because of its color, for it is pellucid, but because it is from unripe fruit. It is translated in Ex. xxvii. 20, *pure olive-oil beaten*, and was used for the golden candlestick. For the extraction of this first oil, panniers or baskets are used, which are gently shaken. The second and third pressing produces inferior oil. The best is obtained from unripe fruit; the worst, from that which is more than ripe. The oil of Egypt is worth little, because the olives are too fat. Hence the Hebrews sent gifts of oil to the Egyptian kings. Hos. xii, 1. The inferior quality is used in making soap. But the Hebrews used oil not merely in lamps, and with salads, but in every domestic employment in which butter is serviceable, and in the meat-offerings of the temple. It is observed by travelers, that the natives of oil countries manifest more attachment to this than to any other article of food, and find nothing adequately to supply its place.

"A press was also used for the extraction of the oil, consisting of two reservoirs, usually eight feet square and four feet deep, situated one above the other. The berries, being in the upper one, were trodden out with the feet."

The Mount of Olives derives its name from the number of fine olive trees which have in all ages flourished upon its sacred heights, as well as in the "sad Gethsemane" at its foot. The garden, or rather the plot where it once was, has still its sacred olives.

"There are still," says Robinson, "within this enclosure, eight very old olive trees, with stones thrown around their trunks." What associations cluster around this rural spot. "Giving myself

up," says Robinson, "to the impressions of the moment, I sat down here for a time alone beneath one of these aged trees. All was silent and solitary around; only a herd of goats were feeding not far off, and a few flocks of sheep grazing on the side of the mountain. High above towered the dead walls of the city, through which penetrated no sound of human life. It was almost like the stillness and loneliness of the desert. Here, or at least not far off, the Saviour endured that "agony and bloody sweat," which was connected with the redemption of the world; and here in deep submission he prayed: "O my father, if this cup may not pass away from me, except I drink it, thy will be done!"

'Tis midnight—and on Olive's brow,
The star is dimmed that lately shone;
'Tis midnight—in the garden now,
The suffering Saviour prays alone.

'Tis midnight—and from all removed,
Immanuel wrestles lone with fears;
E'en the disciple that he loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

'Tis midnight—and for other's guilt
The man of sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet he that hath in anguish knelt,
Is not forsaken by his God.

'Tis midnight—and from other plains,
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's wo.

BLEST IN CHRIST.

Nor eye hath seen so fair a sight,
Nor ear hath heard so sweet a sound,
Nor heart enjoyed such pure delight,
As in my Saviour I have found.

On Him my brightest hopes repose,
And sweetly in His love I rest;
While He is near I fear no foes,
But in Him feel supremely blest.

'Tis Jesus—who, in life, shall be
My hope, my joy, when sins prevail:
'Tis Jesus who shall comfort me,
When every other hope shall fail!

X. Y. Z.

CHRISTIAN FORGIVENESS.

"I will be even with my bitterest foe,"
Revenge exclaims, and then returns the blow.
"I'll be superior"—should the Christian say,
And kind forgiveness readily display.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

There are thousands of men who possess wealth which has been obtained at the neglect of intellectual cultivation. Those would give half their fortunes if they could be set back and have the leisure for mental culture which young men are throwing away. Let this be no longer. Commence now to devote an hour or two each evening to study. It may be difficult at first, but it will be easier as you proceed, and at length will become the most delightful of all your enjoyments. The mind makes the man. Do not suffer yours to be dwarfed by too much enjoyment either in business or pleasure. Whatever you do for the cultivation of your intellect will be permanent. Every hour expended in this manner will return you five hours of the most elevated enjoyment in after years.

Nor is this all. As you become intelligent, your opportunities for usefulness will increase, and you can be the benefactor of your race. With an increase of usefulness comes an increase of emolument. The better able you are to help others, the better qualified will you be to help yourselves. Do not then trifle away the best years of your existence in low and frivolous pleasures, which will only degrade you, and impair both your usefulness and success in after life.

FAREWELL, MOTHER.

Farewell, Mother, thou hast left us
For a bright and heavenly sphere,
Providence has thus bereft us
Of a friend and mother dear.

Farewell, Mother, thou art happy
While in our bosoms grief doth swell,
Mourning here thy long, long absence—
Farewell, Mother, fare-thee-well.

Farewell, Mother, we in sadness
Round thy lifeless body stand,
While thy spirit waits in gladness,
In the bright and heavenly land.

Farewell, Mother, gone for ever,
Never more on earth to dwell,
And thy pleasing voice shall never
More salute us—fare-thee-well.

Farewell, Mother—gently sleeping
With a smile upon thy brow,
Which does seem to chide our weeping,
For thee who art happy now.

Farewell, Mother, thou must molder
Underneath the cold, cold ground,
Never more shall we behold thee,
Till the last loud trump shall sound.

Farewell, Mother, thy calm features
Plainly tell us all is well,
Yet it pains our hearts to leave thee,
And to say the last farewell.

Farewell, Mother, may we meet thee
Where the heavenly chorus swell—
Midst the happy we will greet thee,
Never more to say farewell.

GOOD TEMPER.

SINCE trifles make the sum of human things,
And half our misery from our foibles springs;
Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease,
And though but few can serve, yet all may please;
O, let the ungentle spirit learn from hence,
A small unkindness is a great offence!

Our Monthly Retrospect.

UNITED STATES.

The most cheering fact we have to record as the development of the past month is the prospect, now reduced to an admitted certainty, of one of the most abundant grain and fruit harvests with which we have been blessed for years. From all sections of the country the accounts were favorable during the earlier part of the season, and now the wheat crop is so far advanced as to be beyond the reach of any serious injury, unless from the depredations of the weevil, which has not yet made its appearance, at least in this section. During a trip through parts of Lancaster, Chester and Montgomery counties near the close of the month, we everywhere beheld evidences of the most ample rewards of the labors of the husbandman. The quantity of wheat out is very large and well headed. In some places the heavy rains which occurred about the 24th ult. beat much of it down, where the straw was too heavy, but the process of heading and filling were too far advanced to result disastrously. The only loss which would be likely to result to the farmer might be in the increased labor of cutting and gathering. The Peach crop will be unusually fine, the trees everywhere being literally burdened with this luscious fruit. The apples and other fruits will be abundant. The crops of corn do not look to be as forward as might seem desirable, owing to the extreme backwardness of the season, though if the late rains are followed by a few weeks of settled, warm and "growing weather," the average yield will compare favorably with other years. The same may be said of the potato crops, though we hear some of the farmers expressing their fears that "we are having too much rain," and that "the potato crop will be ruined!"

We have often been struck with the disposition of farmers to complain or murmur when there is no cause for it. No matter how high the prices they receive for their produce, you seldom hear a farmer who is willing to admit that he is "making anything." Such a dispo-

sition is to be much regretted and seriously deprecated. The farmer is the true nobleman of nature and the most independent of any class of society. He has all within himself upon which the existence and necessities of life, with the substantial comforts of Home, really depend. The blessing of Providence rests upon him in a peculiar manner, and he should be the last of men to murmur at His dispensations. Our land has never yet been cursed with a famine, and however much the poorer classes in the large cities may have suffered, the farmer in this country has really never experienced the trial of Want. Besides, as a general thing, the calls upon his benevolence are much less frequent and heavy than upon the citizens who are called upon almost every year to alleviate the distress of their suffering poor. During the past year, especially, the farmer has been peculiarly favored. While he has received the highest, and, in some instances, the most exorbitant prices for the produce of his farm, the wages of such labor as he is obliged to employ have not been increased in an adequate proportion. Then, ye noblemen of nature, who, under Providence, cause the desert places to blossom and the wilderness to bring forth fruit to make glad the heart of man, be grateful and murmur not, lest God be angered and smite the land of your hope.

The great event of the political world during the past month has been the assembling, deliberations, and, finally, the partial dissolution of the National American or Know Nothing Convention at Philadelphia. Like the old political parties this new one, which had swept the entire north as with a whirlwind of unprecedented triumph was doomed to split at last upon the rock of Slavery. A resolution being adopted, by a vote of 80 to 59, affirming "the existing laws upon the subject of slavery as a final and conclusive settlement of that question in spirit and in substance," the delegates from the northern States withdrew and unanimously agreed upon an appeal to the People in which

they denounce the repeal of the Missouri Compromise by the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska act and declare that they "will use all constitutional means to maintain the positive guarantee of that compact until the object for which it was enacted has been consummated by the admission of Kansas and Nebraska as free States." The newspapers both north and south are advocating the formation of parties on this issue, and from present indications the presidential campaign of 1856 will be a very exciting and ambiguous contest.

The friends and opponents of the Maine liquor law have been severely exercised of late on the subject of the recent liquor riot in the city of Portland. Neal Dow was bitterly denounced by the liquor press as a murderer and his "illegal acts" held up to the public as the cause of the riot. The official investigations and reports have triumphantly acquitted Mayor Dow and thrown the responsibility of the riot, with all its consequences, upon the enemies of the law, who conspired to destroy city property under the power of mob law. The authorities were justified in every step they took, and had the Mayor hesitated to use the authority placed at his disposal, and the mob been allowed to destroy the City Hall, with its contents, he would have been denounced as a cowardly and inefficient executive by every opposing press in the country, and the enforcement of the Maine Law represented as an impossibility. They are now pretty well satisfied that prohibitory liquor laws can and will be enforced as well as other laws, and we trust the lesson which Hon. Neal Dow has taught his enemies will not be without its good effect on all interested.

The unconstitutionality of the new liquor law has been argued in the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, before Chief Justice Shaw, on the appeal of a woman who had been sentenced to the House of Correction for selling liquor, and was committed to jail, not being able to give bonds. The Attorney General and District Attorney appeared for the Commonwealth, and after an argument of several hours, the Court postponed a decision. Judge Shaw afterward decided that the thirty-second section of the liquor law, giving the right to appeal, is repugnant, inconsistent, unconstitutional and void; that it has no force to repeal statutes

inconsistent with its provisions, and that it therefore leaves the revised statutes in full force, so that a committal in accordance with the old statute is valid, although the commitment would be wholly unsupported by the new law. The committal was therefore sustained. This may be considered a very important decision in sustaining the enforcement of the laws against the traffic.

The friends of Horace Greeley were shocked with the intelligence, brought by the last European arrival, that this celebrated editor and philosopher had been imprisoned in France, where he is attending the French Industrial Exhibition. The natural supposition was that the event had a political character and that the Imperial Government had been paying him off for some excessive frankness of a democratic nature of which he or his paper had been guilty. Such however was not the case. His Imperial Majesty limits his repressive measures toward The Tribune to the frequent suppression of copies sent to subscribers in France, and has not yet laid his heavy hand on the person of any member of that establishment in his dominions. The history of Mr. Greeley's adventure is narrated by himself in a very happy manner, occupying four columns of his paper. The arrest was made at the suit of Lechesne the sculptor, who had a claim against the Crystal Palace of New York for a statue—which still lies safe and sound in one the courts of the Palace—and who thought to hold Mr. Greeley pecuniarily responsible as a director of the Association. The Court however refused to adopt Mr. Lechesne's view of the matter and discharged the defendant. Mr. Greeley spent two days in "Clichy," resolutely refusing to pay the unreasonable demand, and he gives a very graphic account of prison life and a chapter of good philosophy on getting into debt and prison. It was a fortunate circumstance that Horace got into "Clichy," otherwise his readers would have been deprived of the most interesting and spicy letter he ever wrote from Europe.

Morals in California seem to be improving under the restricting influence of wholesome legislation. The anti-gambling law has gone into operation and its provisions are reported to be very generally complied with, causing considerable satisfaction among the people. The El Dorado House, the

principal and most fashionable gambling house in San Francisco, has closed its doors and put up a bill "to let." The Sabbath is much better observed than formerly, and the subject of prohibiting the traffic in intoxicating liquors is steadily and rapidly gaining ground.

The liquor dealers in this State are proving the new law to restrain the sale of intoxicating liquors to be a much better one than its friends claimed for it—at least we have a right to infer so by their conduct. Attempts were made during the past month to get up "glorious demonstrations" in favor of the repeal of this "odious jug law" at Reading and Lancaster, but they both turned out to be glorious failures, pleasing nobody but the temperance men, who would like to see such Rum demonstrations held every week. The Reading Journal says a few such would cause even Old Berks to give her 8,000 majority on the other side of the question. We are confident that the law cannot be repealed except to give place to entire Prohibition.

NEIGHBORING STATES.

Mexico seems doomed to suffer a continual succession of internal dissensions and bloody revolution. From the intelligence received under date of the 2nd ult., we learn that Santa Anna was again driving the revolutionists before him. He had captured the town of Zamora and taken two thousand prisoners. He then left for Aris, where General Comonfort was stationed with twenty-five hundred men. Numerous small bands of the revolutionists had been dispersed by the government troops in various parts of the country. Brilliant fetes had been held in honor of Santa Anna's re-election to the Dictatorship, at one of which a manifesto from him was read, the tone of which indicates that the progress of the revolutionists under Alvarez gives the wily Dictator a vast deal of trouble and uneasiness. The Yucatan slave trade is extensively carried on under the guise of colonization schemes, and land belonging to American residents at Lagaira had been seized for government purposes, for which the chances for compensation were very doubtful.

Accounts from the Rio Grande state that the whole of Northern Mexico is in a ferment of revolution, in consequence of the arrival of an emissary of

Santa Anna at Monterey, with orders to arrest and put to death several of the leading citizens. The Governor was forced to surrender, but the lives of the victims were spared. The insurgents made a demonstration upon the town, and the Governor fled. The revolutionists in San Luis Potosi had issued a pronunciamiento, and troops were preparing to leave Matamoras to quell the insurrection. Chihuahua is reported as on the eve of a revolution.

Later accounts state that the revolutionists have captured Monterey, and that about seventy officers and twenty-six pieces of cannon, with other munitions of war, were captured. Caravajal had again recovered himself and encountered the government troops. It is also stated that the insurgents had taken possession of Guanajuato and that Victoria and Saltillo had joined the revolutionists. Conflicting and unreliable as these reports undoubtedly are, it is certain that with the revolutionists in the North and in the South, and Caravajal fighting on his own responsibility, Santa Anna has about as much to contend with as he can well manage.

From South America late intelligence represents the various republics in that region to be in a state of peace, although the people of Bolivia and Ecuador are much affected with fears of invasions by Flores and Santa Cruz, who are harbored and allowed to prepare hostile expeditions in Peru. It is also stated—not on the best of authority, however—that the abolition of slavery had fallen so severely on the cultivators of land in Venezuela that a scheme of law had been introduced in congress to diminish the rates of taxes now imposed upon agricultural produce; but it is more probable this proposition to lower the taxes on industrial pursuits arises from a liberal desire to encourage the native industry of the country.

THE OLD WORLD.

A disinterested spectator watching the pending struggle before Sebastopol between the Russians and Allied armies, would scarcely, in the opinion of the New-York Times, know which to admire most—the besiegers, for their persevering and impetuous valor, or the besieged, for their stubborn and heroic resistance to one of the most potent combinations that the world has ever seen arrayed against a single nation. Again the news from the

theatre of war is of an exciting character; more especially when it is contrasted with the wearying sameness of the dispatches received during the Winter months. It seems that the Allies have at length found the right man to fill the right place; for though General Pelissier may be steeped to the eyelids in moral turpitude, he has, nevertheless, within a few weeks, proved himself to be an energetic soldier and an able commander.

The mails brought by the St. Louis informed us that, through the active operations of the Kertch expedition, no less than four war steamers and two hundred and forty vessels, employed in conveying supplies to the Russian army in the Crimea, have been destroyed. By the Asia, we learn further that the bombardment of Sebastopol was recommenced on the 6th of June, and that after a fierce cannonade of three days' duration, the French attacked and carried by assault the "Mamelon" and the "White Tower." Though the allied forces—now undoubtedly in splendid fighting condition—have given proof that they will not leave the Crimea, but will prosecute the war with determined vigor, yet their recent achievements will not bring the campaign to such a speedy issue as the London Parisian press would have us believe.

The Russians have lost one valuable source for victualing their army; but there are others that must necessarily be cut off before they can be starved into submission. It must not be forgotten that several rivers are navigable from the very centre of the Russian Empire, and that among them is the Dneiper, which empties itself at Ocza-kow, within forty miles of the town on the Isthmus of Perekop. These large rivers are all open to the carriage of every description of materiel to the Crimea, and from their banks there are well constructed roads to Perekop. The entrance of the French and English squadrons to the Sea of Azoff is but the opening of a new and more desperate campaign—the first step towards cutting off the hitherto inexhaustible supplies of Prince Gortschakoff. We know not yet by what means the Russian General can counteract the advantages his enemy has acquired; but from past experience it is fair to infer that he is not wholly destitute of resources. Sebastopol itself is composed of a series of defences, each of which, it appears,

must be separately taken. Several have already fallen; and, though the siege will, in all probability, be greatly protracted, the recent successes of the Allies seem to indicate that the fortress, which has so long and so grandly withstood their attack, must eventually be captured.

The general news from Europe by these arrivals is not of any special importance.

NOTES ON LITERATURE.

CHURCHES OF THE VALLEY; or an Historical Sketch of the old Presbyterian Congregations of Cumberland and Franklin counties, in Pennsylvania. By Rev. Alfred Nevin, of the Presbytery of Carlisle.

It is a mistaken idea that works of this kind are only of local and demoni-national interest. They are a part of the inner history of our country; and the true way to bring out the elements of our common civilization is to bring out the history of the churches of our "vallies;" for these have molded hearts, minds, families, society, and government. These churches of the various denominations are the fountains which have poured grace and gladness over the land. He that attempts to write the history of our State or county without including their influence, is as great a fool as he who would improve Shakspeare's play of Hamlet by leaving the part of Hamlet out. Not so? Thanks, then, to the men who bring out the "history of the churches." The wise men who shall write our history in after time, will find more use for these local ecclesiastical histories than they will for the cords of political rant and cant which political archives preserve. These last will be viewed as the foam of fermentation; the first as the pure old wine beneath, and growing better by age.

We have often been surprised at the indifference of churches and pastors to the local history of their congregations. Most of the history of our oldest churches could yet be traced back—but it will not be long possible! The "dim period when records fail," will soon have vanished beyond our reach forever. Why do we not gather up these interesting reminiscences of the "olden time" while yet we may? Again we say, thanks to Mr. Nevin for having undertaken so good a work, and for having accomplished it so well. We hope he will continue the good work by giving us the history of other "vallies."

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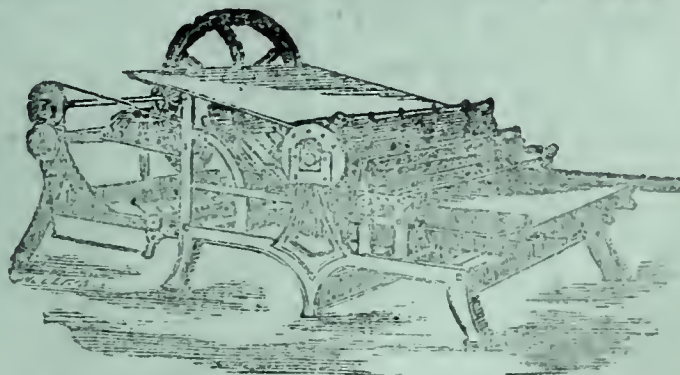
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The Guardian.

VOL. VI.—AUGUST, 1855.—No. VIII.

NEGLECTED COMMANDS:

NO. III.—RASH AND UNCHARITABLE JUDGING.

BY THE EDITOR.

"The faults of our neighbors with freedom we blame,
But tax not ourselves, though we practice the same."

"JUDGE not." This injunction, in the sense which our Saviour intended it should bear, is at the present day much disregarded. Of this every close observer is convinced. Rash, harsh, and unmerciful judgments flow from the lips of men as naturally as water from a fountain. Men talk, in this respect, with a readiness and assurance as if they had a direct commission from God to judge the world and all that are in it.

There are two causes for the prevalence of this sin at the present day. One is this: This is a hasty age. Every thing goes with a rush; and all things are done in a hurry. Men think, speak and act hurriedly. There is not sufficient deliberation. Whatever comes up is dispatched at first sight and first thought. Matters come up before the mind and are passed off with a haste which isolates them from their proper explanatory connections, and so they are judged, censured, condemned. What room here for mistake! What danger of rash decisions. What a temptation to harsh, ill-considered judgment.

The second cause is this: Society is divided into sections, parties, caste, clans. It is so in politics; it is so in common social life; it is so even in the church. Here are sectional interests, creating sectional jealousies and envies. Narrow-minded zealots think they can only go up as others go down. Thus the broken segments of society are thrown into an attitude of opposition and contradiction to each other. Individuals and parties become the spies of one another; and here is the greatest temptation to rash and uncharitable judgments. The one party finds it difficult to do justice to the other; and innocence falls under the ban of censure.

Let us endeavor to get the precise meaning of our Saviour's "Judge not."

It does not forbid us to form an estimate of the characters and moral worth of one another. We may sit in judgment upon the acts of our fellow men. This is a privilege and a duty. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

Neither does it hinder us from taking part in judging and condemning the guilty in a civil process. We may sit as judges; we may weigh a fellow being in the scales of justice as jurors; we may stand as witnesses and detail faithfully the evil we know of those arraigned. This, too, is duty.

Nor yet does it forbid us the right of judging an unworthy brother in the church—bringing him up for trial, testifying what is true against him, suspending and separating him from the church if he be found an offending member. This, too, is plainly enjoined.

The judging, therefore, which is condemned is a private, uncharitable judging—a hasty private decision without proper evidence—a harsh, censoriousness without charity—a condemnatory spirit that speaks only by its own assumed authority.

The radical meaning of the word which is properly translated "judge" is, to separate, to divide. That kind of judging is forbidden which causes Sunderings and separations. This is the legitimate fruit of hasty, inconsiderate and condemnatory judgments.

It separates the one whom we rashly judge from *us*. If I am joined to a fellow being in confidence and love, an evil report of him has a tendency at once to disturb that relation in proportion as I give it credit. The moment I entertain it as true the separating process has commenced. There is something in me that withdraws from him. If, therefore, I hastily accept the report as true, I hastily divide myself from him; I suffer myself to estimate him less than before; and this in a hasty way and without sufficient ground. So I do him injustice in my own mind, the effect of which, operating at the time only on me, separates me from him.

It separates the person wrongly judged from *others*. This is done when the rash judgment passed in my own mind is expressed to others. Every one to whom I make known my judgment is, by it, so far as my influence goes, separated from the person whom I have rashly judged. Thus I go to one, two, three, expressing my opinion, and in each case I sunder ties, separate friends, and isolate the victim of my harsh judgment in the midst of society.

It separates from God. The relation of God to man is that same relation of love which man is to sustain to man. That love which binds society together is only the continuation or extension of the love which flows from God to man. God binds men to himself through men. If, then, I separate myself from men, and men from men, by uncharitable judging, I labor to sunder myself and others from God. Thus the elements of judging are in the spirit of separations and divisions, separating us from others, men from men, and men from God. The most solemn of all is, that where

this spirit is habitual in any one it is a strong evidence that such an one is separate from God and man. He falls under the just condemnation of all good men, as observation will prove to all who reflect. And as to his standing with God, his own spirit of harsh judgment is the prophesy of his doom. "For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged: and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

We all feel that this sin which our Saviour condemns, proceeds from a most unlovely as well as wicked spirit. We, no doubt, feel also that, by temptation, we have often been in a degree drawn into it. We have, moreover, frequently made resolutions for the better; and even now we desire never to fall into its power. But how shall we guard ourselves against it? We will, in answer to this question, offer a few rules.

1. Be always unwilling to believe anything of your fellow being. The spirit which is guilty of this sin is just the opposite of this. Those who easily fall into unmerciful judgment of others, are willing, yea, desirous of believing the evil which is reported. It is a luxury, it does their hearts good to hear an evil report of another. It gladdens their hearts like good news from a far country. "It is too good to keep." They get uneasy in the possession of it. They burn to communicate it to others, and are unhappy until it is circulated. "Report," say they, "and we will report it." Jer. 20: 10.

The true spirit is the opposite of this. We must hear it unwillingly, painfully. It must distress us instead of giving us joy. We must hope and believe that it is not so, and be distressed if it should be true—desiring most earnestly that there may be some mistake about it, which will be in favor of the accused person. Do not even civil courts proceed upon this principle. They regard every man innocent until he is proved guilty—believing him guilty only as a last resort, when his guilt is forced upon their conviction by the evidence. Would you wish to be brought before a court when the judge should be anxious to believe and find you guilty, and when all his desires should lay against you? Even the law leans on mercy's side. How does this fact put to shame that spirit of harsh judgment which glories and is glad in the weakness and sins of men in such a degree as even to find them quickly where they do not in truth exist.

2. Take not up evil against another at first report. To do this is rash. It is unsafe. It is unjust. In such an important matter as the reputation of another, there must be deliberation. This requires a suspension of judgment long enough to know the facts. That first report must wait for confirmation. We must not at once "take up a reproach against our neighbor."

How often is it found that first reports are rash, exaggerated, and greatly untrue. They come blowing upon us like a cloud of

dust, unfitting us to see or to judge; and when the dust has blown away, and the face of society is calm, things look quite differently from what they at first appeared. Is it not a matter of daily occurrence that first reports deceive us? How wise, then, the rule which bids us suspend our judgments for further confirmation or correction. Let the evidence be ample, and that it may appear to be, or not to be so, give it time.

3. Always put the best construction upon what you hear to the detriment of others. Those who report may have self-interest in giving it a strong coloring. Even what is true may have much to palliate it. It may have its ground in a peculiar weakness in the person. There may have been much ignorance in the case, which must be "winked at." It may have been an unguarded expression, drawn out in confidence, which the reporter has betrayed. It may have been an error fallen into under an extraordinary press of temptation. In short, let every consideration which can palliate it be brought forward. Let there be that charity which is not easily provoked, which believeth all things and hopeth all things. As we do in the case of our dearest friend, when we think of a thousand constructions and explanations of what we hear, so as not to implicate him, so must we do to all. Hang to them, cling to them, till forced away by clear and overpowering facts showing his unworthiness. "O, Ephraim! how can I give thee up?"

Let, then, these three rules be observed. Believe unwillingly; believe not immediately; believe only when forced to it. So shall you be much aided in withstanding this sin of rash and uncharitable judging. If any farther considerations are necessary to inspire us with suitable horror and disgust in view of this wickedness it is easy to find them. Let a few be considered.

It is always a proof of low life. It betrays at once a want of all proper cultivation. It is not found in truly refined society. Observation will prove that where rash judging is a habit, there is always a coarseness of character, meanness of disposition, a narrow and grovelling spirit. Our Saviour alludes to this when he reminds them that while they would censure defects which are small, like a mote, they themselves have them as coarse as a beam.

It always betrays a spirit of envy and jealousy. The one who is guilty of it betrays this meanest of dispositions. It seeks to elevate itself by depressing others. It cannot endure any excellence that rises above its own wretched self. This was the spirit of Satan; having fallen himself he could no more endure to see the happy innocence of our first parents. He is still "the accuser of the brethren;" and all who do the like are his children. Quaint, solemn, old Jeremy Taylor, has well said: "There is not in all the world a worse devil than a devilish tongue."

Seeing the meanness and malice of this spirit in others ought to fortify us against the sin. We ought often to mirror ourselves in

the characters of "these persons who have stings instead of tongues, and venom in all the moisture of their mouth, and reproach in all their language—that make nothing of murdering their brother's or their sister's fame—that invent evil stories falsely and maliciously—or believing them easily report them quickly, and aggravate them spitefully, and scatter them diligently."

Young man, young woman, learn early to hate and shun this sin of rash judging. Cultivate a courteous, charitable and merciful spirit towards all your companions. Thus shall you be agreeable to them, and escape the censure of your Saviour.

THE OLD, OLD HOME.

WHEN I long for sainted memories,
Like angel troops they come,
If I fold my arms to ponder
On the old, old home.
The heart has many passages
Through which pure feelings roam,
But its middle isle is sacred,
To thoughts of old, old home.

Where infancy was sheltered,
Like a rosebud, from the blast;
Where boyhood's brief elysium,
In joyousness was past.
To that sweet spot, forever,
As to some hallowed dome,
Life's pilgrim bends his vision;
'Tis his old, old home.

A father sat (how proudly!)
By that dear hearthstone's ray,
And told his children stories
Of his early manhood's day;
And one soft eye was beaming—
From child to child 'twould roam;
Thus a mother counts her treasures,
In the old, old home.

The birth-day gifts and festivals,
The blended vesper hymn,
(Some dear ones who were swelling it
Are with the seraphim.)
The fond "good-nights" at bed-time,
How quiet sleep would come,
And fold us altogether
In the old, old home.

Like a wreath of scented flowrets,
Close intertwined each heart,
But time and change in concert
Have blown the wreath apart.
But sainted, sainted memories,
Like angels, ever come,
If I fold my arms and ponder
On the old, old home.

TITLES AND TOYS:

A CHAPTER FOR CHILDREN OF LARGER GROWTH.

BY NATHAN.

AMERICAN society is constitutionally impetuous. It partakes largely of the steam and telegraphic elements, the proud offspring of its native genius. Start it on the track of a principle and it will either dash to doom or into a ditch. And if it is seized with a stubborn fit it will run the wrong direction with all our law-makers on board, in spite of the remonstrance of a stifled conscience. We are predisposed to a species of mania. We have one among many proofs of this in the indiscriminate extravagance of conferring titles. Colleges, congress and communities, vie with each other in the solemn business of dubbing and brevetting human worth. Whilst our ancestors required a long process of training and heroic trials to entitle them to marks of honor, our age has discovered a more expeditious route to fame. Great men is what the world needs just now, and institutions that can make them according to order, are certainly not the least wonderful of modern wonders—make them, not by the circuitous route of a thorny educational pilgrimage, but by the fiat of a College-diploma or a Congressional resolution. One can no longer talk about “the hill of science,” for that is a term which has been levelled away by title-generators, and is no longer allowable even for the convenience of poets. The mountains have been made low, and the valleys exalted by medals and honorary degrees. So that now, a man may be the stupidest of mortals, the quintessence of all that is dishonorable, and yet receive the title of a great man, with a diploma testifying to his worth, in solemn classic eloquence, provided he have money to pay the required fee.

Titles are feathers in the cap of character. They wave in graceful beauty on a man who has a sensible head and a brave heart, but are a stinging reproach to one who has neither. They are to some men what stilts are to boys. They often raise a man above the shoulders of his fellows when his own legs can not. They give him legs without a brain, sail without ballast, prominence without merit. In this way they often become a source of incumbrance. They entangle the limbs of his progress and bring him to the earth with an insurmountable tumble. They have brought many a one into a sad plight, these titles have. For the world expects that the quality of the goods answers to the label. Hard must be the heart that would not be moved with pity at seeing a man so bedubbed and bedoctored with titles without merit, as to lead us to expect in him a very Daniel in Wisdom, when he has nothing to sustain his great name. This is literally breaking a man's back by the corpulent weight of his body.

To some men titles serve the part of a valve in a balloon. If they are wise enough to keep it closed in silence they will rise in public esteem; the world will take their wisdom for granted. But if they are unskilled in pulling the valve-string, and permit the escape of too much gas, the balloon will collapse and descend to a sudden exposure of emptiness—a vacant brain under a doctor's cap.

Titles are of an intoxicating character. They create a morbid appetite for honor, which increases with its gratification. They are the artificial stimulants of the soul. Even by their moderate use, men will insensibly acquire a growing fondness. Once accustomed to their puffing flavor, and they need them just as much as the nervous toper his morning bitters, before he is fit to work. To use a drunkard's excuse, they can't do without them. If they can't get them honestly, they will resort to pilfering and plunder. Inflated with vanity, they may be unconscious of their crime. For we have seen men actually so befuddled with titles, so drunk with vanity, as to be unfit for grave and serious business.

Now whilst it may be perfectly right to confer and use titles for their remedial properties, giving prominence to mental and moral greatness, whose virtues are as the salt of the earth and the light of the world, it is nevertheless very dangerous to use them as a beverage. To peddle them so abundantly and cheaply that men can drink sham honors like water, is a very unsafe policy. We need a sort of a "Maine Law," to stop the making and vending of intoxicating titles as a beverage; to check the abuse of a good principle, and prevent men from acquiring wrong habits by the use of false stimulants.

The power of conferring titles seems closely allied to the saint-making power in the Romish Church. With this difference however, that the latter are more governed by merit, and are therefore deserving of more respect. Colleges have a kind of a sinking fund of merit and learning, perhaps the result of works of supererogation, wherewith they canonize men good and bad, gold and dross, into the third heaven of literary renown. For the practical object of a diploma after all is not to certify to the bearer's learning, but they answer the part of a begging certificate, in imposing a thankless tax on the credulous charity of a generous public, to urge men to regard him learned.

These titles moreover are endowed with a remarkable longevity. They are very tenacious of life. No amount of theoretical or practical heresy will kill them. They survive the wreck of character. A man once dubbed a knight in philosophy or theology, and ever after the world will just as naturally say Dr. Jones as St. Patrick.

Every ware depreciates in value in proportion as the facilities for its production are increased. It seems that titles are doomed to the same fate. The article is becoming so cheap, by reason of a

glutted market, that it has not only fallen in price but in respect. Almost every other man you meet with now, is Col., Gen. or Dr. Somebody. In addressing clergymen, it is always safer to append a title to their names. Very few that have not D. D., P. D., A. B., A. M. or something else to betitle them. At the present rate the hobby will either be rode to death very soon, or tired into a more rational pace. Like a great many exotics planted into our rank American soil, the business is rapidly growing into a humbug, a sort of multicaulus speculation, that will end in fire and smoke. There is still a considerable rush for the article, and many go joyfully away with what they conceive to be a cheap ticket, little dreaming that every brainless dupe is destined to draw a blank. We have been favored with one title for our incipient greatness, which cost us five dollars. We value highly the autographs of the subscribers, but beyond that it is good for nothing. It is decidedly the dearest piece of furniture we ever bought. It told things that were not true, and we pity the men whose official position compels them to subscribe to an untruth. Three-fourths of these diplomas are not true in fact, and are no more reliable than the weather-prophecies of an almanac.

Well, if a man is too short-legged, it may be some comfort to have two letters with which to stilt himself above the troubled waters of theological uncertainty. They bolster up the sore limbs of a deficient training and hide the ulcers of a diseased theology. They elevate him above the fogs of untitled vision into the purer atmosphere of undoubting certitude. One is almost tempted to envy the happiness of some, who regard all difficulties in science and religion as solved and finished forever, whilst they look down with profound astonishment upon the stupidity of their unbeknighted brethren whose minds are harassed with the church question, or who discern such ominous signs in the ecclesiastical heavens. And yet their explanation of the difficulty is about the same as the empiric gave to the physicians of his King; "Gentlemen, you all seem to differ about the nature of an intermittent; permit me to explain it. An intermittent, gentlemen, is a disorder which I can cure, and which you can not."

Most seriously be it spoken, there is but a step between the sublime and the ridiculous, but a span between titles and toys. They have degenerated into solemn play things, with which grave, sensible men are infinitely delighted. They parade them through the world like boys parade the streets in regimentals, playing the soldier. No wonder that Europeans have not even common respect for many of our titled worthies. In most American Colleges, any man that has money enough to keep him four or five years at a College, and a decent suit of clothes, can get his first degree. Three years and a few dollars to pay for his diploma, will secure him his second degree of A. M., provided *he asks for it!* Should he study the-

ology, a few years of his practical life and a few friends in some College Board, will make him a D. D. And all this while he may be nothing more than Walter Scott's factotum—a very clever fellow.

We have a profound respect for old Diogenes, heathen as he was. His incorruptible manliness of soul, which spurned with indignant scorn the proffered shadow of borrowed glory, still points him out as a man intrinsically great. Though the ragged tenant of a tub, he was richer than the proud conqueror of a world. Alexander, finding him lying down in the sun, a seeming object of pity, asked him whether he wanted any thing. Diogenes replied, "Yes, that you would stand a little out of my sunshine."

Honor is like our shadow. It follows us when we flee from it; but flees from us when we follow it. When we see the dashing business our College Boards are doing in this dubbing mania, we can not help but think of locomotives, freighted with candidates for honors; having their backs turned to the sun, they dash and puff them along at a fearful speed, to aid them in catching their shadows. They have a hopeless task before them, these title manufactories. They are running in the wrong direction. To get young men and old right and honorable in their minds and hearts, they must let them face the sun, put their shadows behind them, and they will have a better prospect of success.

This whole business is exceedingly deleterious to the cultivation of a noble, manly spirit of independence, which makes a man glow with the conscious elements of inherent worth. It fosters a slavish dependence upon borrowed honor. It chills the ardent flame of a man's native strength. It stifles the impulses of noble, dignified sentiment. And many a young man, whose bosom once swelled with the throbbings of generous emotions, is lured into a base servility, by the baits of sham titles. They teach him to lean upon a broken reed, to walk with crutches, when he has legs of his own to stand upon. It makes doughfaces in literature, politics and religion; servile men of cringing lukewarm principles; Judases who would betray the Lord of Glory for the empty puff of a diploma.

The true end of education is not to make a man great and good by painting him over with the ornamental insignia of honor, but to mature and train his inherent undeveloped strength into a vigorous fruit-bearing activity. The plume of honor that graces his character must be his own offspring and not the product of artificial skill.

Young man, see to it that you consecrate yourself to God in Jesus Christ. For without this you must spend an aimless life, and die a hopeless death.

"A Christian is the highest style of man." Cultivate and develope the elements of strength in you, sanctified by religion. Lean not upon others to do the business of life for you. Act the part of a true man; act it well, "there all the honor lies." In

whatever station you are, do your duty. You have hands to relieve the suffering, and aid the cause of right and religion. Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy *might*." A cup of cold water to a poor disciple, will receive a reward of much merit. You have a heart to sympathize with the distressed. O! how refreshing is Christian sympathy to the weary worn-out spirit. You have a mind and speech; use them for God, for Christ, for humanity. Fear not. Let the world applaud or denounce. *Speak out*, if not from the rostrum or pulpit, speak in the retirement of your family and among your associates. O! stifle not the utterance of your generous nature. Speak out, if not in the finished style of the schools, speak in the stammering eloquence of the Galilean fishermen. Speak out in the language and energy of Christian faith. Your deeds are your diplomas, "known and read of all men." These will speak of your worth, when your voice is hushed in death. Go forth, though weeping, and scatter the seed of right actions into the large beating heart of the world; you will come again with rejoicing, bringing your sheaves with you. Then you will receive the degree of "*well done*," the highest title in the gift of the Judge of all the earth.

There is an imposing majesty in a man, who can make his mark in the world, in the face of untoward circumstances—who becomes a blessing to his race in spite of temptations to become a curse. And this every young man has it in his power to do.

Lives of great men all remind us
 We can make our lives sublime,
 And departing leave behind us,
 Footprints in the sands of time;
 Footprints that perhaps another,
 Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
 A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
 Seeing shall take heart again.

NOON AND MORNING.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

THERE are gains for all our losses,
 There are balms for all our pains;
 But when youth, the dream, departs,
 It takes something from our hearts,
 And it never comes again!

We are stronger, and are better
 Under manhood's sterner reign;
 Still we feel that something sweet
 Followed youth with flying feet,
 And will never come again!

Something beautiful is vanished,
 And we sigh for it in vain;
 We behold it everywhere,
 On the earth and in the air—
 But it never comes again!

THE LOVES OF WASHINGTON.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

In one of these manuscript memorials of his practical studies and exercises, we have come upon some documents singularly in contrast with his apparently unromantic character. In a word, there are evidences in his own handwriting that, before he was fifteen years of age, he had conceived a passion for some unknown beauty, so serious as to disturb his otherwise well-regulated mind, and to make him really unhappy. Why this juvenile attachment was a source of unhappiness, we have no positive means of ascertaining. Perhaps the object of it may have considered him a mere school boy and treated him as such; or his own shyness may have been in his way, and his "rules for behavior and conversation" may as yet have sat awkwardly on him, and rendered him formal and ungainly when he most sought to please. Even in later years he was apt to be silent and embarrassed in female society. "He was a very bashful young man," said an old lady whom he used to visit when they were both in their nonage, "I used often to wish he would talk more."

Whatever may have been the reason, this attachment seems to have been a source of poignant discomfort to him. It clung to him after he took final leave of school in the autumn of 1747, and went to reside with his brother Lawrence at Mount Vernon. Here he continued his mathematical studies and practice in surveying, disturbed at times by recurrences of his unlucky passion. Though by no means of a poetical temperament, the waste pages of his journal betrayed several attempts to pour forth his amorous sorrows in verse. They are mere common place rhymes, such as lovers at his age are apt to write, in which he bewails his "poor restless heart, wounded by Cupid's dart," and bleeding for one who remains pitiless of his woes.

The tenor of some of his verses induce us to believe that he never told his love; but, as we have already surmised, was prevented by his bashfulness.

"Ah, woe is me that I should love and conceal;
Long have I wished and never dared reveal."

It is difficult to reconcile one's self to the idea of the cool and sedate Washington, the great champion of American liberty, a woe-worn lover in his youthful days, "sighing like a furnace," and inditing plaintive verses about the groves of Mount Vernon. We are glad of an opportunity, however, of penetrating to his native feelings, and finding that under his studied decorum and reserve he had a heart of flesh, throbbing with the warm impulse of human nature.

The merits of Washington were known and appreciated by the Fairfax family. Though not quite sixteen years of age, he no longer seemed a boy, nor was he treated as such. Tall, athletic, and manly for his years, his early self-training and the code of conduct he had devised, gave a gravity and decision to his conduct; his frankness and modesty inspired cordial regard, and the melancholy of which he speaks may have produced a softness in his manner calculated to win favor in ladies' eyes. According to his own account, the female society by which he was surrounded had a soothing effect on that melancholy. The charms of Miss Carey, the sister of the bride, seems even to have caused a slight fluttering in his bosom; which, however, was constantly rebuked by the remembrance of his former passion—so at least we judge from letters to his youthful confidants, rough drafts of which are still to be found in his tell-tale journal.

To one whom he addressed as his dear friend Robin, he writes: "My residence is at present at his lordship's, where I might, was my heart disengaged, pass my time very pleasantly, as there's a very agreeable young lady living in the same house, (Col. George Fairfax's wife's sister;) but as that's only adding fuel to fire, it makes me more uneasy, for by often and unavoidably being in company with her, revives my former passion for your Lowland Beauty; whereas, was I to live more retired from young women, I might in some measure alleviate my sorrows by burying that chaste and troublesome passion in the grave of oblivion.

Similar avowals he makes to another of his young correspondents, whom he styles "Dear friend John;" as also to a female confidant styled "Dear Sally," to whom he acknowledges that the company of the "very agreeable young lady, sister-in-law of Col. George Fairfax," in a great measure cheers his sorrows and dejectedness. The object of this early passion is not positively known. Tradition states that the "Lowland Beauty" was a Miss Grimes, of Westmoreland, afterwards Mrs. Lee, and mother of Gen. Henry Lee, who figured in revolutionary history as "light horse Harry," and was always a favorite with Washington, probably from the recollections of his early tenderness for the mother.

Whatever may have been the soothing effect of the female society by which he was surrounded at Belvoir, the youth found a more effectual remedy for his love-melancholy in the company of Lord Fairfax. His lordship was a staunch fox-hunter, and kept horses and hounds in the English style. The hunting season had arrived. The neighborhood abounded with sports, but fox-hunting in Virginia required bold and skilful horsemanship. He found Washington as bold as himself in the saddle and as eager to follow the hounds. He forthwith took him into his peculiar favor; made him his hunting companion; and it was probably under the tuition of this hard-

riding old nobleman, that the youth imbibed that fondness for the chase for which he was afterwards remarkable.

Tradition gives very different motives from those of business for his two adjourns in the latter city. He found there an early friend and school-mate, Beverly Robinson, son of John Robinson, Speaker of the Virginia House of the Burgesses. He was living happily and prosperously with a young and wealthy bride, having married one of the nieces and heiresses of Mr. Adolphus Phillipse, a rich landholder, whose manor house is still to be seen on the banks of the Hudson. At the house of Mr. Beverly Robinson, where Washington was an honored guest, he met Miss Mary Phillipse, sister and co-heiress of Mr. Robinson, a young lady whose personal attractions are said to have rivaled her reputed wealth.

We have already given an instance of Washington's early sensibility to female charms. A life, however, of constant activity and care—passed for the most part in the wilderness and on the frontier, far from female society—had left little mood for the indulgence of the tender sentiment: but made him more sensible, in the present brief interval of gay and social life, to the attractions of an elegant woman, brought up in the polite circle of New York.

That he was an open admirer of Miss Phillipse is a historical fact; that he sought her hand but was refused, is traditional and not very probable. His military rank, his early laurels and distinguished presence were all calculated to find favor in female eyes; but his sojourn in New York was brief; he may have been diffident in urging his suit with a lady accustomed to the homage of society and surrounded by admirers. The most probable version of the story is, that he was called away by his public duties before he had made sufficient approaches in his siege of the lady's heart to warrant a summons to surrender.

Washington was now ordered by Sir John St. Clair, the Quartermaster-General of the forces under Gen. Forbes, to repair to Williamsburgh, and lay the state of the case before the Council. He set off promptly on horseback, attended by Bishop, the well-trained military servant who had served the late Gen. Braddock. It proved an eventful journey, though not in a military view. In crossing a ferry of the Pamunkey, a branch of York river, he fell in company with a Mr. Chamberlayne who lived in the neighborhood, and who in the spirit of Virginian hospitality, claimed him as a guest. It was with difficulty Washington could be prevailed on to halt for dinner, so impatient was he to arrive at Williamsburgh, and accomplish his mission.

Among the guests at Mr. Chamberlayne's was a young and blooming widow, Mrs. Martha Custis, daughter of Mr. John Danbridge, both patrician names in the province. Her husband, John Parke Custis, had been dead about three years, leaving her with two small children and a large fortune. She is represented as rather below

the middle size, but extremely well shaped, with an agreeable countenance, dark hazel eyes and hair, and those frank engaging manners, so captivating in Southern women. We are not informed whether Washington had met with her before; probably not during her widowhood, as during that time he had been almost continually on the frontier. We have shown that, with all his gravity and reserve, he was quickly susceptible to female charms; and they may have had a greater effect on him when thus casually encountered in fleeting moments, snatched from the cares and perplexities and rude scenes of frontier warfare. At any rate, his heart appears to have been taken by surprise.

The dinner, which in those days, was an earlier meal than at present, seemed all too short. The afternoon passed away like a dream. Bishop was punctual to the orders he had received on halting; the horses pawed at the door, but for once Washington loitered on the path of duty. The horses were countermanded, and it was not until the next morning that he was again in the saddle, spurring for Williamsburgh. Happily, the White House, the residence of Mrs. Custis, was in New Kent County, at no great distance from that city, so that he had opportunities of visiting her in the intervals of business. His time for courtship, however, was brief. Military duties called him almost immediately to Winchester; but he feared, should he leave the matter in suspense, some more enterprising rival might supplant him during his absence, as in the case of Miss Phillipse, at New York. He improved, therefore, his brief opportunity to the utmost. The blooming widow had many suitors, but Washington was graced with that renown so ennobling in the eyes of woman. In a word, before they separated, they had mutually plighted their faith, and the marriage was to take place as soon as the campaign against Fort Duquesne was at an end.

A G E M.

While here and there a noble mind
Shines, like the sun, to serve mankind,
How many shine to draw men's eyes,
And not to give them light!
Like stars that twinkle in the skies,
But leave the world in night;
Whose restless rays just show the place
They occupy in boundless space,
Till the benignant orb of day
Rises, and then they fade away.

U N D E R T O N E S.

A solemn murmur in the soul
Tells of the world to be;
As travelers hear the billows roll
Before they reach the sea.

FAITH, HENNIE!

BY THE EDITOR.

I.

The world is sometimes dark, Hennie,
But then the heavens are bright;
And glories hidden in the day,
Dawn out along the upward way
When all below is night—
That is the world of Faith, Hennie.

II.

The spirit has an eye, Hennie,
A hidden, mystic eye,
That sees behind the veil of sense
The regions of a world immense,
In glorious prospect lie—
This is the eye of Faith, Hennie.

III.

The spirit hath an ear, Hennie,
A strange mysterious ear,
That hears sweet tones from worlds of bliss
Amid the harsh discords of this,
Still sweeter and more near—
This is the ear of Faith, Hennie.

IV.

The spirit hath a strength, Hennie,
A superhuman strength;
Which, though borne down by sin and earth
Will rise by grace to glorious birth
And stand unchained at length—
This is the strength of Faith, Hennie.

V.

The spirit hath a home, Hennie,
A high and happy home;
Where, in the Salem of the blest,
It shall secure and ever rest,
And never, never roam—
That is the home of Faith, Hennie.

THE SEED MUST DIE.

The seed must die, before the corn appears
Out of the ground, in blade and fruitful ears.
Low must those ears by sickle's edge be lain,
Ere thou canst treasure up the golden grain.
The grain is crushed before the bread is made,
And the bread broke ere life to man conveyed.
O, be content to die, to be laid low,
And to be crushed, and to be broken so;
If thou upon God's table may'st be bread,
Life-giving food for souls an hungered!

SISTERS IN THE FAMILY.

FOURTH ARTICLE.

BY THE EDITOR.

WE have spoken of the evil influences of the dance. Novel reading has the same tendency to destroy the right relation between brother and sister. It kills pure love. It makes the heart morbid. It turns it away from real objects and marries it to unreal images—to ideals which have not their like in flesh and blood; and the heart is thus unfitted ever to transfer its love to that which is joined with infirmities beneath its vapory heights.

The heart of a novel reader is like a frosted apple—its tenderness is unhealthy humor. The spirit resembles the bleared and bloated body of one who has displaced the regular flow of vitality by the introduction of stimulants.

A brother is too every-day for a spirit thus wedded to ideals. She devotes her heart to dreamings of what ought to be, rather than to duty to what is. She is cut loose from the true sympathies of life. She lives not in her family, but in her fancies, sympathizing with strangers of her own creating rather than with those of her own hearth and home. Her affections are no more fresh from the fountains. The treasures of her love have been opened to strangers—they are like wilted vegetables that have been often exposed at market. She has much more sentimentality than either seriousness or sense. Her tenderness is worn out in the chase of unrealities; and there is left only a sickly and vapid sympathy which has no strength to lean upon. Her imagination is strengthened at the expense of her judgment; her fancies run away with her feelings, and affectation takes the place of affection.

Novel reading promotes selfishness. It is a kind of solitary indulgence. They seek to be alone. They seldom speak of the novel which absorbs them wholly. It destroys native cheerfulness. It begets a moping, silent, sullen disposition. The heart, instead of being fresh and cheerful, like a landscape in the morning, resembles—if there were such a sight in nature—a garden after having been deluged by a hot rain!

Such a sister! Such a wilted, vapid, drowsy, dreaming, sighing, heart-worn creature, to brace up the morals, and mold the heart of a brother! Yet how many families, in these effeminate times, are cursed with these sickly ornaments of the sofa—with these ghosts of moonshine—with these fainting, swooning victims of paper-covered literature. The Lord give patience to their future husbands—or repentance and renovation to them.

How often have the wisest and the best men raised their voice of warning on this subject. Happy are those who listen to their

wisdom, rather than learn the sorrow that lies in the consequences, when repentance comes too late. We cannot refrain from quoting on this point the words of an old writer, Dr. Fordyce, in his admirable lectures to young women—now, alas, out of print:

“We consider the general run of novels as utterly unfit for you. Instruction they convey none. They paint scenes of pleasure and passion altogether improper for you to behold, even with the mind’s eye. Their descriptions are often loose and luscious in a high degree; their representations of love between the sexes are almost universally overstrained. All is dotage or despair; or else ranting swelled into burlesque. In short, the majority of their lovers are either mere lunatics or mock-heroes. A sweet sensibility, a charming tenderness, a delightful anguish, exalted generosity, heroic worth, and refinement of thought; how seldom are these best ingredients of virtuous love mixed with any judgment or care in the composition of their principal characters!”

Further on he says: “To come back to the species of writing which so many young women are apt to doat upon, the offspring of our present novelists, I mean the greater part; with whom we may join the present herd of play-writers. Besides the remarks already made on the former, is it not manifest with respect to both, that such books lead to a false taste of life and happiness; that they represent vices as frailties, and frailties as virtues; that they engender notions of love unspeakably perverting and inflammatory; that they overlook in a great measure the finest part of the passion, which one would suspect the authors had never experienced; that they turn it most commonly into an affair of wicked or of frivolous gallantry; that on many occasions they take off from the worst crimes committed in the prosecution of it the horror which ought ever to follow them; on some occasions actually reward those very crimes, and almost on all leave the female readers with this persuasion at best, that it is their business to get husbands at any rate, and by whatever means? Add to the account, that repentance for the foulest injuries which can be done the sex is generally represented as the pang, or rather the start, of a moment; and holy wedlock converted into a sponge to wipe out at a single stroke every stain of guilt and dishonor which it was possible for the hero of the piece to contract. Is this a kind of reading calculated to improve the principles or preserve the sobriety of female minds? How much are those young women to be pitied that have no wise parents or faithful tutors to direct them in relation to the books which are, or which are not, fit for them to read. How much are those parents and tutors to be commended who, with particular solicitude, watch over them in so important a concern.”

These earnest words are worthy of all acceptance by every female desirous of forming a worthy character, and of cultivating

those dispositions which will fit her for the important relations of a sister in the family. Let the solid be earnestly coveted. Let the mind be fed on true wisdom. Let the affections be cultivated in the spirit of piety, rather than in the spirit of romance.

We yet commend the following truthful picture of the evil to which we have called attention. Can any words give a more just and sarcastically severe description of this ulcer in literature as it now streams its festered pollution over the fair face of society.

"The story-telling tribe, alone, outran
All calculation far, and left behind,
Lagging, the swiftest numbers. Dreadful, even
To fancy, was their never-ceasing birth;
And room had lacked, had not their life been short.
Excepting some, their definition take
Thou thus, expressed in gentle phrase, which leaves
Some truth behind:—A Novel was a book
Three-volumed, and once read, and oft-crammed full
Of poisonous error, blackening every page,
And oftener still, of trifling, second-hand
Remark, and old, diseased, putrid thought,
And, miserable incident, at war
With nature, with itself and truth at war;
Yet charming still the greedy reader on,
Till done, he tried to recollect his thoughts,
And nothing found, but dreaming emptiness.
These, like ephemera, sprung, in a day,
From lean and shallow-soiled brains of sand,
And in a day expired, yet, while they lived,
Tremendous oft-times was the popular roar;
And cries of—Live for ever! struck the skies."

A LESSON IN PUNCTUATION.

The following, if read as it stands, is nonsense. When properly punctuated it makes good sense all through. It shows how necessary good punctuation is to the sense of composition. How many of our young readers can punctuate it as it should be done?

I saw a peacock with a fiery tail
I saw a blazing star that dropped down hail
I saw a cloud begirt with ivy round
I saw a sturdy oak creep on the ground
I saw a pismire swallow up a whale
I saw the brackish sea brim full of ale
I saw a phial glass sixteen yards deep
I saw a well full of men's tears to weep
I saw men's eyes all on a flame of fire
I saw a house high as the moon or higher
I saw the radiant sun at midnight
I saw the man who saw this dreadful sight.

THE TREES OF THE BIBLE.

NO. XI.—THE CEDAR TREE.*

BY THE EDITOR.

THE Cedar is greatly celebrated in the Scriptures. A few are still standing on Mount Lebanon, above Byblos and Tripoli east; but none elsewhere in these mountains. In former times there must have been a great abundance of them, since they were used in so many extensive buildings. These trees are remarkably thick and tall; some among them are from thirty-five to forty feet in girth. The cedar tree shoots out branches at ten or twelve feet from the ground; they are large and distant; its leaves are something like those of rosemary; it is always green, and distils a kind of gum, to which different effects are attributed. Cedar wood is reputed incorruptible; it is beautiful, solid, free from knots, and inclining to a red-brown color. It bears a small cone like that of the pine.

The cedar grows not only on Mount Lebanon, but in Africa, in Crete, or Candia. The wood was used in making statues designed for duration. The temple of Jerusalem and Solomon's palace were finished with cedar. The roof of the temple of Diana at Ephesus was of cedar, according to Pliny. In 1 Kings 10: 27, it is said that Solomon multiplied cedars in Judea, till this tree was as common as sycamores, which are very general there. Compare 2 Chron. 1: 15; 9: 27.

The cedar loves cold and mountainous places; if the top is cut it dies. The branches which it shoots, lessening as they rise, give it the form of a pyramid. Le Bruyn, in his journey to the Holy Land, says the leaves of the tree point upwards, and the fruit hangs downwards; it grows like the cones of the pine, but is longer, harder and fuller, and not easily separated from the stalk. It contains a seed like that of the cypress, and yields a glutinous, thick sort of resin, transparent, and of a strong smell, which does not run, but falls drop by drop. This author tells us, that having measured two cedars on Mount Lebanon, he found one to be fifty palms in girth; the other forty-seven. Naturalists distinguish several sorts of cedars, but we speak here only of that of Lebanon, the only one mentioned in the Bible. The wood was used not only for beams, for planks which covered edifices, and for ceilings to apartments, but likewise for beams in the walls. 1 Kings 6: 36; 7: 12; Ezra 6: 3, 4.

In the purification of a leper, cedar-wood, together with hyssop, was to be used in sprinkling the leper. Lev. 14: 4, 6.

* This article, suiting exactly our purpose, we have taken entire from Calmet.—ED. GUARDIAN.

This celebrated tree, the *pinus cedrus* of botanists, is not peculiar to Mount Lebanon, but grows also upon Mounts Amanus and Taurus in Asia Minor, and other parts of the Levant; but does not elsewhere reach the size and height of those on Lebanon. It has also been cultivated in the gardens of Europe; two venerable individuals of this species exist in Chiswick in England; and there is a very beautiful one in the Jardin des Plantes in Paris. The beauty of this tree consists in the proportion and symmetry of its wide-spreading branches. The gum, which exudes both from the trunk and the cones or fruit is, according to Schulz, "soft like balsam; its fragrance is like that of the balsam of Mekka. Every thing about this tree has a strong balsamic odor, and hence the whole grove is so pleasant and fragrant that it is delightful to walk in it." This is probably the *smell of Lebanon* spoken of in Cant. 4: 11; Hos. 14: 6. The wood is peculiarly adapted to building, because it is not subject to decay, nor to be eaten of worms; hence it was much used for rafters, and for boards with which to cover houses and form the floors and ceilings of rooms. The palace of Persepolis, the temple at Jerusalem, and Solomon's palace, were all in this way built with cedar; and the latter especially appears to have had in it such a quantity of this wood that it was called "the house of the forest of Lebanon." 1 Kings 7: 2; 10: 17. The ships of the Tyrians had also masts of cedar. Ezek. 27: 5.

Of the forests of cedars which once covered Lebanon, only a small remnant is left. A single grove only is now found, lying a little off from the road which crosses Mount Lebanon from Baalbec to Tripoli, at some distance below the summit of the mountain on the western side—at the foot, indeed, of the highest summit or ridge of Lebanon. This grove consists of a few very old trees, intermingled with a large number of younger ones. The former are the patriarchs of the vegetable world; it is certain that they were ancient three hundred years ago; but their number is decreasing, as the oldest decay or are destroyed. In 1550 the number of these ancient trees is stated by Bellonius at 28; from that time down to 1818, they are stated at 24, 23, 16, 12 and 7. Mr. Fisk, in 1823, says there are six or eight of the largest, but does not see the propriety of the statements just enumerated. See the extract from his journal below. As the subject is interesting, the following extracts from various travelers who have visited the spot are subjoined. It will be seen that the account given by Mr. Fisk is the most full and satisfactory.

Maundrell writes, in 1696, as follows: "These noble trees grow amongst the snow, near the highest part of Lebanon, and are remarkable, as well for their own age and largeness, as for those frequent allusions made to them in the word of God. Here are some of them very old and of a prodigious bulk, and others

younger of a smaller size. Of the former I could reckon up only *sixteen*, and the latter are very numerous. I measured one of the largest, and found it twelve yards six inches in girth, and yet sound, and thirty-seven yards in the spread of its boughs. At about five or six yards from the ground it was divided into five limbs, each of which was equal to a great tree."

Pococke, 1738, describes them with greater minuteness: "The cedars form a grove about a mile in circumference, which consists of some large cedars, that are near to one another, a great number of young cedars and some pines. The great cedars, at some distance, look like very large spreading oaks; the bodies of the trees are short, dividing at bottom into three or four, some of which, growing up together for about ten feet, appear something like those Gothic columns which seem to be composed of several pillars. Higher up they begin to spread horizontally. The young cedars are not easily known from pines; I observed they bear a greater quantity of fruit than the large ones. The wood does not differ from white deal in appearance, nor does it seem to be harder. It has a fine smell, but not so fragrant as the juniper of America, which is commonly called cedar; and it also falls short of it in beauty. I took a piece of the wood from a great tree that was blown down by the wind, and left there to rot. There are fifteen large ones standing."

Burckhardt speaks of the cedars in 1810, as follows: "They stand on uneven ground, and form a small wood. Of the oldest and best looking trees, I counted *eleven* or *twelve*; twenty-five were very large ones, about fifty of middling size, and more than three hundred smaller and young ones. The oldest trees are distinguished by having the foliage and small branches at the top only, and by four, five, or even seven trunks springing from one base. The branches and foliage of the others were lower; but I saw none whose leaves touched the ground, like those in Kew gardens. The trunks of the old trees are covered with the names of travelers and other persons who have visited them. I saw a date of the seventeenth century. The trunks of the oldest trees seem to be *quite dead*; the wood is of a gray tint. I took off a piece of one of them, but it was afterwards stolen."

Dr. Richardson visited the cedars in his way from Baalbec to Tripoli, in 1818. From the summit of the mountain, the descent towards the west, he says, "is rather precipitous, and winds, by a long, circuitous direction, down the side of the mountain. In a few minutes we came in sight of the far-famed cedars, that lay down before us on our right. At first, they appeared like a dark spot on the base of the mountain, and afterwards like a clump of dwarfish shrubs that possessed neither dignity nor beauty, nor any thing that entitled them to a visit, but the name. In about an hour and a half, we reached them. They are large, and tall, and

beautiful, the most picturesque productions of the vegetable world that we had seen. There are in this clump two generations of trees; the oldest are large and massy, rearing their heads to an enormous height, and spreading their branches afar. We measured one of them, which we afterwards saw was not the largest in the clump, and found it thirty-two feet in circumference. Seven of these trees have a particularly ancient appearance; the rest are younger, but equally tall, though, for want of space, their branches are not so spreading. The clump is so small, that a person may walk round it in half an hour. The old cedars are not found in any other part of Lebanon. Young trees are occasionally met with; they are very productive, and cast many seeds annually. The surface all around is covered with rock and stone, with a partial but luxuriant vegetation springing up in the interstices."

Under date of October 4, 1823, the American missionaries, Messrs. Fisk and King, record in their journal the following description of the cedars of Lebanon: "Taking a guide, we set out for the cedars, going a little south of east. In about two hours we came in sight of them, and in another hour reached them. Instead of being on the highest summit of Lebanon, as has sometimes been said, they are situated at the foot of a high mountain, in what may be considered as the arena of a vast amphitheatre, opening to the west, with high mountains on the north, south, and east. The cedars stand on five or six gentle elevations, and occupy a spot of ground about three-fourths of a mile in circumference. I walked around it in fifteen minutes. We measured a number of the trees. The largest is upwards of 40 feet in circumference. Six or eight others are also very large, several of them nearly the size of the largest. But each of these was manifestly two trees or more, which have grown together, and now form one. They generally separate a few feet from the ground into the original trees. The handsomest and tallest are those of two or three feet in diameter, the body straight, the branches almost horizontal, forming a beautiful cone, and casting a goodly shade. We measured the length of two by the shade, and found each about 90 feet. The largest are not so high, but some of the others, I think, are a little higher. They produce a conical fruit, in shape and size like that of the pine. I counted them, and made the whole number 389. Mr. King counted them, omitting the small saplings, and made the number 321. I know not why travelers and authors have so long and so generally given 28, 20, 15, 5, or 7, as the number of the cedars. It is true, that "of those of superior size and antiquity," there are not a great number; but then there is a regular gradation in size, from the largest down to the merest sapling. One man, of whom I inquired, told me that there are cedars in other places on mount Lebanon, but he could not tell where. Several others, to whom I have put the question, have unanimously assured me that these are

the only cedars which exist on the mountain. They are called in Arabic *ary*. The Maronites tell me that they have an annual Feast of the Cedars. Before seeing the cedars, I had met with a European traveler who had just visited them. He gave a short account of them, and concluded with saying, "It is as with miracles; the wonder all vanishes when you reach the spot." What is there at which an infidel cannot sneer? Yet let even an infidel put himself in the place of an Asiatic passing from barren desert to barren desert, traversing oceans of sand and mountains of naked rock, accustomed to countries like Egypt, Arabia, Judea, and Asia Minor, abounding, in the best places, only with shrubbery and fruit trees; let him, with the feelings of such a man, climb the rugged rocks, and pass the open ravines of Lebanon, and suddenly descry, among the hills, a grove of 300 trees such as the cedars actually are; even at the present day, and he will confess that a fine comparison in Amos 2. 9, "whose height was as the height of the cedars, and he was strong as the oaks." Let him, after a long ride in the heat of the sun, sit down under the shade of a cedar, and contemplate the exact conical form of its top, and the beautiful symmetry of its branches, and he will no longer wonder that David compared the people of Israel, in the days of their prosperity, to the "goodly cedars," Psalm 130: 10. A traveler, who had just left the forests of America, might think this little grove of cedars not worthy of so much notice; but the man who knows how rare large trees are in Asia, and how difficult it is to find timber for building, will feel at once that what is said in Scripture of these trees is perfectly natural. It is probable that in the days of Solomon and Hiram, there were extensive forests of cedars on Lebanon. A variety of causes may have contributed to their diminution and almost total extinction. Yet, in comparison with all the other trees that I have seen on the mountain, the few that remain may still be called "the glory of Lebanon."

A V A R I C E .

MONEY, thou bane of bliss, and source of woe,
Whence comest thou, that thou art so fresh and fine?
I know thy parentage is base and low;
Man found thee poor and dirty in a mine.

Surely thou didst so little contribute
To this great kingdom which thou now hast got,
That he was fain, when thou wast destitute,
To dig thee out of thy dark cave and grot.

Then forcing thee by fire he made thee bright;
Nay, thou hast got the face of man: for we
Have with our stamp and seal transferred our right,—
Thou art the man, and man but dross to thee.

Man calleth thee his wealth, who made thee rich,
And, while he digs out thee, falls in the ditch.

ORIENTAL CUSTOMS.

II.—WEDDING.

MARRIAGE was considered by the Jews as a matter of the greatest importance. There was no greater reproach in Israel than that of celibacy. And hence the Jews married very young. The age presented to males by the Rabbins, was eighteen years. Females were ordinarily married at twelve years of age—whence the husband is called the guide of her youth; (Prov. 11: 7;) the husband of her youth (Joel 1: 8.) The not giving of wardens in marriage is in Psalm 7: 28-63, represented as one of the indications of the divine anger toward Israel. Among the Hindoos, at this day, the delaying of the marriage of their daughters, is regarded as a calamity and a disgrace.

No formalities appear to have been used by the Jews, in joining man and wife together; at least none were enjoined by Moses. The manner in which a daughter was demanded in marriage is described in the case of Shechem, who asked the daughter of Jacob in marriage. Gen. 34: 6-12.) We are informed by Jewish writers, that kisses were interchanged in token of an espousal, to which custom there may be an allusion in Canticles 1: 2. After this token the marriage was reckoned as consummated and ratified.

In both the old and new testaments, we learn that the Jews celebrated the marriage solemnity with great festivity and display. The ceremonies observed by them on such occasions, were common to the Greeks and Romans. From the Song of Solomon, 3: 11, the ceremony of crowning merely married persons, was performed by one of the parents of the parties married. Among the Greeks the bride was crowned by her mother. These crowns were not only those made of natural flowers, but also of gold and silver, which material denoted the rank of the person presenting the crown. It is thought by some that these nuptials, crowns and other regalia, are referred to in Ezekiel 16: 8-12. We certainly can get a very correct idea of the dress of the bride and bridegroom from Isaiah 7, 11: 10. The custom which still pertains with us—that of the bride and bridegroom having one or more attendants—is very ancient and peculiarly oriental. Sampson had thirty young men to attend him at his nuptials; their attendants were called children of the bride-chamber, as in Math. 12: 15; Mark 2: 9. It was also customary for the bridegroom to furnish his guests with garments; (Math. 22: 11,) and which (from Rev. 19: 8,) were white. The wedding garments referred to in these passages of Scripture were intended to be emblematical of true christian holiness and the righteousness of the saints. The bride was conducted by night to

the house of her husband. The attendants of the bridegroom usually attended her. She was also attended by a train of female companions—virgins with torches, music, and every kind of demonstration of festivity. To this custom our Saviour alludes in the Parables of the wise and foolish virgins—Math. 25. i: 12—and of the wedding feast given by a certain king in honor of his son's marriage. Math. xxii: 2. The Rev. Mr. Hartley, describing an Armenian wedding says: "The large number of young females who were present, naturally and forcibly reminded me of the wise and foolish virgins in our Saviour's parable. These being friends of the bride, the *virgins, her companions* (Psalm 14: 14,) had come to meet the bridegroom, who had come to escort the bride to her home. It is usual for the bridegroom to come at *midnight*; so that literally, at *midnight the cry is made*: behold! the bridegroom cometh; *Go ye out to meet him*. But on this occasion the bridegroom tarried: it was two o'clock before he arrived. The whole party then proceeded to the Armenian Church, where the bishop was waiting to receive them; and then the ceremonies were completed."

Mr. Ward, in his history of the Hindoos, gives the following description of a Hindoo wedding, which strikingly illustrates the parable of the wedding feast in the gospel:

"At a marriage, the procession of which I saw some years ago, the bridegroom came from a distance, and the bride lived at Levampon, to which place the bridegroom was to come by water. After waiting two or three hours, at length near midnight, it was announced, as if in the very words of scripture, 'Behold! the bridegroom cometh. Go ye out to meet him;' all the persons employed now lighted their lamps and ran with them in their hands to fill up their stations in the procession; some of them had lost their lights and were unprepared; but it was then too late to seek them, and the cavalcade moved forward to the house of the bride, at which place the company entered a large and splendidly illuminated area before the house, covered with an awning, where a great multitude of friends, dressed in their best apparel, were seated upon mats. The bridegroom was carried in the arms of a friend and placed on a superb seat in the midst of the company, where he sat a short time and then went into the house, the door of which was immediately shut and guarded by Sepoys. I and others expostulated with the doorkeepers, but in vain. Never was I so struck with our Lord's beautiful parable as at this moment: and the door was shut!'"

The Scripture moreover informs us, that the marriage festivals of the Jews lasted a whole week, as they do to this day among the Christians and others of Palestine. Gen. 29: 26-27; Judges 14: 12. This week of festivity our Lord refers to in Mark 11, 19, 20. The Eastern people were very strict in their notions of

propriety. They did not permit the young women at marriages to be in the same apartments with the men. They did not, therefore, spend their time merely in eating and drinking, nor in libidinous and promiscuous revelry. The custom was for the men to propose questions and hard problems, in resolving which the wit and sagacity of the whole company were exercised. This was done at Lampron's wedding, where he proposed a riddle to divert his company. Judges 14: 12. Two interesting passages of Scripture derive their force and illustration from this custom, which we have been considering. The first is that of Luke 14: 8-10. In a country where the highest importance is attached to such a coveted distinction, the propriety of the advice is more striking than if applied to the manners of our own country. The other passage is that which occurs in the celebration of the Passover: He that dippeth his hand with me in the dish, the same shall betray me. Math. 26: 23. As there are very few, and those always the dearest friends or most honored guests, who are seated so near the waiter of the feast as to dip their hands in the same dish with him, the baseness of the treachery is the more increased and aggravated, when one of these very few and most highly honored becomes the betrayer. And no doubt the conduct of Judas was meant to be depicted in this light, by using that descriptive expression.

THE CANARY BIRD.

BY THE EDITOR.

WE have a little friend at the Parsonage who is a subscriber, and we are told also a diligent reader, of the Guardian. On a visit lately we found that she is very anxious to have a canary bird, and seemed very anxious to know all about these little songsters. Wishing to gratify the little girl as far as we can, and having no bird to give her, we at once concluded to do our part in the matter by telling her, and all our readers, something of what we have learned of the canary.

First of all then, let it be known that this little beauty derives its name from the fact that it was originally brought to the continent of Europe from the Canary Islands. It is, however, also found in the Cape Verde and Madeira Islands, where it is still found in its wild state, filling the beautiful groves with its melodious notes.

In its native Islands, the canary bird "is of a dusky gray color," and so different from those usually seen in Europe, and our own country, that they scarcely seem like the same bird. With us, they have that variety of coloring usual in all domestic fowls; some white, some mottled, some beautifully shaded with green; but they

are more esteemed for their note than their beauty, having a high, piercing pipe, as indeed all those of the finch tribe have, continuing it for some time in one breath without intermission, then raising it higher by degrees, with great variety.

In Germany these birds have long been extensively raised and sold into different parts of Europe. From thence they have been introduced into England and this country. At first they were sold at very high prices; but lately they are becoming cheaper; and yet in our cities, they ask from \$2.50 to \$5 "for a good singer."

This little bird is not only beautiful, and very interesting on account of its song, which in some of its notes equal the nightingale, but it has also a great many pretty little ways about it. The canary is a social and familiar bird, and is capable of contracting an attachment for the person to whom it belongs. It will perch on the shoulder of its mistress, and peck its food from her hand or her mouth. It is also capable of being taught still more extraordinary feats. In 1820, a Frenchman exhibited four and twenty canary birds in London, many of which, he said, were from eighteen to twenty-five years of age. Some of these balanced themselves, head downward, on their shoulders, having their legs and tails in the air. One of them, taking a slender stick in its claws, passed its head between his legs, and suffered itself to be turned round, as if in the act of being roasted. Another balanced itself, and was slung backward and forward on a kind of slack rope. A third was dressed in military uniform, having a cap on its head, wearing a sword and pouch, and carrying a firelock in one claw; after some time sitting upright, at the word of command, freed itself from its dress, and flew away to the cage. A fourth suffered itself to be shot at, and falling down, as if dead, to be put into a little wheelbarrow, and wheeled away by one of its comrades; and several of the birds were at the same time placed upon a little firework, and continued there quietly, and without alarm, till it was discharged.

"O Papa, it would be very nice to have a canary." So it would, for you; but would it be just so nice also for the bird itself? Would it be pleasant for the little creature to be confined all the day long in its small cage, while the trees are so green, and the shade so cool, and it would be so joyous to hop and sing from branch to branch? It would look so much like a little prisoner in its cage. It would seem so glad when some one would come to it; and while hopping and singing and putting out its little bill between the bars, it would almost seem to say, "O let me out!" Then the little girl at the Parsonage, if she had a tender heart would pity it, and perhaps almost wish she had never had a canary bird.

In addition to what we have said about the canary bird, we recommend to our little friend the following beautiful parable, from the German of Krummacher:

A little maiden, named Caroline, had a canary bird which was

very dear to her. The tiny creature sung from dawn of day until the shades of evening closed around. It was very beautiful, of a golden yellow, with a dark-colored head; and Caroline fed him with seeds, and with cooling herbs, adding now and then a small lump of sugar, and daily she supplied him with fresh, clear water.

But all of a sudden the little bird began to droop, and one morning when Caroline brought him water, he lay dead at the bottom of the cage. Then the little girl wept and lamented sorely over her favorite; so the mother of the maiden went out and bought her another bird, of still more beautiful plumage, and which sung even as sweetly as the former one, and she put it in the cage.

The maiden, however, wept only so much the more when she beheld the new bird. Her mother wondered much at this and said, "my beloved child, wherefore dost thou still weep and mourn so bitterly? Thy tears cannot recall the little bird to life, and here thou hast one which is not less beautiful than the other which thou hast lost."

Then answered the child, "Ah, dear mamma, I have not acted rightly towards the little creature, and have not done all I might have done for him."

"Beloved Caroline," answered her mother, "I thought thou didst always tend him most carefully."

"Ah, no!" replied the child; "it was only a little while before his death, that, instead of bringing him a bit of sugar, which thou gavest me for him, I ate it myself."

Thus spake the maiden with a troubled heart. The mother did not make light of Caroline's remorse, for she recognized therein the holy voice of truth which spake within the heart of the child. "Ah!" said she, "what must then be the grief of an undutiful child over the grave of its parents!"

BOYS, LOOK AT THIS.

That "honesty is the best policy," was illustrated some years since, under the following circumstances: A lad was proceeding to an uncle's to petition him for a sick sister and her children, when he found a pocket wallet containing fifty dollars. The aid was refused, and the distressed family was pinched with want. The boy revealed his fortune to his mother, but expressed a doubt about using any portion of the money. His mother confirmed his good resolution, and the pocket book was advertised and the owner found. Being a man of wealth, upon learning the history of the family, he presented the fifty dollars to the sick mother, and took the boy in his service, and he is now one of the most successful merchants in Ohio. Honesty always brings its reward.

Our Monthly Retrospect.

UNITED STATES.

A SUBJECT OF GRATITUDE.—In our last month's Retrospect we stated that the most cheering fact we had to record was the prospect of one of the most abundant grain and fruit harvests with which we had been blessed for years. Now, that the expectations then expressed have been realized—when the toil of the husbandman is rewarded with a superabundance of the great staples of human subsistence, and all the broad acres of our vast country are blessed with the providential smiles of "peace and plenty"—it would illy become a periodical of the pretensions of *The Guardian*, not to make this fruitful subject a leading theme for the Retrospect of this month. Alas! how many are there in this highly favored land who will, amid this shower of blessings, forget the bountiful Hand that has so munificently blessed them! How few in the aggregate will remember, in its practical application, that "God is good," and that "when He openeth His hand all His creatures are satisfied"—that "neither is he that planteth any thing, neither he that watereth: but God that giveth the increase." The farmer may toil "from early dawn to twilight gray," may plough and plant, and exhaust all his energies, and yet if it should please Divine Wisdom to withhold "the increase," disappointment, disaster and ruin will follow. From every section of the country we have intelligence that the harvested crops exceed the expectations of the most sanguine. In this county, while the straw in some sections was not so heavy as in other years, the yield will be unusually great. A great many estimates have been made of the probable extent of the crop this year. One puts down the crop of all the States and territories at 158,572,000 bushels, which is 68,000,000 bushels over the crop of 1849. The value of the wheat crop in that year is put down in the census report at \$100,000,000. If we value the present crop at \$1.25 per bushel it will be worth an aggregate of more than \$210,-

500,000! While the foreign demand with the increase of population at home, will insure the farmer a fair reward for his labor, the hopes of the speculator—the Idler who stands between the producer and consumer—are finally crushed. They have managed to keep up a show of enormous prices in Philadelphia, but the speculators and bread-brokers in the great cities must finally yield to the more healthy and equilibrating pressure from the country. We notice that at Wellsburgh, Ohio, (week before last,) a lot of flour was offered at SEVEN DOLLARS a barrel, for which the holder had refused ten dollars a few weeks before;—but the flour would not bring the seven dollars, and the speculator was obliged to leave it "on sale" at the commission house for want of a purchaser.

The weather was exceedingly favorable for housing the wheat harvest. On Friday, the 20th, it was intensely hot, the thermometer ranging at various points from 94 deg. to 100, but on Friday evening we were visited by a heavy rain, with thunder and lightning, and it has continued cool and showery up to the present writing (25th.) The thermometer fell in three days over 30 degs., but it is now excellent weather for the corn and potato crops, which, as a farmer friend remarked to us yesterday, "can almost be seen growing." If it continues warm we will have the heaviest corn and potato crops ever known, and such is the prospect now.

A NATIONAL PLATFORM.—The Philadelphia Ledger suggests that, while so many parties are springing up, each claiming to develop and give utterance to the ideas now at work among the people, a few of our national principles might be carried out a great deal farther than has yet been attempted. Among these it enumerates Education, the means of obtaining which should be placed within the reach of all, free of expense, from A B C to B. A. of a College at least; with a few institutions for even higher cultivation of particular branches of science, and all possible improvements adapted to make the

course of education as practically useful as possible. One effect would be that, there being no pecuniary inducements for the officers to keep an army of students at College, if they did not study, the regulations would be formed and carried out with a view simply to the interests of scholarship. Examinations would be conducted more upon the principles of West Point, a degree would mean something when attained, and the industrious student would not be retarded and ruined by the too common dissipations of a College course, led on by the indolent but perhaps wealthy young man, whom the officers dislike to send home, for fear of cutting down their numbers. Michigan has already adopted this plan, and there is no reason why it should not become universal. Qualification, to profit by the instructions conferred, should be the only pre-requisite to any degree of educational promotion. For the State is always more benefited than even the individual, by his advance in science. As education must be obtained before it can become remunerative, wherever the individual contributes the time and expense of living, the State may safely advance that of instruction, especially as this puts education more within the reach of the masses. In many States the public lands do or might support the expense of this. In all cases the land is so raised in value by the education of the citizens that a tax sufficient would be immensely reproductive.

Another plank in this new platform is the Encouragement of Marriage by every reasonable means, such as donations of the public lands, so regulated as to make a marriage certificate secure a homestead to each couple, when they chose to go and settle upon it; and the discouragement of foreign, luxurious and expensive habits, which, by increasing the expenses of a family, prevent marriage and entail corruption.

A third principle is the elevation of the industrious classes by all just and suitable means, such as the protection of the poor and of the rights of labor by all proper laws from the frauds, corruptions and evil enticements too often successful through misapplied wealth. These, among others, the Ledger very justly considers more truly our American principles than any other handed down from Washington; principles that acted up to, will promote the security and advancement of all nations, and

without which free institutions will never spread to others, if they can even survive among ourselves.

THE LIQUOR QUESTION.—The most interesting question in the moral and legal world during the past month has been the operation of the New York Prohibitory Liquor Law, which took effect on the 4th of July. In the city of New York the law has thus far been inoperative, owing to the quiescent position of Mayor Wood, who declines taking any active measures in its enforcement until its constitutionality has been decided by the courts of highest resort! In Brooklyn, however, Mayor Hall has nobly determined to enforce the law and leave the consequences with its framers and the courts who may be called to pass upon it judicially. The Syracuse Journal (which occupies an independent position) says that "whatever may be the fate of the law in the courts, the principle on which it is based has, since the 4th, made many thousands of converts. We form this opinion from the state of things in this city and vicinity, where, in the midst of great excitement over the prosecution of an offender, there has been an universally expressed congratulation of the most total extinction of crime and bestiality, as evinced by the police returns. A contrast has been furnished, during the past few days, of sobriety and good order in those quarters where the practice of these virtues was before unknown, that makes an enduring impression in minds that had not before thought correctly on the subject." The same journal adds that there is an earnest hope and confidence in the breasts of a large majority of the people of that State that the law may be sustained and enforced; but should it go down under the decision of the legal authorities, we have the fullest confidence in the determination of the people that its principle shall be sustained. If there be wrong in the present law, it will be righted; but there is a great principle of justice at its foundation which must and will be perpetuated. The Tribune says: "So far as we can judge from the reports which come to us from all sections of the State, the Prohibitory Law is very generally in operation. It is true the liquor sellers stand out in a few localities, and trample on the law in the hope that the courts may some time or other pronounce it unconstitu-

tional: but these persons are not numerous, and they generally reside in the larger cities, a majority of them being in New York. There is very little liquor retailed in the agricultural districts. In the country towns the bars have generally been closed, and the beneficial effects are already beginning to be felt."

"THE JUG LAW."—There appears to be a favorable reaction taking place in favor of the "Act for Restraining the Sale of Intoxicating Liquors," passed by the last Legislature of this State, and which its opponents denominate "the jug law," by way of derision. The Liquor men have generally abandoned the idea of holding whiskey meetings, as they find it does them more harm than good! The more the new law is understood the stronger disposition is evinced to have it enforced. It is not strictly a prohibitory law, for it has no "search and seizure clause" in it. As its title implies, it is a law to RESTRAIN the sale of intoxicating liquors. Is this not greatly needed? Do not our young men need it? Do not neglected wives and abused children need it? Do not intemperate persons need it? Temptation, in its most seductive forms, now meets them at every street corner and cross-roads. They are beguiled and overcome. Go to our prisons. By whom are they filled? By those who are the victims directly or indirectly, of the liquor traffic. Go to our poorhouses. By whom are they filled? Seven-tenths of the thousands supported there are inebriates and those dependant upon them. Go to the Court of Quarter Sessions, and who do you see arraigned there for petty offences and crimes of a higher magnitude? The large majority of them are the victims of strong drink. A reverend gentleman of Philadelphia, recently went with Hon. Judge Kelly to Moyamensing Prison to witness the Court proceedings occasionally held there to save the expense of transporting back and forward the victims of intemperance. On a single afternoon one hundred cases passed under review. Such a miserable throng he had seldom seen. More than sixty of the hundred were females, sent to prison for intoxication. Do we not need a reform, and will not every good citizen lend his aid to give efficiency to our restraining law? The State Temperance Convention, which meets at Reading on the 8th of August, should be attended

by every one in the State who takes an interest in this great cause. Those interested in the traffic are organizing for REPEAL, and the friends of Temperance should prepare to meet them, with a complete organization, and fight for victory under the glorious banner of PROHIBITION.

THE PORTLAND RIOT.—The committee of investigation, appointed by the Board of Aldermen to investigate the circumstances connected with the recent liquor riot in Portland, Maine, have concluded their labors and published a detailed report, in which they not only exculpate Mayor Dow from all blame, but declare he would have been highly culpable had he done less than he did. "The committee, on a careful and laborious investigation of the whole case, are satisfied that the Mayor and other executive officers of the city did no more in the emergency than their duty or the public service required; and that they would have proved unfaithful to their trust had they done less." Thus is Neal Dow twice vindicated triumphantly.

THE OLD WORLD.

"Sebastopol is not yet taken!" On the 18th of June the Allies made an unsuccessful attempt to storm the Redan and Malakoff towers, and were repulsed with a loss of about 5000 men, killed, wounded and missing. There are two stories current as to the cause of this failure. In Paris it was reported that the failure was, in a measure at least, owing to errors committed by the British commanding officers. These errors are described as two-fold—first, in not having had fascines provided for filling up the trench within in the Redan; and next, in not having immediately apprised the French Commander that they found it necessary to retire. The British on their side say that they took the Redan, but could not hold it because the French failed to silence the Malakoff. The truth of the matter is that the Russian soldiers are much harder to conquer than the allied powers had been led to believe. Not only the officers in command, but the rank and file of the garrison have shown on all occasions the most astonishing coolness and courage. An American surgeon, in the employ of the Russians, writing from Sebastopol, says, "events have proved that the English soldier is much inferior to the French or Russian, and that

with certain exceptions the Russian is as good as the French. Sebastopol," he continues, "will never be taken—it may be blown up by the Russians." This is the opinion we expressed months ago, and we yet see nothing to justify us in changing it.

The latest intelligence announces the death of Lord Raglan, commander-in-chief of the British forces in the Crimea, who fell a victim to the climate and an overtaxed mind. He is succeeded by Lord Simpson, who as a commander is almost wholly unknown to fame. The cholera is again making sad havoc among the troops, and the heat of summer is likely to be as fatal as the frost of winter. The destruction of life in this war has already been terrible, and thousands of lives are yet destined to be sacrificed before Sebastopol is taken.

In England the most remarkable event has been the introduction of a bill into Parliament, and its subsequent withdrawal, intended to prohibit Sunday trading. Its introduction by Lord Grosvenor was followed by a meeting or mob in Hyde Park—one of the largest ever seen there—who denounced the bill and its author in the most unmeasured terms. The mob came in collision with the police, and a number of arrests were made, and the rioters taken to prison, but the next day they were dismissed and the obnoxious bill was withdrawn. It is said to have been partly a ministerial measure, and had been supported by a considerable majority of the House, and would have become a law, but for the demonstration made against it by the mob. This is one of the most remarkable concessions to a mob on record, and must finally have a disastrous effect upon the home power of the British government. It was generally conceded by the ministry and lords that the measure was right, but the government lacked the nerve to stand by its own faith. This is conceding more to "democracy" in monarchical England than ever was attempted in this country, and more than can ever be hoped to be achieved by a mob of Americans. The contrast is highly creditable to our own excellent government. Here the general Sunday Law and Sunday Prohibitory Liquor Law, are observed and respected; and everlasting infamy would attach to any Legislature which would bow to the mandate of a mob.

NOTES ON LITERATURE, &c.

It is stated that above 200 eminent scientific foreigners have been invited by a local committee to attend the meeting of the British Association in September next. Among the names are those of Louis Agassiz, Princes Charles and Lucien Bonaparte, Baron Humboldt, M. Leverrier, Baron Liebig, M. Quetelet, Chevalier Bunsen, Professor Encke, Dr. Freund, &c. The third and fourth volumes of Mr. Macaulay's History are expected to appear in the present year. The concluding volumes of Moore's Life, by Lord J. Russell, are in the press. Tennyson's new volume, so long expected, will soon appear. It contains three new poems of some length—Maud, an Idyl, and a poem on Italy. A grand cavalcade of the students of the University of Leyden has recently taken place, on the occasion of the 280th anniversary of the foundation of that establishment. The town wore all the appearance of a fete. The strange story of Newton's mental aberration, so uncharitably insisted on by Biot, is forever set at rest by new proofs having been discovered of Newton's vigorous and unclouded intellect at the periods of his alleged insanity. It is said that Philip Bailey, the author of "Festus," will visit the United States this fall, on an engagement to lecture before some of our literary societies. Thackeray is making arrangements to again visit the United States to deliver a series of entirely original lectures. James G. Percival, the poet, holds the office of State Geologist of Wisconsin, having been appointed by Governor Barstow about a year ago, since which he has resided there. A newspaper correspondent thus describes him: "His nose is hooked and thin, his eye is gray, his mouth closed, his forehead high and broad, with the shape of unhappy years and torturing thought upon it. His timidity is unconquerable; he is now as bashful as a child—is frightened at his own voice in a strange circle, never speaks until he is addressed, shuns society, and seeks no friends. Devoted to his duties, he spends his days in mineral holes and quarries, and his evenings in recording his observations, and his nights in quiet sleep. He is quite poor, depending upon his profession as a geologist for his support."

The Annual Commencement of Franklin and Marshall College took place in this city on the 25th ult.

The Guardian.

VOL. VI.—SEPTEMBER, 1855.—No. IX.

THE COUNTRY.

BY THE EDITOR.

“God made the country, and man made the town.
What wonder then that health and virtue, gifts
That can alone make sweet the bitter draught
That life holds out to all, should most abound
And least be threatened in the fields and groves.”

FROM all we know, Cain was the first man that “built a city.” If we consider what manner of man this Cain was, and then also apply to him and his work the maxim that, as the tree is so is the fruit, it will not much raise our estimation of the piety and goodness of this thing that Cain did. We would almost be forced to conclude, that the same spirit which suggested to him to slay his brother, also moved him to build a city. If the reader draws this conclusion we cannot help it; we are not arguing the case, but only giving history. It is a fact that a murderer built the first city—make of the fact what you can.

A certain wise man has also said: “Cities are the devil’s universities!” If this is too severely said, fight it out with him, and do not blame us for stating the history of opinions. Moreover, God, in ancient times, dealt very severely with cities, as we have read in the Bible. Our Saviour, too, said, “Wo!” to cities—charged them with having “killed the prophets,” and declared that though exalted to heaven they should be “thrust down to hell.” All this would seem to show that cities have, in all ages, been characterized in a great degree by the spirit of the one who built the first.

If our own opinion on this point should be desired, we would not be slow to say that we have no great faith in the holiness of cities. Though some have the saintly prefix St. attached to their names, yet we doubt their right to canonization. We are of opinion that self-interest, and a spirit of worldliness, has built every city on the globe; and that these are the master spirits that reign and rule in them. They have their good; but so from the dung-hill may the fowl scratch wholesome grains. They have their outward polish; but so have whited sepulchres, which nevertheless are within, full of dead men’s bones and all uncleanness. If the veil which covers the

abominations of our larger towns and cities could be removed, it would abundantly appear, that a good man's language was not a whit too earnest when he said: "These are the blotches and boils of the body politic!"—strong language, but not too strong. Truly, as the poet says, "man made the town." Man, sinful man, makes it the sink of iniquity which it in truth too often proves to be.

Our introduction is perhaps too long, and rather spicy. Our subject is not cities, but the country. It is not our object to blame towns, but to praise the country. We offered these strictures upon cities by way of back-ground to our picture. We proceeded upon the principle generally adopted by two who are disputing with each other:

"When DOWN goes my opponent,
Then UP go I."

The country—we praise the country. What a "volume in a word" has the poet uttered, when he exclaims—

"God made the country."

What God makes is worthy of Him. It will be a continued revelation of Himself; and He will ever be found in its midst, the source of rest, and peace, and joy.

"God made the country." One must be in the midst of rural scenes to feel fully the beauty and force of this declaration. By this we do not mean that one must fly through it in a railroad car. It despises such an attempt to view its glories, and hence seems to run away before our eyes; not a tree will stand still long enough to enable us to get it full in our eyes. Rattling, rumbling, rolling, roaring we go—through bridges, through deep-cuts, and through hills we go, as though we were doomed vagabonds. Do not call this seeing the country. A fool, walking through a library and gazing at the backs of books, views the fields of literature as much as a traveler in a railroad car views the country.

Away from thoroughfares, away from towns, where only the faintest din of the noisy world is heard, and where only the tallest spire of the distant town is seen—here is the country. Here we sit under the shade of an ancient tree and look out at leisure upon the quiet fields, the distant green woods, the blue sky above, with here and there a white floating cloud, mocked by its own shadow that moves, like a dream-image, over the serene landscape before us. It is harvest time, and yonder are golden fields that but barely wave with whiter sheen in the gentle breeze. Others by their side are already streaked with hollow swaths and rows of shocks. There are the hay-fields, so soon green again since the mowers have passed over them. There are green fields of oats, even now growing white on the surface, bidding the farmer hasten to finish the earlier harvest to be ready for this. Yonder,

too, is the dark green corn, upon which the last care of the husbandman has been bestowed, and which now needs only the blessing of the great Father in heaven. We see, too, from this slope, orchards and poplars, and parts of the roofs of houses and barns. We see the road along yonder hill; we see the quiet mountain brow afar; we see, here and there, the glistening surface of the winding stream; and we see the yellow willows by the mill-dam turning up their white silvery leaves in the sun at each lift of the breeze. O, these are goodly sights. They never tire our eyes or our hearts.

"Scenes must be beautiful, which daily viewed
Please daily, and whose novelty survives
Long knowledge and the scrutiny of years:
Praise justly due to those that I describe."

Yet these, and thousand other, minister nameless sights, do not yet make up the full idea of country. The pure, bracing air, belongs to it. The balmy fragrance which always comes upon the air in the country is an indescribable part of its charming variety and richness. Nor must we forget the true teachings of the Poet:

"Nor rural sights alone, but rural sounds,
Exhilarate the spirit and restore
The tone of languid Nature.
They lull the spirit while they free the mind.
Nature inanimate employs sweet sounds,
But animated nature sweeter still,
To soothe and satisfy the human ear."

Amid scenes like these there must be health to the body and to the spirit. Though we are not of those who think that any outward influences of nature can change the heart and thus become a Saviour, yet there seems to be a "divine presence" amid the quiet scenes of the country which is a check to sin, and a stimulus to holy thoughts and feelings. The poet is right in saying that "health and virtue" do "most abound," and are "least threatened in the fields and groves." There seems to be a silent grace around country life, which, like the healthful air that silently invigorates the physical system, breathes courage and strength into every germ and bud of virtue.

We cannot but regard it as a great mistake that country life should be thought unfavorable to intellectual culture. There seems to be a general disposition to acquiesce in the venerable error that cultivation of mind is best accomplished in towns and cities. Why should this be so? Mind in cities is apt to grow like street poplars—thin, slim and weak. While mind in the country takes deep and earnest root, and grows sturdy and strong, like a tree in the open fields which expands because it has room, and grows strong because it has little by its side either to hinder or to lean upon. If mind is less cultivated in the country than in towns, it is because it is less attended to. There are at present nearly the same facili-

ties accessible in the most rural districts as in populous places. Labor-saving improvements have vastly increased the leisure of the husbandman; and thus the fields of mental culture lie open and inviting. And what a place for reading and study is the quiet country—where health makes meditation vigorous and pleasant; and where separation from the great flow of busy, vain, giddy and worldly life makes interruptions few.

SIT DOWN, SAD SOUL.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

SIT down, sad soul, and count
 The moments flying;
 Come tell the sweet amount
 That's lost by sighing.
 How many smiles?—a score?
 Then laugh and count no more,
 For day is dying!

Lie down, sad soul, and sleep,
 And no more measure
 The flight of Time nor weep
 The loss of leisure;
 But here, by this lone stream,
 Lie down with us and dream
 Of starry treasure!

We dream; do thou the same,
 We love forever;
 We laugh, yet few we shame,
 The gentle, never;
 Stay, then, till sorrow dies—
 Then hope and happy skies
 Are thine forever!

H O M E .

Oh! if there be on earth a spot
 Where life's tempestuous waves rage not,
 Or if there be a charm—a joy—
 Without satiety, or alloy—
 Or if there be a feeling fraught
 With ev'ry fond and pleasing thought,
 Or if there be a hope that lives
 On the pure happiness it gives,
 That envy touches not—where strife
 Ne'er mingles with the cup of life;
 Or if there be a word of bliss,
 Of peace, of love, of happiness—
 Or if there be a refuge fair,
 A safe retreat for toil and care,
 Where the heart may a dwelling find,
 A store of many joys combin'd,
 Where ev'ry feeling—ev'ry tone—
 Best harmonizes with its own,
 Whence its vain wishes, ne'er can rove,
 Oh! it is home—A HOME OF LOVE!

ARISTOCRACY.

WHILE most classes of society are disposed to cry out against Aristocracy, as a general thing they have no reluctance in their turn to exercise its privileges over others. It is no uncommon thing for us to behold those who declaim loudest against their superiors, treating their inferiors with the same contempt that they condemn in others, when exercised against themselves. The occasions for exhibiting this feeling are never wanting. No matter what an individual's circumstances may be, or his station in life, there are always around him those from whom he imagines he may exact respect and consideration, and to whose deference he has an undisputed right. If we could uncover the secret workings of the human heart, we should perhaps discover that most of the jealousies, which embitter families, and neighborhoods, and indeed nations, spring originally from disappointed pride—from an ill-directed ambition that will not rest satisfied until it sees a particular district bow to its whims and acknowledge its importance. This common failing of our species might tempt the philosopher to smile, the satirist to ridicule, the christian to weep; but it will prove a salutary lesson for us all, if it serves to teach us to bestow upon others the homage which we ourselves expect, and to regard the loudest radical as the greatest aristocrat at heart.

When we reflect that the feeling of aristocracy is so common, and its claims or side at least so universally admitted, we are justifiable perhaps in asserting that it has its ground in nature and truth; whilst much of what passes current as democracy, is at bottom mere cant. It is doubtless true, and that in an emphatic sense, that all men are equal. The Scripture teaches us this when it requires of us to do as we wish to be done by. Observation too goes to show that man, in all ages and countries, is possessed of the same or similar gifts, both of body and mind. In the darkest regions of the earth, he presents himself as a being endowed with intelligence, without lacking a single member or faculty that his more enlightened neighbor possesses. But whilst men are equal in this general sense, what differences do we observe when we descend to particulars! Here we meet with such a variety, that one would almost be at a loss to say, whether we all belonged to the same family, if we were not positively assured that we are. Men differ in natural, no less than acquired talents. Some enjoy the fame or the wealth of their ancestors, whilst others are entirely destitute of any advantages of this kind; some must necessarily occupy posts of trust and honor, whilst others must submit to be ruled—some must be employers, whilst others depend upon them for the means of subsistence. Is it possible then for us to remove the unpleasant

differences which these distinctions in society produce? It would be an easier task to tear up society itself, root and branch, than to accomplish a work of this character. If one has an advantage over another from birth or talents, it is clearly owing to the fact, that he occupies a different position from his friend, and to bring them to the same level in point of privilege, we must bring them to stand on the same foundation, that is, they must be of the same talents, they must enjoy the same advantage of birth and education; but such a view is utopian and destructive to the very idea of society.

If then differences must exist among men, is there no remedy for the disorder and strife which exist among different classes—the rich and the poor, the learned and unlearned, the patrician and plebian? Doubtless there is. It would certainly tend very much to the harmony and peace of society, if every member would be satisfied with the consideration which his position gives him, and be willing to give to others, what he has a right to claim as his unalienable right. This, however, it must be perceived, is seldom done. Not only do different ranks endeavor to ignore each others claims to respect, but frequently a large mass of society is entirely left out of consideration, as if they were worthless. We all remember the sovereign contempt which the poet held for the common people, and which he has expressed in the verse,

Odi profanum vulgus et arceo.

With him the populace were as worthless as the filth in the street, the further from which he was removed the better. But christianity has taught us that the beings now wallowing below us in the mire are our brethren, and are susceptible of being elevated to a station more becoming the dignity of their nature; whilst the many examples which we have before us of the vulgar origin of the great and the good, tend to excite in us respect for the masses, if not for what they are, at least for what they may become. The “upper ten thousand” may be aptly compared to the precious stones, that serve to gratify our taste by their exquisite lustre or brilliant colors, but are farther than this of little value; whilst “the million” resemble the noble granite, which, whether concealed in the earth and serving as a foundation for the solid globe, or brought forth by the hand of art to be employed in erecting temples or houses, is equally valuable and important. Let then the commonality be properly appreciated, and one source of public dissatisfaction will be closed. At the same time much will be accomplished if a proper state of subordination can be established among those who in common estimation are permitted to shine. All talents, certainly are not of equal value. This, for instance, it is a sad mistake when it is attempted by means of wealth and rank to outweigh genius, talent, learning and moral worth; when the rich aristocrat, whose ancestors can be traced back to William the conqueror, would have

the humble son of poverty, rich in genius, obsequiously to bow to his behests, and cringe to gain his favor. The signal failures, which patented nobility has invariably met in contending with the nobility of nature, should have induced the former long ago to give up the contest. It is the fiat of fate, that Intellect in its widest sense, embracing morality, has the strongest claims upon the honor and esteem of the world, and, therefore, as long as men have any regard for moral beauty or sublimity, the aristocracy of Intellect must have sway.

EARTH AND HEAVEN.

BY H. L. M.

THIS world is truly an empty bubble. A few short years and we are numbered with the dead! How many close their eyes in death before they have had existence a single year. This is a serious reflection; and yet how much time is spent by many in light-heartedness and frivolity, in decorating the body, and gathering gold and silver—having little thought concerning their immortal souls, just as if the things of this world were all that is required to make happiness complete. Some quiet their consciences, and ease their minds by saying, “I will think of these things after a while.” But months pass, years glide away, and still no time is found for prayer, meditation, and preparation for an eternal world.

What a blessed thing to be prepared for death! What a glorious sight must it be to behold the saints and angels worshipping before “the great white throne,” and casting their crowns at the Saviour’s feet. Oh, how ardently should we long for the time of our departure from this sinful world that we may be in the presence of God. Those who have friends there may meet them, never again to be separated. Delightful thought! Though we are called to part with those dear to us, while our hearts are wrung with anguish, we shall see them again where our sorrows will be forever at an end.

POWER AND WILL.

ALL power is in the will, and will is fate?
 Who would pursue the future let him search
 The book of his own soul: if there he read
 The unconquerable purpose, the resolve
 Eternal and immutable, the faith
 Which fears, doubts, questions nothing—let him on!
 He bears his fortune with him, and his fate—
 All else is naught!

DEMOCRACY OF THE GOSPEL.

BY J. M. W. GEIST.

THE faithful and humble believer, in the Divine truths of the Gospel needs not to be told of its wonderful adaptation to all the wants of the entire human race. He has felt its power in his own heart and witnessed its outward manifestations in the lives of others. Wherever he goes, and in whatever he does, he carries with him the conviction of Hager, "*Thou God seest me!*" Through all the changes of life—in the sunshine of prosperity and the clouds of adversity—he sees the finger of an All-wise though often mysterious Providence, tracing out those comfortable words of eternal significance, "*God doeth all things well!*" Has the hand of affliction fallen heavily upon him; have "summer friends" vanished before the chilling blasts of adversity's winter; or has the last fond hope of worldly happiness become extinguished in the approaching shadow of an ominous to-morrow? The true believer in the Gospel looks with the certainty of assured hope beyond the Present, and turns philosopher on the true and scriptural principle—"Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." However humble he may appear as an atom in the great creation of the universe—however much he may know himself to be scorned or overlooked by the vain worms of the dust who may surround him—he not only feels that the grace offered in the Gospel is "sufficient" for him, but he looks with compassionate hope upon those who stubbornly refuse to work while it is yet day, for he feels that there is a Democracy in the ARISEN GOSPEL which may yet bring an anchor of hope to their souls before that terrible night of death cometh in which no man can work.

But while this is true of the really faithful and humble believer in the Gospel, there are many who profess its sacred truths, and many more who ignore them altogether, who strangely overlook the most *popular* element in Human Progress—the *Democracy of the Gospel*. It has become a settled axiom, at least among the people of this favored land, that the safety and prosperity of a people is best attained under that system of government which secures "the greatest good to the greatest number." This is regarded as the basis of a true democracy. No party, no government, no individual, can justly claim to be democratic, the immediate and ultimate aim of whose system does not center in the social and moral, as well as in the political elevation of the masses. An exclusive aristocracy is directly at war with the best interests of society. In politics it is bad enough; in religion it is worse. Its natural tendency is to elevate the Few into an insecure position of self-confidence and to depress the Many below that happy mien

where true happiness is most sure to follow as the reward of honest industry, however humble. An aristocracy in religion is as unnatural as the mistletoe in the apple-tree. It may be often seen there, growing in vernal luxuriance, very pleasant to the outward sense, yet neither the power of nature nor ingenuity of art can make it harmonize with or become a part of the native tree. In the luxuriance of its vernal leaves it may surpass its less ostentatious parent by adoption, but that which maketh glad the heart of man is not there. That unseemly trunk, with its irregular branches and dwarfish searing leaves bears fruit in abundance—that ostentatious mistletoe affords at most but a momentary pleasure to the curious eye. The husbandman, in due season, eats of the fruit of the one and his soul is satisfied: he looks on the other, beholds nought but barrenness, and, like the fig-tree of the parable, it is cursed.

I insinuate no disparagement to the pure religion of the Cross, when I say that much of our professed Christianity is but the mistletoe of practical unbelief, partially disguised among the branches of a living faith. When the world prospers with us, we are too prone to regard ourselves as “the salt of the earth,” of which we are at once the sun and moon and stars, the dry land and the seas; the leaven of that little lump called Self, of which we constitute the center and circumference! We forget that the Gospel is humanitarian as well as divine; that Jesus died for a Lazarus as well as a Joseph of Arimathea; that he chose for his disciples the unlearned and unknown fisherman as well as an accomplished and celebrated scholar in his Apostle Paul. Our great EXAMPLE tells us that he “came to seek and to save that which was *lost*”—to preach the kingdom of righteousness and peace in the by-ways and hedges of life as well as in the gorgeous Temple at Jerusalem; but how often do we act as if the Cross had been erected on Calvary merely that we might, beneath its holy shadow, build magnificent churches, occupy the “highest seats in the synagogue,” wear the finest apparel, and fare sumptuously every day—forgetting, alas, how often, that the Son of God had not whereon to lay his head, and that we are surrounded by those of his brethren and sisters—immortal souls bought with the dreadful price of his blood—who are poor and neglected and “without God in the world.”

We aim too much to make a display of our religion—regarding too much the form and ignoring its practical power. I do not protest against fine church edifices and extravagant establishments for those who can afford them, but we should not blind our eyes to the fact that in that direction lies a dangerous extreme. We are but the stewards of God’s truth as well as of that portion of this world’s goods with which in his Providence he may have been pleased to bless us. It is not our own any more than we are our

own—for are we not “bought with a price?” If we have an abundance, a liberal share of that abundance belongs to our poor brethren. Democracy in human government teaches the greatest good to the greatest number—but Democracy in the Gospel teaches the greatest good to the whole family of man. “God is no respecter of persons,” and he who has invidious respect to the persons of men cannot be a practical Christian.

The Gospel is democratic, because it teaches its true believers to care for the bodies as well as the souls of men. Its divine author not only preached repentance and faith, but he “went about doing good.” He healed the sick and fed the hungry. If he became the guest and saviour of the rich and great, he at the same time permitted a vile and despised Magdalen to wash his feet and wipe them with the hair of her head—almost gray with a life-weight of iniquity—and then forgave her all her sins. If, when the weary pilgrimage of this life is over, we would hear the divine welcome of “well done, good and faithful servant,” we must put this “higher law” Democracy of the Gospel into daily practice. If we are sincere in our desires to see Humanity elevated we must remember that it is only by a practical admission of this Democracy of the Gospel that such a glorious end can be attained. We must strive less for Self and Sect and more for the general good and the glory of God.

And this brings me to the application of this desultation—for I cannot dignify it with the title of Essay—the objects which we have in view in organizing and sustaining Christian Associations. Whatever may be said, truly or falsely, I affirm not, of the exclusiveness and jealousies of Christian sects, in these, at least, men of all shades of religious opinion, if based upon an evangelical sentiment, can meet together for the general good of one common platform. Here we know not the distinction of Presbyterian, Episcopalian, Lutheran or Methodist, or any title of exclusive significance, but we hail and welcome in each a *Christian brother*! Here the various shades and distinctions which mark the creeds of sect, and too often fall like evening shadows on our social system, are obliterated by the noonday light of Christian Brotherhood. Here the bond of union is brotherly love and the object of that union the work of love.

I look upon the work and destiny of all Christian associations as a glorious mission, and especially worthy of commendation where the young become the active instruments of doing good. The work of Young Men’s Christian Associations is not merely, as many suppose, to build up a library and reading room, which of itself would be an achievement worthy the exertion and meriting the thanks of our fellow citizens. As we gain strength with increasing years, new fields of usefulness will open before us. Where neglected children are to be clothed and educated in the Sabbath

School, into which so many have not yet entered, there will the democracy of the Gospel be practically illustrated by the members of Christian associations building up Sabbath Schools without the circles of our churches which, under the blessing of God, will stand as living monuments of Christian Association in a good cause. Already, I am pleased to be able to state, have the preliminary arrangements of this great and good work been commenced, and I know all Christians, everywhere, who love to see the highest interests of humanity advanced, will join with me in wishing a hearty "God-speed" to the good work.

And when the chilling frosts and driving snows of winter are again upon us, bringing destitution and misery to many an humble fireside now peaceful and adorned with that hope which springs perennially from the smiling present—then may not the members of Christian associations be found as "ministering angels of mercy" in the hut of poverty and want, calling down upon them as the rewards of their endeavors to practice the democracy of the Gospel, the blessings of grateful souls, tenants of comfortable bodies, made so by their humble mission. Oh, my friends! here is a mission in a field which you may well look forward to with hope and joy, for He who dispenses blessings and withholds misfortunes has said that whoever shall thus give a cup of cold water in his name shall not lose his reward.

In conclusion, my friends, I am a firm believer in Human Progress; and while I ignore any system of preaching to the soul which overlooks the claims of the body, I regard the Gospel of Jesus as the only basis in which any great moral, social, or political reform can be prosecuted to a final triumph. The voice of divine wisdom has told us that if in all our ways we acknowledge the Lord he shall direct our paths. No matter whether that way leads us to the house of God, the social circle, the place of business, or to the ballot box in the exercise of a freeman's highest prerogative, we must remember him through the claims of our suffering brothers and his children, if we at the end expect his blessing. If we pray "Thy kingdom come," we must work, not wait in idleness for that kingdom. Then will this Gospel, based upon that higher democracy of the greatest good to the whole number, "cover the earth as the waters cover the sea."

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

GENTLY, and without grief, the old shall glide
Into the new; the eternal flow of things,
Like a bright river of the fields of Heaven,
Shall journey onward in perpetual peace.

GOOD FOR EVIL.

MR. EITDOR: The following sketch, taken from the *Cincinnati Dollar Times*, in which a school teacher gives his experience in school-going and school-teaching, struck me as peculiarly interesting and good; and thinking it would be equally so to your readers, I thought it would be worthy of being preserved in the Guardian. In the course of narrating his experience the teacher says:

But to return. I must mention an incident of which it gives me real pleasure to think, betimes, when I look back upon the past.

There was a little nervous fellow, of some ten summers, attending school. He was all brain and motion. Not one minute was he still. I could not comprehend him. Every motion was grace and poetry. Every look from those liquid blue and sparkling eyes revealed a soul. He must be doing something all the time; no listlessness, no dullness. He confounded me and all the rest. No lesson too deep for him to comprehend; no task he would not accomplish, as it were, by intuition. I often stood by his side, and watched him in his studies, that I might learn, perchance, from him, but the longer I looked, the more I marveled. He was a gay fellow, and very easy to laugh at anything bearing the semblance of being funny, consequently it was the delight of his schoolmates, less given to study, to watch him when he was off his guard, and provoke his risibilities. I always knew something wrong was going on when I heard "my favorite" laugh, and generally was quick enough to catch the offender in his tricks, which were often of such a laughable nature, that I had to lay by my dignity and join in the chorus of voices.

One day, while having all my attention directed towards the hearing of a recitation, I heard Charley's clear, ringing laugh, behind me. Other scholars took it up, which irritated me considerably, and I mentally resolved that I'd visit a heavy punishment upon the "little rascal," who was the originator of the fun. I soon finished the recitation, and with a heavy cloud hanging portentously upon my brow, I inquired who was the author of so much merriment and confusion. No one answered, but all appeared to be zealously engaged upon their lessons. Again I inquired in an angry tone, and I saw many a little bosom heaving with fear, while anxious, fearful glances were cast towards me.

"Let the guilty one make himself known immediately, or, when I do find out the offender, it will go hard with him."

No answer, no movement, all as still as death.

I then changed my tone; told them that such disorder was incompatible with good school government, that it could not be allowed or endured; that if the mischief-maker would come forward,

acknowledge his guilt, and promise reform, I would forgive, and all would move on harmoniously.

No one manifested a disposition to move; I was perplexed more than ever. I hesitated only a moment, however, and then called Charley upon the floor. I knew *he* must know, and I was determined to fathom the mystery.

He came up slowly, after he had laid his books aside, looking me straight in my eye. What *was* there, in that look, so piercing, for I am conscious I fairly trembled? What dark shadow fell like a death pall over that youthful countenance, and marred its more than earthly beauty? I understood it not.

"Charley," said I, laying my hand upon his head, "what was the cause of your laughter?"

"I can't tell you, master," answered he, in thrilling tones. "I can't tell you."

"Why not? Do you not know?" I asked, somewhat surprised.

"Yes, sir, I know, but I can't tell."

"Can't tell? Know, and can't tell? Curious, surely! Who caused you to laugh? tell, sir, quickly!" said I tartly, giving him a slight shake.

The little fellow's bosom swelled, and his whole frame shook with emotion. He raised his eyes to mine, and a big tear dropped from each, left a glistening track down his pale cheeks, and fell to the floor. So still was the school, that those tear drops sounded like great heavy hail-stones, to my heart at least, as they struck the floor.

"Oh! sir, I cannot tell. Punish me, for 'twas I who made so much disturbance. I shouldn't have laughed so. I was the only one to blame, as I ought to have been studying, then I wouldn't have seen what was going on. Do with me what you think right, master, and I'll be a better boy after this," and other tear drops followed the first.

I was nonplussed, and for a minute remained undecided—lost in thought. I couldn't understand why Charley should refuse to inform me who was the offender, and persist in taking all the blame upon himself.

"Charley," said I at last; "Charley, you should know that this will never do. If I punish you only, I do not reach the originator of the trouble, and he will go on defyingly into deeper depths of mischief, and get you and others into more difficulties. I wish to reach the root, and tear that from its fancied place of security, and thus break up the source of all this. It is for your own good, the good of your companions, and of your teacher, that I insist upon obtaining this information. Will you give it?"

He hesitated, and was evidently weighing some important matter in his mind. I watched the expressions of his countenance closely, in hopes of getting some clue in the way of solving this worse than Algebraic problem.

At first a darker shade settled upon his face, when the hot blood seemed to rush to his head, extending every vein to an alarming extent upon his face and neck, and I was about to utter an exclamation of alarm, and catch him in my arms, when the blood as suddenly receded and left his countenance bloodless. Then the shade passed away, a beautiful crimson tint overspread his faultless features, a holy light beamed from those beautiful orbs, and a look of unutterable loveliness rested upon his countenance as he spoke, "Dear teacher, again I say I cannot. I have considered well what you have said, and love you all the more for saying it. Do with me as pleases you best, and I shall love you, even in all things else, but in this I cannot, oh! I cannot!" and he bowed his head and wept.

"Then," said I sternly, though hardly able to refrain from shedding tears myself, "I must punish you for your obstinacy," and forthwith proceeded to search for my rod, but just as I had raised it I was startled by the cry, "Don't whip Charley! O, master, don't whip Charley! I made him laugh! I'm to blame! Whip me! whip me, and let Charley go!" and the next moment a boy of some twelve summers rushed in between us, and caught Charley in his arms, bore him to a seat, and returning stood in Charley's place. I was bewildered. My head began to swim around; my hand fell powerless at my side, and I mechanically dropped into the nearest seat. The next I remember was, I saw Charley and his noble preserver embracing each other, each one sobbing aloud, and every eye in the room streaming tears. The whole truth flashed through my mind instantly. The boy was Charley's enemy. He always took great delight in tormenting Charley, getting him into trouble, and abusing him wherever and whenever he had an opportunity. The cause was envy and jealousy. Charley bore all patiently, always treated him kindly, which only seemed to irritate his persecutor all the more; until at last, Charley had displayed such magnanimous and noble forbearance and love, that the obdurate heart of the boy was melted, and the two souls flowed together, in life, and I feel, eternity enduring friendship.

I said no more; wiped dry my eyes, and thereafter never had cause to reprimand either one.

Charley was my ideal of a noble soul. He knew that if he informed upon his enemy, the teacher would punish him severely, and he (Charley) could not bear to witness it, but rather endure the wrath of the teacher himself.

How oft among men, do we find hearts as bold and firm in the right, as Charley's.

NEVER think that which you do for religion, is time or money misspent.

KEEP YOUR PROMISES.

The man in the Bible, "I go, sir," and went not, has his counterpart, at the present day, in every department of life. Nothing is more common than for persons to make promises or excite expectations which are never realized. It is an easy thing to give one's word, but a harder thing to keep it. An unwillingness to disoblige, a disposition to keep on good terms with all, a desire to get rid of importunity, together with a carelessness and indifference as to what constitutes an obligation, lead many to say they will do a thousand things which are never done, and which, indeed, if they had looked into their hearts, they would have discovered they had no real intention of doing. Some amiable people seem to lack the nerve and moral courage to say "No," even when the contrary involves them in an untruth. One is asked to be present at a public meeting where important measures are to be discussed, and his counsels and co-operation are regarded as important. He is not cordially in favor of the object, or is pressed with other engagements, or prefers enjoying his evenings with his own family circle, or over his books, and in his heart has no purpose to accede to the proposition. Unwilling, however, to avow his real sentiments, or to appear disobliging, he gives his word to be present, or so frames his speech as to leave that impression on the mind of his friend. Virtually he has given his promise; but the occasion comes and passes without his ever having harbored a serious thought of cheering it with his presence. A mechanic is engaged to do a piece of work. It is important that it shall be attended to promptly; arrangements involving the convenience and comfort of the family depend upon it, and, except for the positive assurance that it should be done at the appointed time, some other person would have been engaged. But the appointed day comes and goes, and, notwithstanding repeated applications and new promises, weeks pass on before the first hammer is struck, or the first nail driven.

The result of this looseness of speech and conscience is, first, great vexation and disappointment. The party to whom such promises were made relied upon them. But the faithlessness of the other party has deranged all his plans, and subjected him to much inconvenience. He is impatient and vexed, gives way to unpleasant tempers, says many hard things, and, perhaps, commits much sin.

Then, also, confidence is destroyed in the person who made the promise. The word of the latter had been pledged, and if he has failed to keep it once, he may fail again. The victim of his deception, having discovered that he is not to be relied upon, fixes a mark upon him, and takes care not to put himself in the way of future disappointments, and advises his friends in like manner.

Hence, too, the man who makes and breaks promises is a loser in the end, so far as mere self-interest is concerned. In order to keep his business, or not to disoblige customers or friends, he pledged himself for what he knew, or might have known, would not be done. Instead of promoting his end by this deception, he has frustrated it. The loss of customers, and their adverse advice and influence, does him an hundred-fold more harm than frankly to have told the truth at the outset.

The worst result of all, however, is the injury done by the faithless promiser to his own moral principles. Whatever interpretation he may put upon his language, and however he may endeavor to excuse himself, he has uttered a falsehood. The repetition of such obliquities deadens his moral sense, so that, after long practice, he thinks nothing of giving and breaking his word. At last, he can tell an untruth every day of his life, and not even be conscious of impropriety.

The lessons to be drawn from this subject are: 1. That we should weigh well our words. Strictly interpreted, perhaps, your language may not have necessarily implied an absolute obligation; but if such an impression was made, the injury is done. And, 2. That in all transactions it is best, in every sense of the term, to be honest. If a request cannot be complied with, say so. You may fail, for the time, to please a customer or friend, but in the end you will have gained his respect and confidence.

THE WELCOME DAY.

THE psalmist sadly swept the strings,
And sighed his spirit's anxious prayer
To have the wild dove's quivering wings,
And breathe a calmer, purer air.
When boyhood's dream of glory's fled,
And all our hopes have passed away,
And friendship's joys are with the dead,
Who will not hail the welcome day?

When times has chill'd affection's glow,
And damped the nobler fire of youth,
Each pulse is beating sad and slow,
And doubts encompass every truth,
Who would not, from his inmost soul,
The psalmist's prayer breathe o'er again,
And cleave the clouds that round us roll,
Amid the grief and cares of men?

When by a friend's sad corse we stand
And think the soul that warmed this clay
Has sought the pilgrim's promised land,
The mansions of eternal day;
Who would not wish to break the tie,
That binds the unwilling soul to earth,
And mount rejoicing to the sky,
Ecstatic in another birth?



ENGRAVED BY J. BANNISTER - THE ORIGINAL BY SCHWENKGEHRTH.

LUTHER IN THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

[See Engraving.]

WE all know more about the public acts and virtues of distinguished men than we do of their private relations in life. Book-makers, in elaborating biographies of eminent men, have given us a full view of their heroes in the pulpit, the senate, or the forum, but permitted us to see very little of them in the family circle—although, as has been truly said, the finest traits of some of our best and greatest men are those known in their domestic life. However distinguished a man may be in his relations to the outer world in which he moves as the center of attraction and admiration, no life-picture of him can be complete unless it modestly lifts the veil from the inner shrine of the heart, when surrounded by the quiet endearments of home or the fitting shadows of domestic affliction.

There is not an American heart that does not warm up at the mention of a Washington and the recollection of his many noble acts of benefaction as “the Father of his Country.” And yet, how many of the admirers of this great and good man know comparatively nothing of those finer traits of “Washington at Home,” *Washington within himself*, which can alone give us a proper conception of his perfectness as a Man, until our great American author, Washington Irving, lifted the veil from the Innermost and revealed to us the glory of Washington as a son, a brother, a husband, a father, a friend! If Irving had never written anything else deserving fame, his latest work* would be sufficient to identify his name forever with the best and greatest patriot, hero and statesman of his native land.

Although Martin Luther, the great Reformer, is best known in his identification with the Reformation of the 16th century, sufficient details of incidents in his private life have been presented to us, through the lapse of ages, to show that “his finest traits are those known in his domestic life.” The engraving in this number of *The Guardian* is a happy effort of the artist to bring home to us one of those family scenes in which the great reformer delighted. His passion for music, represented by the lute—his affection for his beloved and faithful “Kate,” sitting a perfect picture of maternal felicity by his side—his friendship for his noble companion in reform, Melancthon, the ever welcome sharer of the quiet bliss of the family circle as well as the angry disputations of the excited theological world—his regard for good old “Aunt Lehne,” so often and affectionately referred to in his letters home—the pleasure he felt in the innocent amusements of his children, for whom

* IRVING'S LIFE OF WASHINGTON. G. P. Putnam & Co., New York. 1855.
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the "Christmas-Tree" has been trimmed and laden with toyful fancies—the bow with which Melancthon so often occupied a leisure hour in amusing little Martin—that picture of sweet innocence, little Magdalena, who looks as if she felt a presentiment of soon becoming an angel herself—surely the artist has here given us the picture of "a happy family," which may well interest us in recalling a few incidents in the domestic life of the Reformer which so aptly illustrate our subject.

Luther's attachment to the institution of Marriage and the Family appears to have matured almost to a feeling of veneration. He says,* "There is not a more lovely, endeared, blessed relation, communion and society than a happy marriage, in which husband and wife live in peace and union with each other. Neither is there, on the other hand, anything more distressing or painful, than when the bond is severed by a separation or final parting. Next to which is the death of children, when they die, which I have tasted and experienced." Again: "When marriage is peaceful and agreeable, it is—next to a knowledge of God and his Word—the highest favor and blessing of God. For many married people are very obstinate and whimsical, neither concerning themselves about their children, nor cordially loving each other. Such people are not human beings." Again: "The highest favor and blessing of God is a pious, endearing, God-fearing and thrifty wife, with whom you can live in peace, to whom you can confide all your property, and what you possess, yea, your body and life, with whom you bring up children. But God plunges many into the married state, without consulting them, before they rightly consider the matter, and it is well he does so. Kate, you have a pious husband, who loves you; therefore, you, as other pious wives, are an empress—acknowledge it and thank God. But it requires a person that is pious and God-fearing for such a station." Again: "Next to God's Word, the world has not a more lovely and endearing treasure on earth than the holy state of matrimony, which He himself has instituted, preserving it, having adorned and blessed it above all stations, from which not only all emperors, kings and all saints, but even the eternal Son of God, though in a supernatural way, are born. Whoever, therefore, hates the married state, and speaks evil of it, certainly is of the devil." "I live, continue and die, praising the holy state of matrimony."

On this account, he so ardently longed for his family when he lay so dangerously ill at Schmalkalden. "I thought," said he, afterwards, "I would not see my wife and children here again: how greatly did such separation pain me! I believe, indeed, that the natural inclination and love which a husband has for his wife,

* We quote from MEURER'S LIFE OF LUTHER, for which we are indebted to John Baer & Sons, Booksellers, Lancaster.

and parents for their children, are most intense in persons that are dying. But as I have now, by the grace of God, again been restored to health, I love my wife and children so much the more. No one is so spiritual that he does not feel such natural inclination and love. For it is a mysterious thing, this union and communion between man and wife."

Luther's second child, his little daughter Elizabeth, born to him in the year 1527, had again been taken away by death on the 3d of August, 1528. "I am surprised," he wrote in reference to this, to his friend Haussmann, whom he thanks for some toys, which the latter had sent to his little John, "at the frail, almost effeminate heart which she has left me, so greatly am I distressed on her account. I would scarcely ever have thought that a father's heart could become so tender towards his children."

In return for this affliction, God subsequently presented Luther with another daughter, Magdalena, and two sons, Martin and Paul, and finally a third daughter, Margaret. Being poor himself, he might well have been concerned for his wife and children; but he considered such concern vain, and committed them to Him who had to this day richly granted everything. On one occasion, he blessed one of his children, which an aunt carried upon her arm, and said: "Go, and be pious; money I shall not leave to thee, but a rich God I will leave to thee, who will not forsake thee. Be pious; which may God grant thee to be. Amen." The children themselves he considered the greatest blessing of God.

Dr. Jonas having once suspended a beautiful branch with cherries over the table, in remembrance of the creation, and praising the noble blessings of God in such fruits, Dr. Martin Luther said: "Why do you not much rather consider this in your children, as the fruits of your own body, which are more excellent, beautiful and noble creatures of God than any fruits of trees? In them you have displayed the omnipotence, wisdom and skill of God, who created them of nothing, in one year giving them body, life, and all their members, of such admirable perfection and beauty, and now also nourishes and preserves them. We, nevertheless, live on without greatly regarding such gifts of God, yea, perhaps, even become blind and avaricious because of them. As is commonly the case, that people, when they are blessed with children, become worse and more avaricious, scraping, flaying and shaving wherever they can, that they may lay up treasures for them, not knowing that a child, even before it enters the world and is born, has its portion, what and how much it is to have, and what it is to become, assigned to it, as the Scriptures testify, and as the common proverb says: 'The more children the more blessing.' O, dear Lord God, how great, alas, is the blindness, folly and even wickedness in a man that does not consider this, but does the opposite with regard to the best and noblest gifts of God, which he

perverts to all manner of sinful and shameful uses, in accordance with his pleasure and lusts, never singing a *Deo Gratias* to our Lord God for them!" Once he beheld his children and said: "O, what a great, rich and noble blessing God confers upon the married state! What joy does not a man experience in his descendants, who are numbered from him, even after his death, when he lies and decays! Is that not the most delightful and the greatest joy?" Again: "Children are the most lovely fruits and bonds of marriage, which confirm and preserve the bond of love." He, however, also knew that the married state had its burthens and the holy cross (through the children.) On New-Year's day, his child once wept and cried so that no person could quiet it; then he and his wife were sad and distressed for a whole hour. Afterwards he said: "That is the disgust and the burthen in the married state, on account of which every one shuns and dreads it and hesitates to marry. We all dread the whimsical notions of the female sex, the bawling and crying of the children, great expenses, bad neighbors, &c. Therefore we wish to be free and unfettered, that we may remain free lords, and do what we chose."

The occupations and the manners of the children afforded Luther great joy. "The faith and life of children," said he, "are the best, for they have nothing but the Word. To this they cleave, in simplicity, giving God the honor, that He is true, being assured that He will do what he promises. But we, old fools, are subject to wretched, infernal doubt, which causes us first long to dispute about the Word, which they, the children, simply receive in a pure faith, without disputing. And, finally, if we wish to be saved, we must, in accordance with their example, base ourselves wholly upon the Word; as Christ says and avers with a solemn oath: "Verily, I say unto you, except you be converted and become like little children, you cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven," &c. Mat. 18. It is one of the devil's artifices and tricks, that we suffer ourselves thus shamefully to be diverted from the Word through other business and matters, imagining that these are more important than God's Word (upon which, after all, our welfare and salvation, temporal and eternal, are wholly based.) Sometimes, too, we do so, ignorantly, not remembering that the matter is so important. Truly, we are unhappy people. Therefore, the best thing is, soon to die, and to be buried." On another occasion, Luther took his little son, and said to him: "Thou art our Lord God's little fool, under his favor and forgiveness of sin; not under the law, thou dost not fear, art secure, and dost not trouble thyself about anything. What thou doest is well done."

On another occasion, he observed the simplicity of his children, and praised their innocence, saying that they were much further advanced in the faith than we old fools. For that they in all simplicity, without disputing or doubting, believed that God was gra-

cious, and that there was an eternal life after this life. How happy are children that die at such an age, although such an event would grieve me most greatly, for it would be a part of my body and a part of the body of their mother, that would die, and this natural love and inclination do not cease in pious and upright Christians; that they should not be affected or grieved or take it to heart, as is the case with obstinate, obdurate heads and dolts, when their children or relatives, whom they love, are afflicted. For such emotions and inclinations are works of divine creation, which God has implanted in the nature of man, and which are not in themselves sinful. Children live in admirable simplicity and purity of faith, not troubling themselves with the objections of reason, as Ambrosius says: reason is in fault, not faith. From Coburg he wrote the following letter to his little son John: "Grace and peace in Christ, my dear little boy; I am glad that you learn so well, and pray so diligently. Always continue to do so, my dear boy: when I return home, I will bring you a handsome present. I know a beautiful, delightful garden, in which there are a great many children, who wear golden coats, and go about under the trees, picking up beautiful apples, pears, cherries, and plums, singing, leaping about, and rejoicing; they likewise have handsome little horses, with golden bridles and silver saddles. And I asked the man to whom the garden belongs whose children those were? And he said they were the children that prayed and learned well, and were pious. Then I said: Good man, I also have a little son, whose name is Johnny Luther, might not he also come into your garden, and eat such beautiful apples and pears and ride upon such fine little horses and play with these children? Then the man said: If he prays and learns well, and is pious, he also shall come into the garden, Lippus and Jocelin too, and when they all come together, they also shall have fifes, tymbals, and lutes, making all manner of music, on stringed instruments, and shall dance too, and shoot with little cross-bows. And he showed there a pleasant meadow in the garden, prepared for dancing, and it was hanging full of golden fifes, tymbals, and beautiful silver cross-bows. But it was early, and the children had not yet taken their meal; therefore I could not stay for the dance, and said to the man: My good sir, I will go straightway and write all this to my dear little boy, Johnny, so that he may pray diligently and learn well and be pious, that he too may come into this garden; but he has an aunt, whose name is Lehne, her also he must bring with him. And the man said: yes, it shall be so, go and write all this to him. Therefore, my dear little boy, pray and learn diligently, and tell Lippus and Jocelin too, that they also learn and pray; then you will all come into the garden together. With this I commend you to Almighty God; greet aunt Lehne, and give her a kiss in my name. In the year 1530. Your dear father, Martin Luther."

In the most trifling amusements of his children, as well as in the grandeur and sublimity of nature and the providence of God, Luther was accustomed to read useful lessons. On one occasion he was playing with his little daughter, Magdalena, and asked her: "Magdalena, what will Christ bring you?" Then he said: "Little children have such admirable thoughts of God, that he is their God and dear father in heaven." Then his wife brought to him his little son, Martin. Whereupon he said: "I wish that I had died at the age of this child, I would gladly for the sake of it give all the honor which I have obtained or might yet obtain in the world." "Alas, how much murmuring and pollution does our Lord God bear within us, more than a mother from her child!" On another occasion, observing his little son Martin, as he was playing with a little dog which he had, he said: "This boy preaches God's Word by his actions, where God says: *Have dominion over the fish of the sea and the beast of the earth*; for the dog endures everything from the child." Once again he beheld his children, and observing how different their natures and dispositions were, he marvelled at the work and creation of God, and said: Just as the dispositions are different, so the gifts also are different, and one man fares well, another evil; the one experiences more happiness or misfortune than the other. Therefore we are to have regard only to God, the creator and originator, to trust in him, and to call upon him.

Luther nevertheless was very strict towards his children. Once he for three days refused to see his son, or again to take him into favor, unless he would first humble himself and ask forgiveness. And when his mother, Dr. Jonas and Dr. Teutleben interceded for him, he said: "I would rather have a dead than a disobedient son. St. Paul did not in vain say, that a bishop should be a man who ruled his own house well, and had obedient children, that other people might be edified through them, take good example from them, and be not offended. But our disobedient children cause others to take offence, and the boys commit wrong, presuming upon our privileges. Yea, and though they sin often, and are guilty of all manner of knavery, I still do not find it out, I am not informed of it, and it is concealed from me. Thus we fare according to the common proverb: The wrong that is done in our own houses, we hear last. Therefore he must be chastised, and not at all indulged or suffered to go unpunished."

While he was distinguished by the most tender affection for his wife and children, and friends, Luther has left a good example to his admirers in his manner of treating his servants. He highly esteemed faithful servants, and admonished them frequently not to occasion scandal in the house—"for," said he, "the devil watches me closely, being intent upon disparaging my doctrine, or casting some reproach upon me." When one who had served his family

faithfully for a number of years was about to leave, Luther urged his wife to give him ten florins if they had them—not less than five—as a present for a faithful servant, and “because he is not clad.” For another servant, Luther was anxious to purchase a small house, that he might know where he could abide after his death, and not be constrained as a beggar and homeless wanderer to seek refuge in a hospital. How different from this the example of many modern professed Christians in their treatment of servants!

But Luther’s humanity and stern sense of right were seen in his regard for the irrational as well as the rational of God’s creatures. The servant last alluded to had once established a finch-decoy, when Luther drew up the following complaints of the Birds against him:

“To our gracious lord, Dr. Martin Luther, preacher at Wittenberg. We throstles, ousels, finches, flax-finches, gold-finches, together with other pious honorable birds, herewith inform your honor, that one, called Wolfgang Sieberger, your servant, having, as we are credibly informed, from great wrath and hatred against us, dearly purchased a large nefarious decoy, and several old injured nets, for the purpose of establishing a finch-decoy, presuming to deprive not only our dear friends and finches, but all of us of the liberty of flying in the air, and of gathering gains on the earth, which God has allowed to us. Besides this, he has designs even against our lives, whilst we have not committed against him the least wrong, nor deserved such insidious and sudden treachery from him. All this now, as you yourself can imagine, being an excessive and great grievance to us poor free birds (who before have neither barns nor houses, nor what is contained in them;) we humbly and earnestly pray you, to cause your servant to desist from such treachery; or if you cannot do this, at least to insist, that he, in the evening, scatter grain upon the decoy, and do not in the morning arise and go to the decoy before eight o’clock; thus we will then take our passage over Wittenberg. If he does not do this, but thus nefariously makes designs upon our lives, we will pray God that he would frustrate his designs, and cause him during the day to catch frogs, grasshoppers and snails on the decoy in our stead, and at night annoyed by mice, fleas, lice and bugs, that he may forget us and not obstruct our free passage. Why does he not employ such wrath and fierceness against sparrows, swallows, magpies, jackdaws, ravens, mice and rats, which verily do you much injury, stealing and robbing, and even carrying the grain, oats, malt and barley, &c., out of your houses, which we do not do, as we seek only the small crumbs and single scattered seeds. We submit this, our cause to the decision of unbiased reason, whether he does not unjustly thus fiercely spread his nets for us; we however trust to God, that as so many of our brethren and friends have fortunately escaped his wiles this fall, we also shall

escape from those nefarious rotten nets of his which we saw yesterday. Given at our heavenly seat under the trees, under our usual seal and feathers. 'Behold the fowls of the air, for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. *Are ye not much better than they?*' Math. 6."

—Such is a hasty glance at Martin Luther in the Family Circle and within the sacred influences of Home. There may be many thoughts in these passages which, if entertained aright, may bear fruit in the hearts of our readers. If so, the artist has not graven nor the author written altogether in vain.

J. M. W. G.

THE FATE OF FRANKLIN AND HIS MEN.

LET us draw around the fire ;
Embers ruddy glowing—
What a comfort they inspire,
 Whilst the bitter tempest roars,
 And it freezes out of doors,
And the wintry haze is snowing,
And the keen Northwest is blowing!

Sit and listen to the gale ;
Frost without is stinging ;
What a sad and solemn wail
 Runs throughout its gusty squalls,
 As it rises and it falls,
Ever with a death-psalm ringing :
What a dirge the winds are singing!

Reddened in the heart-light warm,
From the great log yonder,
Housed and sheltered safe from harm,
 Tracing pictures in the coals,
 On the poor unhappy souls
Homeless in the cold who wander,
Is it not a time to ponder?

Whose that wild wind's requiem,
Desolately sighing ?
Has it not swept over them,
 Whose unsepulchred remains
 Now bestrew the icy plains,
Where for Science martyrs dying,
Franklin and his crew are lying.

There they starved among the snows,
 'Mid the icebergs hoary,
There to death they slowly froze.
 On such errand let brave men
 Never be dispatched again ;
Keep them for the strife of glory :
What a fire-side winter story!

TRUE IDEA OF EDUCATION.

BY JOSEPHUS.

No word is more wrongly conceived, and is generating more infidelity at the present time, than just the idea held of Education. The received opinion of an education is, that it consists merely in drawing out the intellectual powers and adorning the outward man with agreeable bows, or mechanically preparing him to read, write and cypher, so as to enable him to discharge the duties of life, with which he will come in contact, whilst the "nurture" of the moral is neglected or made something secondary to the great purpose of life.

In order to solve the mystery of life, man must understand the relation existing between himself and his Creator; and make all things good in themselves, subserve as a means to this end. He must be conscious of and appreciate the high position he occupies in society as a moral and an intellectual being, endowed with moral and intellectual faculties, which constitute him a steward, and for this stewardship he is to render an account to the author of his gifts. He must also become conscious, that on account of sin, these faculties have been clothed and shrouded in midnight darkness, and have subjected him to blindness of mind, misery, sorrow and distress. He must commence a course of education for the purpose of leading him to the dawn of that "Light which lighteneth every man that cometh into the world," that he may chose intelligently to dwell beneath the canopy of Christianity and bask in the "sun of righteousness."

Man may, by a stoic resolution and by close application and attention, enjoy himself partially, and render those around him apparently happy; but this can only be accomplished thoroughly where the intellectual and moral faculties are simultaneously developed, and made to feel the full import of the meaning he carries within himself, namely, that he is a responsible being.

Whilst the word Educate means to draw out, as derived from the Latin *educō*, it also means properly "to bring up; to form by discipline and nurture," as derived from the Greek *paideuo*. That education which developes the intellectual faculties and sacrifices the nurture of the moral, is one-sided, injurious to man's higher nature and defeats the end to which man was ultimately to be led, namely, to see and feel his own insignificance, his dependence upon God, and the weighty responsibilities of life resting upon him. Only as these facts influence him and are made incentives to virtuous and noble deeds and checks to evil, can man expect to

discharge the duties of life which may be made incumbent upon him, to the happiness and prosperity of all concerned. Here, again, a proper education brings into operation the nobler feelings of his higher nature; and all that he does, from this stand-point, he does intelligently for the happiness of his fellow creatures.

The unfolding of the intellectual faculties without the nurture of the moral is merely to educate man for nature and not for God; whilst, on the other hand, to educate the moral and not the intellectual, is to despise the gifts of God and make him careless and indifferent to the happiness of the family and prosperity of the State. The social nature of man requires that they be not inseparable. In either case you cause him to entertain the idea, and that, no doubt, unconsciously, that by the cultivation of the one at the sacrifice of the other, he can become a good citizen, perform his part in the State honorably, and thus fulfil the duties of life acceptably to Him, to whom he is to render an account of his stewardship. He is the best statesman and the best citizen who appreciates and seeks a moral and an intellectual education combined, where the one influences the other and makes him to feel that he has something higher to live for than merely the fame, honor and glory of this world.

Can they who sever these inseparable things and advocate the infidel doctrine, "Let the State educate the head and the church the heart," be benefactors to the family and the State? No. "What God had joined together let no man put asunder." They are to be developed together that the nurture of the heart may sanctify that of the head. Without it *Reason* will be the ruling principle of man's life on the one hand, and *Spiritualism* on the other. The advocates of such a system, may pretend and desire to be benefactors to their race, yet they have no higher aim in view than to prepare man, not only for the true purpose of human existence, but for present enjoyments and selfish ends. Such views must ultimately destroy the end to which education as a means was designed to lead man. It leads him to make use of any means to accomplish his selfish and nefarious designs. We have now the fruits of such a system amongst us, both in Church and State.

No wonder that our age is becoming notorious for its infidelity and rationalism, when even synods give countenance to the impure and deadly sentiment without rebuke, that "Education is" merely "to fit the child for association in the world." It is the very germ and root of Infidelity, under the form of an angel of light, in the garb of interest for the youth and the advancement of the human race in civilization and freedom. With such views, and with such teachers as are employed in many schools, where infidelity and immorality are inculcated, it is time the sound of alarm be given, and the sentiment of Locke be sown broadcast over the

land and practiced by parents and directors, "That children should be committed to virtuous and judicious teachers, and let them rather be men of experience and moral culture, than of profound learning."

The child must be taught its relation to God and man, as the powers of the human mind are gradually unfolded; and then as it advances into youth and manhood, it will be able to understand its duty and seek the sphere in which it is to labor in life for the promotion of peace and happiness among mankind. Locke, in speaking on this subject, says: "In forming the boy to virtue, the first thing to be done is to inform him of the relation subsisting between human creatures and a superior independent being, their Creator, their Preserver and their Governor; and to teach him that obedience and worship are due to that being." This can never be accomplished if the education of the head is entrusted to the State and that of the heart to the Church; and that because a false education goes on the assumption that the head must be educated first—or knowledge must precede faith.

Rousseau says on the same subject: "Seek not to impress him with ideas of duty or obligation. Whilst they continue to be affected only with sensible objects, seek not to extend their ideas beyond the sphere of sensation." What a gulf between the two! In the former we have the very life-principle of education inculcated; whilst, in the latter, we have the axe laid at the very root of the true idea of education—the canker-worm to sap the life-blood of all true morality—to lead men from God into the whirlpool of Infidelity, and ultimately to overthrow every form of government and civilization. This is the theory and practice which now prevails to a great extent.

The system which separates a secular and a religious education, does violence to the very constitution and nature of every child; and the more distinct they become the greater will be the tendency among the higher professions of life, as their ends are selfish, to oppress and impose upon the mass of the people. It is the very system to make among lawyers, pettifoggers—among physicians, quacks—among politicians, demagogues, and among clergymen, impostors. Such a system should be discouraged by all, and especially that class who are generally imposed on by pettifoggers, quacks, demagogues and impostors for their welfare and benefit.

It is that system which draws out, illumines and nurtures, both the intellectual and moral powers with which man has been endowed, that enlarges all the nobler feelings and affections of the soul, and makes him the great and good citizen. It is those who understand their true relation to God and man—who feel the responsibilities of life—who are conscious of an hereafter, that are serious and curious to know their duty, and the sphere in which they may prove a blessing to their day and generation. The

education that leads not man into this inquiry, but substitutes present gains and selfish ends is defective and false. The mind and heart that has been properly and simultaneously cultivated and enlightened will feel and understand that it is not all of education to store the mind with the arts and sciences, and filling it with all the knowledge it is capable of grasping. Too frequently is it made to consist merely in outward embellishments and refinements, whilst the inward adorning and culture of the affections are suppressed and crushed beneath the passions of the human heart. They deserve a better fate. In every such case the individual develops himself into a fop, or herself into a coquette, instead of unfolding those powers which make them the noblest work of God.

Only where a moral and an intellectual education are combined, can we expect the true idea of education to be realized and prove an invaluable blessing both to the individual and humanity at large. Do you ask how this can be done in this age of notions and opinions? We answer, not by serving the two—entrusting the intellectual to the State and the moral to the Church. Man's life is organic. It will not allow one part to be severed from the other without doing violence to the whole. There is but "one faith, one baptism and one Lord;" these must be earnestly impressed and imbedded in every child's conscience, in the development of its intellectual faculties, without respect to the form of church government. This can be done to a great extent by the selection of proper teachers, to whom the youths of our land are committed—the reading of the word of God and prayer, and a selection of religious studies in connection with the secular. Milton, the author of "Paradise Lost," in speaking of this subject, says: "Let the several studies be assigned to different parts of the same day, and between certain hours of the same day, let them be instructed in the principles of religion and the sacred history." This at least will be preparing the way for a better state of things—of bringing together, side by side, the church and the school, not for the purpose of indoctrinating any denominational creed, but to teach the principles of religion. When this is done and becomes universal, will the family, the State and the Church, though three in office yet one in labor, work hand in hand for the accomplishment and the carrying out of the true idea of education.

The young should seek it as their guardian-angel to watch and protect their best interests for time and eternity. They owe it to their God, to themselves, and to generations succeeding them. It will lead to the Fountain of all Life, and there we may, if we will, drink of the waters of life, and have our knowledge increased through faith in Him, in whom are "hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge," and in whom "dwelleth the fullness of the Godhead bodily." In Him we shall find that fullness of joy and those pleasures which are forevermore.

Our Monthly Retrospect.

THE UNITED STATES.

THREE EVENTS have transpired since our last which have caused no little excitement in political circles, and which are invested with sufficient importance to claim a leading place in our retrospective glance at the events of the month. We allude to the removal of Governor Reeder, of Kansas; the Wheeler Slave case in Philadelphia, and the Election Riots of Louisville, Kentucky. Here are three topics which interest men of all parties and opinions, and strike different minds in different aspects. In recurring to the main facts we shall endeavor to offer no opinion but such as we honestly believe to be justified by the circumstances, and to draw no conclusions or moral reflections that are not intended, in good faith, to result in good impressions.

GOV. REEDER—KANSAS.—The removal of Mr. Reeder from the governorship of Kansas Territory, although not entirely unexpected, has been received with very decided disapprobation by the press and people of all parties. Of course, there are many who will justify the government in its course on this question; but we take it as a foregone conclusion that the verdict of the Future will be very decided in condemning the act. Many prominent and influential democratic organs speak out boldly against the act as one of doubtful policy and palpable wrong, while we are satisfied that the sober-thinking people of the South will unite in the same judgment. Under the compromise by which Missouri was admitted into the Union, a sacred compact entered into by the representatives of the different States, a broad wilderness of territory was set apart for Freedom on condition that another great and valuable tract should remain open to Slavery. The South, unmolested, took possession of its share and converted it into three States, rich in their resources and potent in their political influence. For more than a quarter of a century both parties were satisfied with the compact and our sacred Union remained intact. Then a proposition

is made by a representative of the North, acting without instructions from his constituents, to violate this time-honored compromise by throwing the territory of the North open to the peculiar institution of the South. This was one of the most remarkable movements in the history of our government. It was not based upon petition—it had not been agitated by newspaper discussion—the Southern States had not demanded it—the masses of the North were opposed to it, as events since transpiring have proved. More than this, the party which became the sponsor for the deed, had declared, a year before, in their National Convention, that they would resist all agitation of the Slavery question, “in Congress or out of it.” The authors of the measure could not be blind to the fact that the introduction of this question into Congress, under such extraordinary circumstances, must convulse the Union with an agitation hitherto unparalleled on this question. They were warned that this would be the result—they were besought to avert the impending calamity. The friends of the measure, speaking in behalf of the administration in power, replied by giving the most positive assurances that the organization of the new territory should be based upon the democratic principle of “popular sovereignty”—that the will of the settlers, be it what it might, should be untrammelled in determining the institutions of the new territory. It turns out that a majority of the settlers are in favor of a free State. The boasted doctrine of “popular sovereignty” is outraged and set at defiance by an armed band from Missouri, who make an incursion upon the polls and ballot-boxes, securing that by intimidation, which they could not do through a legal expression of the will of the actual settlers in the territory. The government of the new territory was taken from its own citizens and controlled by a foreign power. The federal government is appealed to for aid. It affords none. The appeal is backed by the Governor himself, who

had been personally and grossly assaulted by the leader of the lawless gang. Still it is unheeded. Gathering courage from impunity, the invaders seize the machinery of territorial government, and openly avow their determination to force upon the settlers an institution repugnant to them. They drive their elected representatives from their seats and fill them with tools of their own. The Governor refuses to acknowledge their authority. The mob defies him, and boldly threatens his removal. The President yields. Gov. Reeder is removed, under the pretext that he had been engaged in land speculations illegally—but this is even repudiated by the pro-slavery men of Kansas, who are familiar with all the facts, and who insist on his removal being based on other grounds. We regret this act, because we love the Union of these States—because we recognize a BROTHER in an American citizen, whether his lot chance to be cast north or south of Mason and Dixon's line. The series of acts, to which Gov. Reeder's removal is the consummation to be most devoutly regretted, has thrown a fresh firebrand of agitation into northern feeling without even a prospect of advantaging the South; and we feel assured that our southern readers will join with us in these regrets—even though regret come too late!

THE WHEELER SLAVE CASE.—Perhaps there is no judicial act upon record in the country, certainly not in the State of Pennsylvania, which has called forth such an emphatic expression of sentiment as this, the facts of which are briefly as follows: John H. Wheeler, of Virginia, United States Minister to Nicaragua, attempted to pass through Pennsylvania with three of his slaves—a woman and her two children, boys—although he certainly knew that, according to our laws, the moment the master voluntarily brought his slaves on Pennsylvania soil they became free. He remained several hours in Philadelphia, where he continued to hold his slaves in direct defiance of our State law. This coming to the knowledge of some colored people, one of their number at once apprised Passmore Williamson, an esteemed and respectable citizen of the fact, who went to the boat on which Mr. Wheeler had embarked with the mother and her children, and told her that if she wished to be free she was no longer under any

law by which she could be held. Loud words ensued between Mr. Wheeler and Mr. Williamson, and the slaves were taken off the boat by several negroes who had gone there for that purpose. The woman said she wanted to be free and had intended to be so when she reached New York. Williamson was brought before Judge Kane, of the U. S. District Court, under a process requiring him to produce the slaves. He answered to the writ that they were not and had not been in his possession or under his control. For this Judge Kane committed him to prison for "contempt," without bail or mainprize, where he still lies, and must lie until it may please Judge Kane to liberate him! This is an exercise of power which is well calculated to excite alarm. If Judge Kane has the power to commit Passmore Williamson to a prison cell, at discretion, what guarantee has any other person for his liberty! We do not say that Mr. Williamson committed no offence—but we do say that Judge Kane should have held him for those offenses or handed him over for trial under any laws he had outraged. If he committed an assault and battery on Mr. Wheeler, or created a riot, why not hold him for these offences, and not, despot-like, say, in effect, You have treated me contemptuously and I will make you suffer! The power of committing for contempt is a discretion which should be exercised by judges with great caution, and only in extreme cases—indeed, it is doubtful whether such a tyrannical discretion should be reposed in any one man. The exercise of it in this case will certainly have the contrary effect which Judge Kane and his friends no doubt anticipated. It will have the effect of making more abolitionists than could have been effected by a whole campaign of anti-slavery speeches. Mr. Wheeler certainly had no legal right to bring his slaves into this State—he did so at his own risk—and he ought, knowing the probable consequences, to have been willing to put up with them. What the result may be, is still in doubt, and a matter of much interest to the whole community.

THE LOUISVILLE RIOTS.—The late election in Louisville, Kentucky, was attended with one of the most disgraceful and bloody riots which have ever disgraced our country. The details have no doubt been seen by all our readers,

who are as capable of forming an opinion on the causes which led to the disgraceful issue as we are. It was a lawless contest between the "Americans" and the "foreigners"—the "Know Nothings" and "Sag Nichts"—but which party were the first aggressors is still a matter of dispute—the organs of both parties, as usual in such cases, favoring each their own side of the question. Not less than twenty lives were lost and a number of houses destroyed during the progress of the riot, which commenced on Monday afternoon, and were renewed on Tuesday morning. The lesson which we would draw from this deplorable encounter is apparent. While it is the duty of every citizen to exercise his voice in the administration of government, by depositing his ballot in a quiet and independent manner, all should be particularly careful to guard against that wild fanaticism of parties which often arrays class against class, and even brother against brother. Political demagogues, who take advantage of popular excitements to strengthen their own party or their chances of political promotion, should be discountenanced and rebuked by every honest citizen. From all we can gather from the published details, we have no doubt that the responsibility of these riots rests upon the wire-pulling demagogues of partisan politics.

THE AUGUST ELECTIONS.—Charles S. Morehead, formerly a moderate whig, and Speaker of the Kentucky House of Representatives and member of Congress, has been elected Governor of Kentucky by some seven or eight thousand majority. He was the American candidate and opposed to Beverly M. Clark, the democratic candidate. He succeeds Lazarus M. Powell, (dem.,) and is elected for four years. The new Legislature is also Know Nothing as well as the entire State ticket. Of members of Congress six American and three Opposition are chosen, so far as heard from....In Alabama, John A. Winston (dem.) is elected Governor by about 5,000 majority over George D. Shortridge, American. The Legislature is democratic, and the congressional delegation will stand five Democrats to two Know Nothings....In North Carolina, it is now pretty well ascertained, the Congressional delegation will stand five Democrats and three Know Nothings....In Tennessee, Gov.

Andrew Johnson (dem.) has been re-elected Governor by a small majority over Mr. Gentry, American. The contest appears to have been close in that State—though Johnson's majority may reach 2,000. The Americans have secured a majority of the Congressional delegation.

A STATE TEMPERANCE CONVENTION was held at Reading on the 7th ult. Delegates were present from every representative district in the State, and the greatest enthusiasm and unanimity prevailed in all the proceedings. Hon. Henry K. Strong, Speaker of the House, presided. A series of resolutions were adopted, in which a determination was expressed to sustain the Restraining License Law, until it is repealed for a law of entire Prohibition. The reports from different counties were highly encouraging, and the friends of Temperance will go into the fall campaign with an energy which deserves and will no doubt secure victory.

Hon. JOHN S. DAWSON, to whom the President tendered the Governorship of Kansas, in place of Governor Reeder, removed, has declined the office and ex-Governor Shannon, of Ohio, has been appointed. Mr. S. has accepted and is on his way to the new Territory. Mr. S. is a Nebraska democrat.

THE Massachusetts Bible Society has distributed 15,000 Bibles and 30,000 Testaments, the last year, at home and abroad, a portion of them having been furnished to the allied soldiers before Sebastopol. The Home Missionary Society has collected \$48,000 the past year.

THE OLD WORLD.

The news from the seat of war since our last is not important. By the Baltic we learned that the Russians made a sortie on the 24th of July, but were repulsed. The loss is not mentioned in the despatches published. It is rumored that a secret expedition is preparing, which is to attempt to force a passage into Sebastopol harbor, at the same time that a grand assault will be made by the land forces. The French continue to approach the Malakoff. The positions occupied by the Allies and the Russians in the open field are unchanged. The British fleet in the Sea of Azoff has destroyed the bridge of boats at Genitsch, without incurring any loss. The operation in the Baltic have not been important. The preparations for a campaign on the

Danube continue. The Bushi Bazouks at Constantinople have mutinied and committed great excesses. A formidable insurrection has occurred among the Arabs in Tripoli. The Russians remain near Kars, but have not invested the city. The French loan has been all taken. The uneasiness in Spain has been mostly allayed. The British Ministry having made a narrow escape from defeat, on the question of the Turkish loan bill, will be able to retain their position. The bill is progressing.

The Asia's news informs us that Mr. Roebuck's motion for a vote of censure on the government, after being debated at great length, was thrown out in the House of Commons by a majority of 107. The Palmerston Ministry has therefore a new lease of life. The general prospects of the war were not encouraging. The successes and losses of the Allies before Sebastopol seem to be about equally balanced. The Sardinian and Turkish forces have again withdrawn from the valley of Baider to Balaklava. The report is confirmed that the Russians have received reinforcements. Accounts from Asia state that the Russian army, under General Muravieff, had invested Kars, while a small army corps had advanced upon Katais, and was pressing the Turkish garrison of Batoum. The Black Warrior dispute with the United States is definitely settled, the Spanish government agreeing to pay an indemnity of a million reals.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.—Gen. Simpson, it is said, has forwarded his resignation of the British command in the Crimea to his government. The example would be followed by Omer Pasha. General Pelissier is not satisfied with the strict surveillance over his acts by the Emperor of France, and may throw up his command in disgust....The English and French journals seem to be laboring under mortal disquietude as to the probability of an Austrian alliance with Russia....Queen Victoria will visit Paris after all. Another account says that she will do so on the 17th, and that Louis Napoleon shortly afterwards will proceed to the Crimea....It is asserted that the supposed expedition against Odessa will in reality be employed in a grand naval and military operation against the harbor of Sebastopol. One hundred ships and forty thousand men are to take part in the attempt to force the entrance to the

port, whilst a simultaneous attack is to be made from the land. Preparations are also making for another campaign in Bessarabia....The visit of the Prince of Prussia to St. Petersburg is mystifying all the political quid nuncs....The Paris journals announce the death of the widow of Lucien Bonaparte, brother of the Emperor Napoleon I., in her 77th year....Among the deaths of Russian officers reported from the Crimea are those of Admiral Nachimoff and Major Todtleben. The latter distinguished officer was the son of a shopkeeper in Riga, and won his way by his talents to the rank of captain of engineers....Advices from Barcelona speak of the ruinous effects of the insurrection in Spain. Many of the influential manufacturers and opulent individuals had left, or were preparing to leave that city; 500,000,000 reals had been withdrawn from circulation, and thousands of the working population have been reduced to hopeless beggary....A letter from Warsaw says that Prince Paskiewitch is about to resume the command of the Russian troops on the Danubian frontier, at the urgent request of the new Emperor....Louis Napoleon has gone to the Pyrenees to join the Empress. They will return together to receive the Queen of England, on the 17th or 18th of August....The condition of Italy is extremely unsatisfactory. Rumors of plots and conspiracies pervade the whole peninsula. Cholera is virulent in Lombardy. In Naples numerous arrests of officers of the army have been made, and government is at present suspiciously kind to the lazzaroni—an ill omen....It is now discovered that the author of the celebrated war pamphlet, attributed to Prince Napoleon, is really no other than M. Mircławski, who figured in the Polish, Baden and Sicilian insurrections....The village of Chamouni, in Switzerland, has been almost destroyed by fire. Half the village is in ruins. Subscriptions are solicited in England to aid the sufferers....A French steamer has been sent to Malta for troops to aid the Bey of Tripoli. The insurrection in that province has assumed a serious magnitude. Two thousand Turks were defeated by the insurgent Arabs....The Duke of Newcastle and Omar Pacha were at Constantinople—the former in search of evidence to justify himself, and the latter, it is said, to tender his resignation.

The Guardian.

VOL. VI.—OCTOBER, 1855.—No. X.

EARNEST YOUNG MEN.

BY THE EDITOR.

A youth who, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A Banner with the strange device—
Excelsior.

THERE is a great difference in young men. Among various classes there is one distinctly marked, which we venture to characterize as earnest young men. This class is not very large, but they are nevertheless to be found in almost every neighborhood. The Editor of The Guardian frequently receives letters from young men belonging to this class. A brief extract from one lately received will enable the reader at once to see what kind of young men we call earnest.

This young man writes for some information and advice in regard to going to college. He says "I had made up my mind long ago to come?—was made up *long ago* to go to college." Why then did he not go long ago? Ah! this is easily explained. There was opposition on the part of his parents and friends; and there were difficulties and hindrances that met him at every step. "It is very discouraging," he says somewhat sadly. Still the fire burned in his soul; and his strong desire to go to college consumed all his pleasure and his interest in other things. Thus year after year passed away, while hope deferred made his heart sick. At length he grows desperate, and resolves at once to break through all hindrances from friends and from want of means. "My friends say that they do not see how I am to get along; but my motto is: *What has been done can be done—and, Where there's a will there's a way.* As you say in an address delivered before a Society, and published in The Guardian, of such as had a desire to get an education, one lived on two pence a day in order that he might support himself at a University; and that another stinted himself in clothes, that he might buy books; and another blacked the Professor's boots for his tuition! why may not I get along also."

This will give the reader an idea of what we mean by an earnest

young man. The one who wrote this letter is only a specimen of a pretty large class who, scattered over the land in our vallies, and on our farms, are hindered by opposition and difficulties from fulfilling the earnest desire of their hearts; which is to cultivate their minds. We have formed an acquaintance with many such during our editorial life. We must say we honor them, we love them, we bear them on our heart; and if we could utter words of power that should inspire them with new courage, and bid them in their earnest struggles to take heart again, how gladly would we do it.

We are convinced that there is more true heroism displayed by this class of young men, than is known in battle fields. The heroism of a soldier in war is the mere maddened impulse of rage, or desperation; but this is a steady, high, and holy struggle to rise in the scale of being, to be wise, useful, and good. That is the courage of physical intoxication; but this is the strife of the spirit under the influence of a noble purpose.

We have noticed that earnest young men are always unselfish. They have generous hearts; and their desire to improve their minds springs generally from a desire to be more useful in life. They know that knowledge, besides being a satisfaction to its possessor, is also power, and influence, and is a great element in proper fitness for a higher sphere of duty and responsibility. This is truly noble. It is a dignity of purpose which is never attained by those who live merely for wealth, and to enjoy the satisfaction and conveniences which it is falsely supposed to procure.

Earnest young men, with all their generosity of spirit, are generally economical. Spendthrifts are not earnest. Earnest young men freely deny themselves of those things which are only for the body and this life, that they may secure advantages to the mind and their nobler nature. What they save by economy, is not spent on dress, luxuries, or foolish diversions, but in books, periodicals, and other means by which the mind is improved. We have known one, who has not the least grain of a miserly spirit in him, who, when he travels, has frequently missed a meal to buy a book. It is the triumph of the higher over the lower nature. Nor can it be censured; for, to fast over a meal, is in general good for the body instead of injurious; and the possession of another book is a positive and lasting good.

Earnest young men are careful of their time. You do not find them lounging in stores and shops during long winter evenings. They care not for parties and diversions to pass away time. The hours of leisure, that come in between their labor, and needed sleep, are carefully devoted to reading and the general improvement of the mind. Time is to them precious as a means; and every moment is therefore watched as it passes, and put to some good use.

Earnest young men are persevering. Obstacles, and difficulties, and opposition, only increase their courage, as exercise gives new

vigor to the muscles. They rightly believe that "where there is a will there is a way." Not only what has been done can be done again; but what *ought* to be done can be done. Every one ought to cultivate his talents, and prepare for usefulness. This God wishes and this the state of the world requires, it can therefore be done. The history of thousands of earnest young men, and their final success, proves that perseverance will in the end be crowned with triumphant results.

These few words intended for encouragement will meet the eyes of some earnest young men. We say to them "never despair." You have long looked toward some college, with a fainting heart, as a place which your circumstances will never permit you to reach. Do not give it up. You will yet reach the object of your ardent desire. You will yet accomplish what you have longed for almost from childhood. Be sincere, be prayerful, be persevering, "learn to labor and to wait;" time will make way for you. Begin to take the necessary steps. Seek the advice of those who, amid similar difficulties, have gone before you. Venture with courage upon the way, though you see but a little way clearly before you. Our little boy, when we entered in at one end of a long bridge, feared that we could not get out at the other end, because the opening seemed so small. It was the thought of a child. But he found that the bridge grew wide enough *as we advanced*. Be not fearful, or over anxious as to the way before you. It will open to you as fast as you go. It is time enough to stop, and turn back, when you are once absolutely against the mountains that cannot be climbed. As long as one more step can be taken, take it! Go forward—go forward:

"Heart within, and God overhead!"

THE ANGELS IN THE HOUSE.

BY T. B. ALDRICH.

THREE pairs of dimpled arms as white as snow,
 Held me in soft embrace;
 Three little cheeks, like velvet peaches soft,
 Were placed against my face.
 Three tiny pairs of eyes, so clear, so deep,
 Looked up in mine this ev'n;
 Three pairs of lips kissed me a sweet "good-night,"
 Three little forms from heav'n!
 Ah! 'tis well that "little ones" should love us:
 It lights our fate when dim,
 To know that once our pure Saviour bade them
 Bring "little ones" to him!
 Said he not, "Of such is heaven," and blessed them,
 And held them to his breast?
 Is 't not sweet to know that, when they leave us,
 'Tis there they go to rest?

NEGLECTED COMMANDS.

NO. IV.—SELF-DENIAL.

BY THE EDITOR.

“DENY thyself.” As soon as we mention it, the serious reader will feel that there is true ground for placing this among the neglected commands. Where are those who deny themselves? Of what do the generality of professing christians deny themselves? To what extent are inconveniences, to say nothing of absolute sufferings, endured for Christ’s sake, and for man’s sake? Alas! how little do we feel the deep meaning of the words: “He that looseth his life for my sake shall find it.” Alas! how few dare say with the early friends of Christ: “Lord we have left all and followed thee.”

Self-denial is not merely a particular part of christian duty to be practiced incidentally when occasion brings it into our way, but it is always the very first step toward union with Christ. It is the *letting go* of what is not Christ, that we may take hold of Him. It is a constant, and earnest turning away from self to Christ.

We need but consider the nature of religion to see how necessarily self-denial belongs to it. In piety—when we become christians—the centre of our life is changed from ourselves to God. The natural man is like a planet that acknowledges no relations and dependencies, but revolves for itself, and seeks to make all else circle around itself, and be secondary to it. The christian is like a planet that has found another centre besides and beyond itself, and now finds its own harmony and meaning in revolving around that centre—it loses itself, denies itself, and gives up itself to another power and influence. Thus the christian swings loose from self, and finds his home, harmony and happiness in God, the true and only centre of the whole circle of life. In the very nature of christianity, therefore, self-denial or self-sacrifice is the first law, and the first duty. Till self is thus surrendered there is no piety towards God.

We find this principle acknowledged in all the acts of Christ. He, as our pattern, devoted himself entirely to his Heavenly Father. “Not my will, but thine,” was the ruling spirit of His life. Self-denial and self-sacrifice form the main current of his life and acts from the time he left the glories of heaven, until he lay in the grave under the power of the penalty which He bore for us. The whole of His life seems to be comprehended in these words: “Though he was rich, for our sakes he became poor.” He emptied himself. He made himself of no reputation. He bore the cross and the shame. He gave himself to God and to man. He gave heaven for earth—bliss for suffering—life for death.

We find the same spirit of self-denial active in the apostles and early christians. They counted all things but loss for Christ, and were willing always to give up all, and to suffer all for Him and His kingdom.

Not only does piety change the centre of our activities from ourselves to God, but it also causes us to turn our activities towards the good of our fellow men. Our selfishness must be lost in our interest for others. We must love our neighbor as ourself—devote ourselves to his good. This requires at once the spirit of self-denial. This is seen in the spirit of Christ. He gave up his own ease, comfort, and all, for the good of men. The same spirit has in all ages characterized all that have had fellowship with him in the new life of grace. Where this spirit is not there is not the spirit of Christ; and wherever this spirit is there is self-denial.

Piety also always raises the future in importance and value above the present. It teaches us that the promises, comforts, and rewards of the present are ever to be sacrificed for the good of the future. Time must be subordinated to eternity, earth to heaven. This requires that the present be a life of self-denial; for in no other way can the present be subordinated to the future. This spirit is also found eminently in Christ and in all saints in all ages, and it is the spirit of self-denial.

In what respects, and in what particulars, must self-denial be practiced? It would be an almost endless task to point out these. The shortest mode, and the true one, is to say, it is our duty to deny ourselves in all things which interfere with our supreme devotion to God, and hinder our doing the greatest amount of good to mankind. We must cut short our desire for worldly gain where it interferes with the cultivation of our mind, the sanctification of our spirit, or our usefulness in life. We must cut off from luxuries, where indulgence injures us by surfeiting, or others by poverty. We must deny ourselves of ease, where the wants of others call for our activity. In short a true christian life must steadily and always practice self-denial for the good of others.

How little is there of this spirit in our present christianity! See the rich, the high, the fashionable in the circles of professed followers of Christ! Of what do they deny themselves? They often give more for a shawl, or a bonnet, than they do to missions. Give more for toys, perfumes, and jewelry, than they do to support the gospel. Give more for tobacco than they do to their minister. They either squander money or hoard it while thousands are suffering both for temporal and spiritual food. Yet such deceive themselves with the vain fancy that they are christians, and have the spirit of Him who said, "If any man will be my disciple let him deny himself, take up his cross, and follow me!" Alas! how deplorably deceived are such.

If we view self-denial in the light of scripture, and of our Sa

viour's example, we cannot fail to feel that its practice is, in these last days, nearly obsolete. When it does exist it is found principally among the poor, who, like the widow in the scripture, deny themselves more and spare more in their poverty, than the rich in their abundance.

THE BEAUTIES OF A SUN-SET SCENE IN THE PRAIRIES OF TEXAS.

BY R. W.

"Go mark the flowers which deck the plain—
The birds which carol in the breeze ;
The bloom of fields refreshed by rain,
The zephyrs whispering 'mongst the trees :
Hear too the tempest's howling blast,
While clouds on clouds majestic move,
The flowers, the fields, the birds, the blast,
Alike proclaim that GOD IS LOVE."

ON my way from Matagorda Bay to San Antonio de Bexar, in Texas, night overtook me whilst I was in the midst of an immense—a boundless prairie. Just as the twilight approached I found myself in the midst of a magnificent ocean of flowers. These flowers were of every hue and color, red, white, blue, yellow, pink, purple, crimson and mottled ; generally tall, raising their beautiful coronas above the green grass, and waving it to and fro, like the graceful undulations of the golden grain. Here I had my first view of a sun-set scene on the vast prairies of Texas, and a more beautiful and lovely scene I never witnessed, and never expect to see, until I get a view of that city whose streets are paved with gold; and whose walls are made of precious stones—"where God the Son forever reigns,

"And scatters night away."

Foreign tourists may talk of the bright skies of Italy, and the pure atmosphere of Australia, but a brighter sky, or a purer atmosphere, and a more bland and soft, and lovely landscape, was never seen in any land. Even an attempt to describe a sun-set scene on the prairies of Texas is like

"Gilding refined gold, painting the lily,
Adding another perfume to the rose,
Or another hue unto the rainbow."

The grandeur and beauty of such a scene cannot be described ; it must be seen and felt to be fully appreciated. But in order to give the numerous readers of *The Guardian*, who have never had, and perhaps never will, have an opportunity of feasting their eyes on such a lovely prospect, I will endeavor to paint, on paper, what

the scene itself daguerreotyped upon a soul, not altogether dead to the impressions of the beautiful and the sublime.

I was on an elevated spot, with nothing but the heavens and the prairie in sight. The prairie was gently sloping away towards the four points of the compass; and some twelve or fifteen miles from where I stood the horizon cut the land from my view. There was nothing to obstruct one's vision but here and there a solitary and gloomy live oak with his wide-spreading and knarled branches, apparently keeping sentinel in the vast solitude, and a few lazy cattle luxuriating in the rich pasture. And this scene was enlivened by large droves of wild deer, some with their branching antlers bounding like the Spring-bok of Africa over the tall grass, and the mottled fawn by the side of its dam, attempting the same wild gymnastics of the prairie. Night was stealing in upon the prairie; the flowers were instinctively closing their petals to exclude the dews, and to keep their rich hues untarnished for another day. The great luminary of day had laid aside his dazzling splendors, and his rays passing through the dense strata of air near the surface of the earth, permitted the human eye to gaze upon his broad red disc with perfect impunity. At this moment nature herself seemed to pause in order to contemplate the lovely scenes of her own magic creation. The glorious clouds had formed a gorgeous pathway for the sun to glide down upon into his bed of flowers! All around him floated airy clouds, smiling in roseate hues, and blushing in deep vermilion.

“Oh, it was one of those immortal hours
When man, unheeded of the jarring world,
Feels thoughts within him too sublime for words.”

As the orb of day slowly sinks down towards the western horizon, he increases in size and glory, until his whole round face is suffused with a tinge of red almost as deep as the purple fluid of life. On his downward course he seems to pause a moment upon the confines of two worlds, and as his lower limb is buried beneath the horizon all nature seems to catch the deep tinge—the atmosphere, the clouds, the earth, the sky, the very grass have all assumed the deep red glow of the sinking sun! You look around upon this magnificent scene; you then look for the sun, but he is seen no more, he has sunk down beneath his beautiful bed of flowers. Like magic, in a moment the scene changes; the clouds have now assumed a golden yellow appearance. You now admire the beautiful sky, but the twilight is very short; soon the clouds are changed into a light silvery gray, and then—

“Hesperus, the queen of night, arose
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.”

The stars have now made their appearance, and so clear is the atmosphere, and so light the stars do shine, that you can read a

newspaper without any difficulty. And the evening star throws a shadow like the moon. Oh, it was a beautiful night; I never closed an eye, but all night long I watched the moon and the beautiful stars. I was traveling in the stage. In the morning I had the pleasure of seeing the same glorious sun making his appearance in the east, coming like a strong man to run a race. I was still in the prairie, and had one hundred miles of prairie yet before me, though I had already past over some fifty miles. This may serve to convey an idea of the extent of the prairies in Texas. One of the most striking things in the Texan prairie is the immense number of flowers, and the great variety and richness of the colors. The green foliage, too, is of the deepest hue. The whole prairie is one dense sea of flowers. Here, in these primeval prairies, where human foot has never trod, it is true, as Gray says:

“Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness o’er the desert air.”

Why are these immense prairies covered with so many flowers of the sweetest fragrance and richest hues? If it be true, as some transcendentalists tell us, that every flower expands its petals as an act of homage to the great Creator, what a revenue of praise and adoration must ascend to his throne from those boundless prairies! Though the men of Texas, who are the noblest work of God in this lower world, do not praise him, yet the flowers do, and they do it with all their might. We ought to thank God for the beautiful flowers he has made, for their endless variety and rich profusion of colors and fragrance. The world would indeed be dark and gloomy and cheerless without flowers. One of our English sentimental poets—I think it was Charles Lamb—said that one reason why he wanted to remain in this world, was on account of its beautiful flowers. Jesus says “God clothes the grass,” i. e., he decorates the flowers, he paints their beautiful petals, and powders their stamens and pistils, and does this to display his handiwork to the children of men. Hence we are called upon to adore the Creator of angels and of flowers. We are to look up to his eternal throne through the workmanship of his hands. And through what channel in the whole range of nature can we look up to him more lovely and more inviting than the floral world? Without running into the follies of Pantheism we can see God in every thing, and especially in the lovely flower. How beautifully has one of our graphic poets expressed in verse what we all feel in our hearts:

“There’s not a tint that paints the rose
Or decks the lily fair,
Or streaks the humblest flower that blooms,
But God has placed it there.

There’s not of grass a simple blade,
Or leaf of loveliest mien,
Where heavenly skill is not displayed,
And heavenly wisdom seen.

There's not a star whose twinkling light
Shines on this distant earth,
To cheer the silent gloom of night,
But mercy gave it birth.

Around, beneath, below, above,
Wherever space extends,
There God displays his boundless love,
And power with mercy blends.

I shall never forget the flowers of Texas, nor the sun-set scene I witnessed on her broad prairies. It would be worth a man's while to go to Texas, if it were only to see the rich profusion of flowers, and to see the sun setting from the midst of an immense prairie.

THE GATE TO THE LAND OF THE BLEST.

BY THE EDITOR.

Kennt Ich doch den Ausgang finden,
Ach, wie fuhlt ich mich beglückt! SCHILLER.

I OFTEN have asked, when my heart was oppressed,
For the gateway that leads to the Land of the Blest;
And I longed—if I found it—in peace to depart,
To find in its mansions the home of my heart.

I have dreamed that the bright golden vista of even
Might be, to sad spirits, the inlets to Heaven;
And in faith, and in fancy, I sighed after rest
Beyond those bright gates in the Land of the Blest.

While musing in sorrow, an Angel of Love
Gave a touch to my faith, as it bent from above;
It beckoned—I followed—"I'll lead thee to rest,
And show thee the gate to the Land of the Blest."

Led on by the Angel, and sweetly beguiled,
We came to the newly made grave of my child!
"Here, here, said the Angel, the weary ones rest,
And this is the gate to the Land of the Blest."

O can it be so, that this mound of my fears,
This spot of my sorrows, bedewed with my tears,
Is the brightest on earth? So stupid and blind
Were my efforts the gateway of glory to find.

I joyed through my tears to the Angel that smiled
At the head of the grave of my now sainted child,
And was glad that, before me, my babe found the rest
Of the grave, and the gate to the Land of the Blest.

Wave gently, ye willows, that shadow that mound!
Fall softly, ye dewes of the night, on that ground!
Sleep sweetly my babe!—my heart is at rest,
You have found the bright gate to the Land of the Blest.

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

BY THE EDITOR.

Who bade the Sun
 Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
 Of loveliest hue, spread garlands at your feet?
 God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
 Answer—God!
 And, in their furious fall, still thunder—God!

MANY persons have visited the Falls of Niagara; and many have endeavored to describe it. It is now generally believed that it is a great presumption to suppose that any thing about it can be said that has not already been said, or to think that it can be said better. Let this be so; we, the Editor of The Guardian, were also at Niagara, and we claim the privilege of "showing also our opinion."

We have had our imagination wonderfully wrought up in regard to the "Cataract of Niagara," ever since we read, in our boyhood, the description given of it by Goldsmith in the English Reader. Now having seen this great sight ourselves, we will begin—by way of inspiring our readers with reverence for our critical skill and close observation—begin, we say, by criticising the description, which is contained in the English Reader. Goldsmith tells us that this "fall of water is made by the river St. Lawrence." Now we are not skilful enough to say certainly whether this river was formerly so called; but sure we are that the river between Lake Erie and Ontario is at present called Niagara: it only becomes St. Lawrence after it has passed Ontario. Farther, Goldsmith says: "A river that serves to drain the waters of almost all North America into the atlantic ocean." Any school child that has dipped the least into geography, can tell how far this is from the mark!

When we hear or read of some noted man we form an image of him in our minds; we see him before our fancy's eye, in his form, face and features. But if ever we see the man himself, how different is he from our ideal of him. He does not look at all as we had fancied him. We found it to be just so in our ideal of Niagara. We had fancied it all. The image had grown up in our mind from childhood into its wonderful perfection. But how different the reality from our ideal!

We must mention several things which were not in the Niagara which we visited, as they were in the Niagara of our imagination.

1. The real Niagara is not near so noisy as we had supposed him to be. The name, in the language of the Iroquois Indians, means "Thunder of Waters;" and we had read in the English Reader that "the noise of the fall is heard at the distance of several leagues." We believe this is true in some peculiar states of the atmosphere; but on ordinary occasions the noise is scarcely notice-

able in the village that lies by the Falls! Coming in from the country with a friend in a buggy, we stopped to listen just behind the town, where we were not more than three-fourths of a mile from the Falls, and we could not hear the least hum of its waters. This is no doubt owing to the deep channel into which the water plunges, the high banks hindering the sound from spreading. But even when you stand near by the Falls there is not any thing like the noise which you would suppose. It keeps sounding only a pleasant kind of monotonous bass-note to the conversation of those who stand near the brink, and make their remarks concerning it. The sound of the water seems to be muffled by the mist which rises out of the gulf below. We cannot say that at any time or place did "the thunder of Niagara roll awfully on our ears."

2. There is nothing of that wild, craggy, rugged and rocky appearance about the Falls, and the shores of the river near it, which we had fancied. We expected to find Niagara embosomed in the midst of scenery fearfully wild and sublime. We found almost an entire absence of this feature. It is a sudden break in the river in the midst of a level country. The banks are level; and in most of places they might be cultivated out to the very edge. The river, below the Falls, looks like a deep channel cut through a level country, with banks almost perpendicular, but far from rough either along the sides or the top. From the top of the Falls the eye can survey the country at a considerable distance up and down on both sides, having a full view of the level banks, and parts of the country lying back from the shores of the river.

The mind would naturally associate wild banks with such a magnificent cataract as this "thunder of waters." The reason why the visitor misses these and sees only banks of tame scenery, is evident at once to one who takes a survey of the lay of the country between the two lakes. The Falls, at first, and ages ago, was evidently at least eight or nine miles farther down—*there* the wild scenery is. The Falls has worked and worn its way up through the level country, which lies on a plain with Lake Erie. About eight or nine miles below the Falls, near Lake Ontario, there is a ridge crossing Niagara river, and extending from Rochester, N. York, over some two hundred miles into Canada. The locks in the canal at Lockport, and Seneca Falls, are both in this ridge. This ridge is about the height of the Falls; and where it crosses the river the Falls originally was. We crossed this ridge at several different places in York State, and found it always about the same height, with a level plain from its base to Lake Ontario, and a like level country from its top towards Lake Erie. From this ridge, since the creation of the world, the Niagara river has worn its way up through this level plain towards Lake Erie. Hence the tame banks where the Falls now are. We came to this conclusion in our own mind, after having seen the Falls; and having bought a "Guide Book"

at the Falls, we were glad to find that wiser men had come to the same conclusion before us. The following extract will make the whole matter plain to the reader :

“The Falls of Niagara are gradually moving up stream. The last of the Table Rock has tumbled in. It was inevitable. It had to go. Nothing can be more simple than the work of excavation which, from time immemorial, has been going forward at Niagara Falls. Almost every year, and frequently several times in a year, some portion of the shelf over which the river plunges tumbles into the chasm below, creating some visible change in the grand curve of the Horse Shoe, or in the irregular line of the American Falls.

“The process, as we have said, is exceedingly simple. The general level of the country of Lake Ontario is some three hundred feet lower than that of Lake Erie. The depression is abruptly marked by a terrace drawn across Niagara river, near Lake Ontario, from which lake said terrace appears like a mountain ridge stretching across the country, the summit of this ridge forming the level of the country of Lake Erie. In the original outflow from Erie to Ontario, then, the river was very naturally precipitated over this terrace, as down the side of a mountain. But soon the fall became perpendicular, as the geological structure of this upper country will show at a glance at the sides of the chasm below the present Falls.

“From Lake Erie to the descent near Ontario, the first formation under the arable soil is a mass of primitive limestone from eighty to one hundred feet thick. Underneath this a friable slate or shale succeeds, which is underlined by sand, &c. The river finds it a slow business to grind down this immense overlapping plate of solid limestone; but the work of excavation is easy by the simple process of undermining it. The stream at first, falling over the terrace, washed away the loose materials at the base, and from the tremendous volume of water pouring down, soon scooped out a deep basin at the foot of the Falls. Then the action of water and air combined rapidly disintegrated and moved away the friable materials forming the back of the Falls, until the overtopping layer of limestone was left projecting like a shelf across the stream, over which the mighty mass of waters was thrown into the chasm below. But as the work of disintegration went on underneath, and as the pulverized materials were washed away, this impending shelf of limestone, from its superincumbent weight, broke off and fell into the basin; and thus the Niagara Falls have undoubtedly been working their way up stream for several thousand years.

“In this way the deep and narrow gorge, of some nine or ten miles from the Falls to the lower country, has been cut out. The masses of rocks which form the fearful rapids down this awful passage, are but the fragments from the common level of the cliffs, which, on each side, indicate a solid body of limestone of from

eighty to one hundred feet in thickness. The same process accounts for the Table Rock and its fall. In the course of years another table rock will thus be formed, projecting over the water, and admitting of a safe passage under it between the falling river in front and the crumbling wall behind it; but this, too, as its basis is removed, will, from the elementary laws of gravitation, tumble into the gulf.

“The work of retrogradation at Niagara is slower, as we should judge, at this time than ever before. The intervention of an island has divided the stream, and the great width of the Canadian branch alone has diminished the excavating force of the river to less than half its power when the Falls were a mile lower down, and the whole overplus of Lake Erie was concentrated into a channel of some eight hundred feet wide. From the American shore to the Canadian, including the island, the circuit of the Falls now is extended to nearly a mile. But they illustrate at a glance their future plan of operations. Comparatively a light body of water passes over the American channel, insufficient to scoop out a bed for the broken limestone as it tumbles in. It therefore lies piled up in rugged masses above the surface of the water where it has fallen. This branch of the river, too, has dropped a third of a mile or more behind the Canadian, from the same cause; the lack of the motive power to do the work. It will be observed, also, that the centre of the Horse Shoe is gaining rapidly upon the sides, the heaviest body of water being in the centre. The Horse Shoe will thus probably reach the head of Goat Island, and absorb the water of both channels, before the American Fall shall have made a hundred yards further up stream. In this event the village of Niagara Falls will be left high and dry, and Goat Island will become part of the main land.”

3. Another particular in which the real Niagara seemed different from the one in our fancy was its apparent height. We say its *apparent* height, for we were satisfied that it is really and fully one hundred and seventy-five feet from the level surface of Goat Island to the surface of the water below—the falling sheet must be fully one hundred and sixty feet. Now, in no position we could take—and we viewed it from many points—could we feel or be persuaded, from *bare sight*, that it is more than seventy or eighty feet high. We are sure, reader, that if you look at your church steeple, which may be one hundred feet high, then add sixty more to the top of it by imagination, and then extend it three-fourths of a mile wide and fancy you see a mighty river pouring over it—and then form this into an idea of Niagara, you will be sorely disappointed when you first see the thunderer. Your fancy will come down as if its wings were clipped. You will look at the wide sheet, rolling as you think too tamely down, and with all your desire that the reputation of the great Falls may not suffer, you will continue

to be disappointed. We could not help thinking, when we had taken the first look, of the man who once went to meeting, and was asked when he returned how the people worshipped, he said, "Well they worship a good deal like the Methodists, *only a little more so!*" We thought the Falls looked a good deal like a large *mill dam*, "only a little more so!"

Why this ocular deception? We explain it satisfactorily to ourselves from two causes. First, the great width of the river naturally deceives the eye as to its height. A narrow column always seems taller than a wide block built to the same height. Secondly, at least one-fourth of the sheet of falling water is covered below by the wonderful mist which is raised by the terrible plunge of the water, thus deceiving the eye. These two causes combined make the Falls appear less in height than they really are.

In these three particulars the Falls, in our fancy, differed from the Falls in fact; and we found the truth of the poet's saying, that

"Distance lends enchantment to the view."

Let not the reader conclude from what we have said of the abatement of our conceptions in these features, that we did not *feel* also the true grandeur of this amazing work of God. We mean a great deal when we say: "IT GROWS ON YOU AS YOU GAZE." Instead of feeling an abatement of your wonder it increases with familiarity. Having viewed it for half a day, and returning to it again it is greater, grander, more glorious. Like a truly great man, who at first bears his greatest virtues concealed, and only reveals them gradually on prolonged acquaintance; so this truly great wonder-work presents itself modestly and humbly to your first introduction, but it "bears acquaintance," and you find your reverence growing the more the longer you know it.

Yes, it is the great Thunderer! and he makes you feel it before you leave, if you remain long enough to take in the vast idea. Think of all the waters of all the lakes, Erie, Superior, Michigan, Huron, St. Clair, and numerous other smaller lakes, with all their greater and smaller tributaries from the far off Rocky Mountains, pouring their immense collected waters over this grand precipice age after age! We looked upon it as a magnificent Altar, built by Divine hands, upon which the waters pour a libation, and in the presence of which poor little man may throw up his hands in deepest reverence and the most humble devotion of soul. There is the mist which rises like perpetual incense towards heaven, to mingle with the clouds, as if in token of eternal propitiation and reconciliation between "the waters which are under the firmament, and the waters which are above the firmament," joining heaven and earth in peace and communion. There is the water beneath, as white as snow, as though it had become pure by the offering. Verily, there also is the rainbow of promise in the incense-cloud of rising mist, the

very emblem of that peace which heaven has graciously promised to earth. Then, too, the whole of this sublime service is accompanied by the deep music of many waters, sending up to heaven their unceasing anthem of praise to Him who bids them roll. It is truly a sublime sight. There are so many things to be taken in, to fill out the picture, that it is utterly in vain to attempt a description of the Falls.

The rapids above the fall—the hurrying waters, now rolling into broad waves, now bounding suddenly up into air and breaking into white caps, now pitching as in desperation forward, and now gliding through a long-drawn downward curve, smooth and swift—is a sight that holds the eye in amazement. So the stunned waters that boil and tumble in confusion below, like crazed clouds, white as wool, tossed and tossing, endeavoring as by desperate and lawless experiment to find the channel, then hurrying away, over rocking waves that reach from shore to shore—it must be seen to be known, and then only half its fearful sublimity can be taken up by the mind.

Such is Niagara; or at least such are some thoughts we had in regard to it. There are many interesting scenes, stories, and places about this natural wonder of which we cannot now speak. We are glad that we saw Niagara. We have a new picture in our mind of God's greatness as displayed in His works; and memory, at suitable moments, brings up this picture to our mind greatly to our pleasure.

LILLY'S PRAYER.

SHE knelt alone, that little one,
 An orphan child of three,
 And whispered forth the prayer she learned
 Beside her mother's knee.
 No gentle hand upon her head
 In soft caress was laid,
 No sweet voice murmuring her name—
 She knelt alone and prayed.

The tear-drops resting on her cheek
 A tale of sorrow told,
 For even she, that angel-child,
 Had found the world was cold;
 And murmured forth, with tiny hands
 Up-pointing to the skies,
 "God take me to my mamma,
 Poor little Lilly dies."

The angels, pausing, heard the prayer,
 And in the calm moonlight
 Bent down and breathed upon the child,
 And kissed her forehead white;
 And bearing her with songs of love
 Through the blue depths of even,
 They laid her in her mother's arms—
 SHE WOKE THAT MORN IN HEAVEN!

MRS. G. W. KING.

HEAVEN'S GRACIOUS GIFTS.

BY REV. ISAAC H. REITER.

THERE is a voice—a lovely voice—
That calls to Adam's race,
And speaks of peace and pardon bought,
And woos to love's embrace.

There is a balm—a precious balm—
That cures the plague of sin;
That stills each pain and quells each fear,
And purifies within.

There is a faith—a living faith—
That doth to Christ unite;
That looks beyond the bounds of time,
And basks in heavenly light.

There is a peace—a holy peace—
That fills the saintly breast,
That soothes our care and sweetly tells
Of everlasting rest.

There is a joy—a heavenly joy—
That knows no tears of grief,
That feels no pangs of care or woe,
Nor harbors unbelief.

There is a sun—a glorious sun—
Whose beams forever bright,
Dispel the gloom around the tomb,
And banish sorrow's night.

There is a hope—a blessed hope—
The world can ne'er impart;
That on "the Rock of Ages" rests,
And cheers the fainting heart.

There is a land—a blissful land—
Beyond this mortal shore,
Where all is love and joy and light,
And tears are shed no more.

There is a home—a happy home—
Delightful, fair and sweet,
Where friends in peace together dwell,
And hymns of praise repeat.

That VOICE is heard from Calvary,
And speaks of heavenly love;
That precious BALM is Jesus' blood—
That FAITH which saves above;

That PEACE, the calm of saints' repose—
That JOY, the life of bliss;
That SUN is Revelation's LIGHT,
And never shines remiss.

That HOPE, "the hope of glory" bright,
By Jesus freely given;
That LAND, the country of the blest—
That HOME, the rest in Heaven!

THE TREES OF THE BIBLE.

NO. XII.—THE POPLAR.

BY THE EDITOR.

THERE are different species of poplar. We have not sufficient data by which to determine the precise kind alluded to in the scriptures. The word LIBNEH, which is translated poplar, means in Hebrew "*the white*"—the white tree. This would answer very well to the poplar, which is so common a domestic tree in our own country, brought originally from Lombardy in Italy, from which it has derived its name. This tree has white bark, and very white wood, and even its leaves present a white appearance when blown upon by the wind.

This beautiful tree is only twice mentioned in the Bible. The first is in Genesis 30, 37: "And Jacob took him rods of poplar." It is said "he pilled (peeled, by tearing off strips of bark) white streaks in them." This incidental reference to the white wood under the bark would seem to designate very clearly the Lombardy poplar. So also does the expression, "Jacob took *rods* of poplar;" as this species of the tree is noted for its thin, straight, long branches.

This poplar is also mentioned in Hosea, 4, 13. Speaking of the practice of the idolators of that time, the Prophet says: "They sacrifice upon the tops of the mountains, and burn incense upon the hills, under oaks, and poplars, and elms, because the shadow thereof is good." It does not appear that this tree was selected to cover these idolatrous rites of heathenism, for any other reason than on account of its pleasant shadow, which is a great luxury, and much desired, in a warm climate. The pagans were very naturally inspired with a feeling of reverence and gratitude toward the tree that threw over them such a pleasant and refreshing shade while engaged in worship, and hence it became one of their sacred trees. They extended to it, as they are wont to do toward all their sacred things, a very tender protection and care. Its stately form, the graceful waving of its long slim branches, and the sheen of its white upturned leaves as seen in the distance, reminded them of their Gods, and seemed to plead for an offering; while its grateful shade invited the traveler, drawing still nearer, to rest and worship.

With us, too, the poplar is a sacred tree; but for another reason. It is dear to our associations because it is a home-tree, throwing its pleasant shadow upon the roof, and across the yard of the homestead. Three or four poplars in a row—and a willow—what a beautiful sight are these, standing like sentinels beside the farm house, embosomed in the midst of green fields. Only the roof

and chimneys of the house, the tops of the barn, and the row of poplars are seen from the road, or from the summit of the distant hill; and there are few travelers, whose early life has been spent in the country, that do not think, when they see these poplars, of home, and parents, and childhood, with its innocent sports, its little sorrows, and its little joys.

We shall never forget those that stood guard beside our house, three and a willow—and at evening threw their shadow far, far across the meadow. Could we not run in their long shade away to the distant fence? yea, and even beyond it did it extend, and was lost among the trees in the woods. Do we not remember these trees, how they were so early green in spring-time? How their long, slim, whip-like branches bent so gracefully before the wind. How, on midsummer evenings, their heart-shaped leaves, gently moved by the breeze, made a soft clacking noise like the patter of gentle rain upon the roof; and how the leaves silvered towards the harvest moon that moved through the still sky beyond. Then, how beautifully the leaves changed in early Autumn; not suddenly, to overwhelm us with abrupt sadness; but gradually and in spots here and there, as our own looks change when we begin to move along the gentle declining slope of life; and they turned yellow, these tall trees, from the top down. It was pleasant and instructive to see how, when the tops were bare, the green leaves still hung firmly around the trunk below. So fades a family! The parental heads, highest and first, begin to show the “yellow leaf;” and while their brows are frosted, and the almond blossoms fall one by one, and “the flower”—not, as an infidel poet says, also “the fruit”—of mortal life is gone, children and children’s children cluster fresh and hopefully around, to cover to the last the venerable stems of their own being with the fresh garlands of cheerful life. No wonder that so true a family emblem should be a favorite domestic tree; and that it should weave its solemnly pleasant memories so lastingly into the woof of our associations.

How we remember those trees and their history. Our own mother, before we were born—so we often heard the story from her own lips—brought them from Virginia as small scions, hanging to the horn of her saddle. There were no rail-roads, and very few carriages then. She brought them from Virginia; and this fact may serve to confirm the tradition, that the first Lombardy poplar that ever grew in this country, and from which all that now grow originally spring, was brought from Europe to his homestead in Virginia by Thomas Jefferson, probably in 1769, when he returned from the mission to which he was appointed by Washington as Minister Plenipotentiary to negotiate treaties of commerce with foreign nations. The scions referred to were brought from Virginia about 1806—thus about 17 years after the first one was planted by Jefferson. In this short time the tree could not spread over a very large terri-

tory ; so that the three that graced our house must have sprung from the earliest generations.

The history of these three poplars and a willow goes farther. After they had grown many years, and were thick, tall, and beautiful, it was alleged against them that their roots, growing over or rather through, *under* the fence, were injuring a garden lately laid out near them ! The subject was earnestly discussed pro and con ; for some time the trees prevailed, and again the witnesses against them prevailed. Certain it was scions began to show themselves among the currant bushes inside of the garden fence, proving that these were roots below ; and now and then a suspicious poplar-looking sprout would even lift its hopeful head in the hard path in the middle of the garden. Alas ! it was but too evident that all around, far and near, their roots did cry from the ground against them ! It began to be strongly feared that father would give judgment against them, and seal their doom.

Once more there was hope. For a kind-hearted daysman, who had love for the trees in his heart, suggested a compromise, which seemed not altogether devoid of wisdom. A deep narrow dike was to be dug along the outside of the garden fence—such was this benevolent proposal—by which device the roots of the poplars were all to be cut off so that they should not grow over again. Good, it was done ; but the wisdom had one folly in it which proved disastrous to the whole scheme. The roots *were already over* ! And these roots were as fond of life as the parent trees ; and so they showed their diligence in the vocation of sprouting up anew every spring. The dike would not do ! Then my father decided firmly ; and behold, we who loved the trees most, were made meekly to execute the sentence. With bleeding hearts, thoughtfully, and slow, we laid the axe into their venerable trunks, stroke on stroke, first this side and then that, till crack !—crash !—their lay the lovely ruin !

The work was done. We have never been able to approve of, or justify, this severe measure. How utilitarian we are. They injured the garden a *little*, and for this they must offer up *all*—be utterly demolished ! These tall, beautiful trees—trees that my mother brought from afar, and with which her name was so pleasantly associated in family story, and since in memory that backward travels—trees, that were there long before the garden—these trees must give way to cabbage heads ! must die for cabbage heads ! Spirits of the poets ! where were ye when these graceful and pleasant trees held war with cabbage heads, and fell before them !

Alas ! how queer the house looked when the poplars were down. The very identity of the homestead seemed gone. The house looked as naked, cold, and simple as a sheered sheep ; or as the nest of a partridge in the meadow, when the grass and tall weeds have been shorn away above it by the scythe. Coming home from the fields at noon, it seemed as if that was not the house, nor that the

barn. Even the garden seemed ashamed and astonished, and looked squatted, inside the pailings, like a broad and ugly toad. Even the ducks and geese that were wont to sit in squads silently at the roots of the poplars now looked up and quacked, and gabbled, as if in wonder at what had happened. The slowly moving drovers gazed across and back as they passed along the road, till they were out of sight, as if they could not persuade themselves that they had ever passed that house before!

Such seemed, when it was too late to remedy the evil, to have been the true value of those trees. Esau-like we delivered them into the hands of the woodman for a mess of cabbage! While we write the paper seems to blush for the shame, and the ink at the end of our pen, boils with indignation at the graceless deed. But it is too late. May the reader be preserved from ever committing such folly, and enduring the bitter repentance that follows, and that comes too late! Then shall the sad story in this digression not have been recorded in vain.

WATCH, WATCH, MOTHER.

MOTHER, watch the little feet,
Climbing o'er the garden wall,
Bounding through the busy street,
Ranging cellar, shed and hall.
Never count the moments lost—
Never count the time it costs;
Little feet will go astray,
Guide them, mother, while you may.

Mother, watch the little hand,
Picking berries by the way,
Making houses in the sand,
Tossing up the fragrant hay.
Never dare this question ask,
"Why to me this weary task?"
These same little hands may prove
Messengers of light and love.

Mother, watch the little tongue,
Prattling eloquent and wild,
What is said and what is sung
By the happy, joyous child.
Catch the word while yet unspoken,
Stop the vow before 'tis broken:
This same tongue may yet proclaim
Blessings in a Saviour's name.

Mother, watch the little heart,
Beating soft and warm for you;
Wholesome lessons now impart—
Keep, oh! keep that young heart true.
Extricating every weed,
Sowing good and precious seed,
Harvest rich you then may see,
Ripening for eternity.

THE CONNECTION BETWEEN LABOR AND LAZINESS.

BY NATHAN.

THE severities of earnest trials and intense conflicts are the best educators of the soul. This is both a rational and a Christian principle. Nature and Grace illustrate its truthfulness, and the Bible yields its weighty sanction. It is not the result of accident or caprice which renders it necessary that "all who will live godly in Christ Jesus, must suffer persecution." It is not owing to the unavoidable persecuting propensity of the wicked, but to a merciful arrangement of Divine Providence. The necessity is created on account of its utility. The heart of man is like the pool of Bethesda at Jerusalem. The angel must come down to trouble its waters before it can heal the sick. Its heavenly virtues may be there, but their sanative influence can only be reached by collision and conflict.

"Idleness is the devil's worship"—the tare-garden, where he rears and trains plants for perdition. Here the complete ruin of body, mind and spirit are wrought out with equal success. Action, work, expels the humors of disease and invigorates every member of the body. Every faculty of the mind derives strength from study. The memory and the judgment are always faithful and correct in proportion to their use. Our moral powers are always vigorously right in proportion to their diligent exercise. (I speak of Christians.) "*Exercise unto godliness*," is the best school to make skilful practitioners in the art of holy living. The gospel furnishes an armor, but it will be of no value unless we are drilled in its sacred uses. There are gospel sandals, but we must be accustomed to wear them or they will pinch and cramp our progress. There is "a shield of faith," but, unless we are expert in its uses, the fiery darts will still pierce us. There is a "sword," but unless we have been taught the art of spiritual fencing, our sword will be of no use to us. How many lay this armor by, for special emergencies, for the trials of affliction or death. Alas! alas! They can't use it because they have never been drilled in its practice. Like the armor of Saul upon David: "And David said I can not go with these, for I have not proved them"—I am not accustomed to them.

Labor has a two-fold use. There is a blessing in the effort as well as in the reward. He that is unwilling to give the former is unfit to have the latter. "If any will not work, neither shall he eat." If a man won't labor, though he have money to pay for his food, he is unfit and unworthy to eat. "The sweat of thy face" is the price of thy bread. If you are willing to pay that, you will come honestly by it, and God will bless it. If not, beware, for "there is death in the pot."

The world is so much taken with the labor-saving panic, as to be no longer willing to pay the price which God has unalterably fixed. Much as can be said for the progress of invention it is not without its mischief. The diminution of labor fosters and increases the spirit of indolence. And it is to be feared that, by and by, men will wish for machines to do their thinking. Already a species of praising machines, commonly called choirs, are employed by many churches to praise God for them. They are to all intents and purposes a labor-saving apparatus, grinding out God's praise for the congregation according to order. How much labor is saved for lungs, lips and lights. Then, too, it removes the risk of contaminating our voices by contact with the mingled melodies of the poor. Shame, eternal shame on a religion that is either too nice or too lazy to sing God's praise for itself! Even ministers of the gospel are classed by many under the head of useful inventions. A large proportion of their credit and respect is derived from their labor-saving endowments. Their sermons are a sort of a substitute for Bible-reading, and save their hearers the trouble of reading through dull, dry pages to acquire religious information. And withal they *perform* their praying *for* them—that certainly is a great saving of labor. Of course, as their minister, he must not pray *with* them, but *for* them. While he wrestles with God in prayer they can be at something else; talk, fix and dust off their clothing, pick their finger-nails, survey dresses, gape and yawn. Often during the solemn act of prayer have I seen or—

Heard the everlasting yawn confess
The pains and penalties of idleness.

Of course professing Christians, who consider themselves mere spectators in this labor-saving scene, claim a right to all these privileges. When their minister has worn himself out he is cast aside, like other worn-out machines, to pine away his remaining days in ungrateful neglect.

The posture during prayer has become a matter of very serious moment with some professing Christians. It has been ascertained by experience that the kneeling posture has its disadvantages in point of labor and ocular convenience. It requires some effort for worshippers to kneel. Hence some prefer a standing posture. But even that has its inconvenience. One requires grace and nerve to stand up to render his devout homage to God. Invention has relieved the Christian public of this distressing fatigue. It has been ascertained that, since God looks upon the heart, one can worship Him just as well in a sitting as in a kneeling or standing posture. And as sitting has the advantage of requiring the least bodily effort, we would betray an inventive obtuseness not to give it the preference. Our city brethren, who usually radiate the light of refinement upon the rural districts, have taken the lead in

this measure. Country congregations are gradually falling in with it. Not long ago I happened to worship with a sister church, where nearly the whole congregation retained their seats during prayer. True to my old foggy habits, I determined to assume at least an attitude of respect, if not of reverence, when I spoke with "Our Father;" I stood up. I have no doubt many pitied me in this exposure of my want of labor-saving refinement. Perhaps ere long the world will be favored with another improvement in this direction. For surely the reclining posture would seem still easier, and, moreover, more consonant with the laws of muscular inertia. Or even to lie flat down on the floor or seat would be still easier, were it not for the labor of getting up again. Beyond that, however, invention can not go, unless it can create an opiate with which to put all worshippers to sleep.

Religion itself, in the estimation of a large class of its professors, derives its chief charm from its labor-saving qualities. They do not value and cherish the divine life of Christianity in order that they may bear its corresponding fruits, but simply as a sort of a pack-horse on which conscience may load its burdens of guilt. They make Divine Grace a kind of baggage-car on which they can carry their favorite sins with them through life, without discommoding their progress. Thousands profess to be Christians, who have never renounced their sins, and live in the daily violation of known duties—with whom the grace of the gospel is nothing more than a general license to continue in sin, with the promise of a general pardon. Religion is made the substitute for holiness and not its producer. Grace is simply the apology of a lazy religion, for a want of piety and love to God, instead of its living, perennial fountain in the heart. A society-church is endeavoring to rear a modern Babel Tower by means of which they may get to heaven without being entitled to it. But God has confounded our language by the collisions of narrow-hearted, sectarian strife. The gospel-scheme is not a labor-saving apparatus. It only gives us power to serve God by laboring for the right and opposing the wrong. And the reflex influence of a righteous, godly activity, will strengthen and invigorate our energies, and make us more capable of *doing right*. Hence Divine Wisdom, out of mercy, sometimes employs Poverty or Persecution to drive men into the harness—to excite and foster manly and undaunted effort.

INCENSE gives forth fragrance only while it consumes: a corn of wheat is only quickened by its own death, so it is an eternal law of grace that we can only bless others by offering up ourselves. In the day of judgment it will be found that only those who have made themselves an offering in every sense have been truly successful in doing good.

BOTANICAL ANALYSIS.

BY LEHICTON.

PROFESSOR AGASSIZ, in some of his remarks before the American association for the advancement of science, gave some very excellent ideas of what a science ought to be. His remarks were with more particular reference to Geology, but are equally applicable to Botany. The impression has become pretty general among a certain class of theologians that natural sciences in general are materialistic in their influence upon the mind, and therefore of not much value. We feel however disposed, to classify objections against the study of natural science on that account, with those of many well meaning and pious persons of yore, and some of the present day even, who do not seem to think that the ministry itself ought to be an educated one, and to submit the whole case, with a few remarks, to the intelligent judgment of the readers of THE GUARDIAN.

The Professor says that science, to be entitled properly to the name, must be the reproduction of relations and distinctions that exist in nature, and not those which may be manufactured for conventional purposes; that persons must read the thoughts impressed upon nature by the divine mind, and faithfully interpret them in their logical order; that science has a voice of its own, and speaks its own language; a book with its own alphabet that must be read, studied and interpreted. The mind then approaches it, not for the purpose of moulding a system of which the phenomena of nature are to be explained according to a procustean rule; not as a dictator, to put language, so to speak, into its mouth, but as an *interpreter* to give expression to its own proper meaning.

The distinction will serve immediately to put into our hand a key to unlock the characters of two quite differently disposed persons, who worship, or frequent for that purpose, the great temple of nature; at the same time it will serve to throw back upon those who urge the objections, the charge that these studies are materialistic in their tendencies, by showing that the fault exists in the mind and heart of the objector, and not in the science itself. It will be seen that the study of natural sciences have directly an opposite tendency upon them. First: the person who embodies in himself what are conceived to be the deleterious tendencies of the sciences; who has, it may be, passed through the usual routine of studies prescribed in this department of human knowledge, and has dipped perhaps somewhat deeper into this fountain than others, but has to the same extent passed over into the dreamy realms of skepticism; whose course would convey the impression that the measure of knowledge in this sphere is precisely the measure of the degree

of skepticism which seems to have been the result. We do not now refer to the lazy student who always seemed to have an apathy for, and *did not like* the natural sciences, for we do not conceive that he would be a proper witness in the case.

Such person can have no distinctive idea of what a science is; he has learned to define it in terms; he has caught hold of its *ghost*, but has never imagined that it had a *soul*, much less laid hold upon it. A flower to his mind, or a plant has been built up pretty much in the same manner as a house or a machine; the materials, so much carbon, so much oxygen, and the regular amount of mineral substances derived from the earth; when he has picked these apart, weighed, measured and placed them in his table, he is done; his mind is as barren as before, except the few mathematical facts, poor and lean, which he has gathered: he is indeed scarcely paid for his trouble; he has read the book from preface to finis, and all that he has gathered are the few accidents referred to. Now what might be supposed to be the impression, made upon such a mind, of the divine author who reveals himself in his works in nature? Why, those chiefly which might be made by the skilful artist or mechanic, who has constructed his machine very ingeniously indeed, but he has seen the *end* of it and supposes that here at all events he has fathomed the mind that made it. He treads the courts of nature's temple with profane boldness, simply because he finds nothing there to inspire his reverence; but where lies the fault, in the temple, or in the mind of him who approaches it? Do the heavens declare the glory of God, and the earth show his handiwork to such a mind? Suppose in keeping up with the better feelings of his nature he endeavors to exercise reverence he finds that it is all on the outside; his heart is not in the matter; he has begun wrong, the first requisite is wanting.

To the proper apprehension of science, in its relation to the various departments of human life, and in its relation to the whole system of truth, of which human life is but a factor, *faith* is requisite; to begin with skepticism, is to end in doubt; to have no sense of the relation of material objects to anything *above* them, is violently to sever what God has joined together, and in so doing to reap the legitimate fruit of the act, viz: to draw a film over our own eyes, so as to lose sight of that which is of much higher importance, in chasing the shadow.

This suggests our second character, who possesses what the other lacks; who begins indeed at the same place with the other, but travels off in a contrary direction. This one has *faith*, and ascends towards God; that one has it not, and descends towards the earth. This one approaches the temple of nature with reverence and humility, satisfied to learn what his powers can grasp, and to reverence in faith mysteries that reach beyond, reserved for his

more perfect state, when he shall have put off his chrysalis form, and emerged into the sunshine of higher knowledge.

But what has all this to do with botanical analysis? Much, every way. That is the process by which we study divine thoughts. Analysis first, then synthesis; the nature and force of the alphabet, then words, then languages. Let us learn well the alphabet, we shall then be able to spell out words, to put them into sentences, and to read the language intelligently; the other method might subject us to some rather awkward blunders, mispronouncing words, and attaching to them a meaning other than that which they designed to speak, to put our own notions in place of their true language, such as we often find in what is commonly called "the language of flowers."

According to the idea of a science, as Professor Agassiz defines it, we may conclude that botanical science is as yet very imperfect; cramped by arbitrary rules and distinctions that have no existence in the nature of vegetation; but are not the beginnings of all sciences, that are so pre-eminently empyrical, and where persons must begin at the surface and dig down for the precious metals, of this character? What then! Shall we away with them, until some method is discovered by which mines may be dug by beginning at the bottom? We should rather say, go to work and dig, or at least encourage those who do so, until the soil shall have been taken off, the rocks blasted away, and the vein of ore laid bare in all its richness.

He who loves a flower for its own sake, for the beautiful blending of its mimical colors, for the artistic skill manifested in the proportions of its parts, and the symmetry of the whole, may do much, but if he see nothing more, he feeds upon the husks and shells, and is poor indeed. Nature has not its end in itself. It is but a part of a grand system of truth, in which every thing is fitly and compactly put together, each part serving to complete the whole. Not a flower that blooms unseen, and sheds its fragrance on the desert air, is superfluous. The whole panorama of nature in its outward form is but accidental to something higher; pictures of that which is their reality. Nature and grace hold the relation of the bank note and the specie; the former is good only because the latter is at hand to redeem it; nature is real only because what it promises is so. In the renovated world no notes will be issued; the notes will be worn out, and duly redeemed when the world shall return to God redeemed by his Son.

A HINT TO THE YOUTH.—If the spring puts forth no blossoms, in summer there will be no beauty, and in autumn no fruit. So, if youth be trifled away without improvement, riper years will be contemptible, and old age miserable.

THE BEST WISH.

THE cold February wind whistled round the corner of the street, and beat heavily with its burthen of snow against the dwelling that sheltered three rosy-cheeked children. Lightly they heeded it however, for in their pleasant room, the brightly burning lamps added their enlivening light to the fire blaze that flamed up cheerfully in the grate, while the heavy window curtains hid all token of the outward desolation, except in a monotonous pattering of the sleet upon the panes, which rather added to the sense of comfort of those within.

The three children, seated around the fire, were weaving fanciful images from the red coals, when Walter—a fair-haired boy of seven, with his head full of fairy-imaginings and impossibilities—suddenly exclaimed to his sisters: “Now girls, just suppose we could have one wish granted, what out of the whole world would you choose?”

Little Alice tossed back her golden curls, with a look half-comical, half-puzzled, as if her wish would be so large she never could get it into words; while the chubby, three-years'-old Lizzie, raising her large, thoughtful eyes heavenward, after but a moment's hesitation, clapped her dimpled hands together—while a light like the gleam from an angel's wing broke over her face—and exclaimed, “I would rather be in heaven with my little brother Edward.”

“Oh, mother, mother!” shouted the older children, “Lizzie's is the very best wish that could be, isn't it?”

“Yes indeed!” answered the mother, clasping the little one in her arms; while a strange unaccustomed thrill came over her spirit, as if she saw heaven's glories well nigh hidden in the darkening shade of death.

One short week, and the wind and the snow sported over a child's grave, that grave only the perishable sign of a desire granted in eternity, for Lizzie was “with her little brother Edward.”

Perhaps, my dear children, you may not have a brother or a sister in heaven, but you have a loving Saviour there, and do you ever wish to be with Him? When you kneel down at morning or night to pray to “Our Father,” do you ask Him that He will lead and guide you by His Holy Spirit that you may be fit for Christ's sake to go and live with Him forever? If you do, and you grow up to be men and women, and go out into the bustle of life with this one wish “of the whole world” in your hearts you can never fear death, for it will be going home; home to an eternity of happiness; if not, if day by day your growing desires are for everything *but* Heaven, no wonder if you dread to think of the gloomy messenger, the herald of that God who has commanded even little children to seek *first* His kingdom.

T R O U B L E S .

WE all have our troubles. Troubles in body and in mind. Troubles that spring from ourselves, and such as are brought upon us by others. Troubles that pertain to this world, and troubles that have reference to the world to come.

The greatest number of our troubles we bring upon ourselves. They come from our sins and follies. By undue labor, carried on in a worldly spirit, we cripple and injure our health. How many make themselves physically miserable for life by that abuse and exposure which is the result of "making haste to be rich." Others by leading profligate lives, rack their constitutions in early life, and induce disease, which, like the canker, eats out the vitality of the system, and makes life a scene of misery. A regular, chaste, and temperate mode of life is a grand means of avoiding many bitter troubles. Piety has the promise of the life which now is, as well as that which is to come. The experience of thousands proves this to be true.

If our troubles result from our own follies and sins, we ought to bewail those sins in deep repentance. Our troubles, where they are of that kind, ought to be heeded as earnest monitors, warning us to turn quickly to the fountain by which sin is cleansed, and by which alone sorrows can be healed. When our sins begin to punish us, it may not be too late, but it is high time for us to fly to the refuge. The path will grow darker, and our troubles will only increase if we go on in the same course.

There is no cure for trouble but religion. No one but Jesus can permanently cure sorrow. The world may cover it, or drive it back for a while; but only the great Physician can cure it. He is touched with a feeling of our infirmities; and such is his tenderness that he will not break the bruised reed. His whispers of pardon and peace can cheer into life and joy the darkest and the saddest heart. Go, sad soul, and pour your sorrows into his gracious heart. Surely he bore our griefs, and carried our sorrows.

Then sorrow, touched by thee grows bright
With more than rapture's ray,
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

H. H.

M A R R I A G E .

His house she enters—there to be a light
Shining within, though all without be night.
A guardian angel o'er his life presiding,
Doubling his pleasures, and his cares dividing.
How oft her eye reads his—her gentle mind—
To all his wishes, all his thoughts inclined,
Still subject ever, on the watch to-morrow,
Mirth of his mirth, and sorrow of his sorrow.

Our Monthly Retrospect.

THE UNITED STATES.

THE FIRST OF OCTOBER, 1855, was a day long to be remembered in Pennsylvania. On that day the PROTECTION which the State had afforded to the retail liquor traffic for a long series of years, was withdrawn, and the Government declared that intoxicating liquor is no part of "entertainment for man and horse." This is a great triumph for the friends of temperance, morality and religion. After a long and severe struggle, in which they had to encounter the bitter opposition of men influenced by selfish interests and depraved appetites, as well as of that better class who refused to read and examine, and consequently to think understandingly on the subject for themselves, the temperance men have triumphed in part, and, with a continuation of proper exertion, a final and complete victory awaits them at an early day.

Heretofore those engaged in the temperance reform have had the law—the strong arm of the government itself to contend against. Now, government, yielding to the omnipotence of moral power and the independent ballot, has turned around on their side and placed the liquor traffic on the defensive. The temperance men, therefore, will work for the future under much more auspicious and encouraging circumstances than heretofore.

Within the past two years a radical change has been made in our license system, and it is important that the people should clearly understand the provisions of the liquor laws now in force. Three laws now combine to form our license system, viz.: The law "to protect certain domestic and private rights and prevent abuses in the sale and use of intoxicating drinks," passed May 8, 1854, and generally known as the Buckalew law; the law "to prevent the sale of intoxicating liquors on the Sabbath," known as the Sunday law; and the law "to restrain the sale of intoxicating liquors," both of which were passed by the last Legislature. As the operation of these laws is a matter in which every reader of

The Guardian is deeply interested, we feel that we cannot do better than occupy a portion of the Retrospect with a synopsis of their provisions. The "Buckalew law" provides for—

1. A fine of from \$10 to \$50, and imprisonment from ten to sixty days, for wilfully furnishing intoxicating liquors, as a beverage, by sale, gift or otherwise, to minors or insane persons—to any one when intoxicated, or to one known to be intemperate. The same penalty for thus furnishing such liquors to any intemperate person, for three months after notice from friends forbidding the same.

2. Any person furnishing liquor to another, by gift, sale, or otherwise, in violation of this, or any other act, is held responsible for damages, to persons or property, resulting therefrom.

3. A fine of \$50, and imprisonment, at the discretion of the Court, for marrying a person when intoxicated.

4. A fine of \$50 for the unwholesome adulteration of intoxicating beverages, or the wilful sale of the same. For the second offence, \$100 fine, and imprisonment not exceeding sixty days.

5. Expenses, not exceeding \$20, to be paid to prosecutor. No action to be maintained for liquor sold contrary to any law, and Courts may revoke license, &c.

The "Sunday law" imposes—

1. A fine of \$50 for each case of selling, trading, or bartering of spirituous or malt liquors, wine or cider, on Sunday. The same penalty for wilfully permitting them to be drank on or about the premises.

2. In cases of conviction for offences on two separate Sundays, a fine of from \$50 to \$100, and imprisonment from three to twelve months, with loss of license.

3. On failure to pay fines and costs, imprisonment, not exceeding three months, or until discharged by due course of law.

4. Constables, Sheriffs, or Prosecuting Attorneys, are fined from \$50 to \$100, for refusing to inform on and prosecute offenders against this act.

5. Suits for penalties must be brought in the name of the city or county. Any citizen of the county may prosecute—or be a witness, and receive one-half of the penalty, the other half to be paid over to the Guardians of the Poor. Any Mayor or Judge of the Court of Quarter Sessions may revoke a license for violations of this act. No compromise of suits allowed.

The "Restraining License Law"—

1. Prohibits all drinking houses, and imposes a fine not exceeding \$50, with imprisonment not exceeding one month, for selling, and affording a place, inducement, or any other convenience, where intoxicating liquor may be sold and drunk. For the second offence \$100, and not exceeding three months imprisonment. The same penalties when two or more persons combine, the one to sell, and the other to furnish a place for drinking, or for aiding or abetting.

2. All sales in less measure than a quart are prohibited. Courts of Quarter Sessions may—not shall—grant licenses to citizens of the United States, provided they be of temperate habits, and give bonds, with good securities, in the sum of \$1000, conditioned for the faithful observance of ALL laws relating to the sale of said liquors, to be filed in Court; on which bond, fines and costs may be collected, upon the conviction of the principal. The applicant for license must present his petition, have it lawfully advertised, and the Court shall fix a time when objections may be heard.

3. No hotel, tavern, eating-house; no theatre, nor any other place of refreshment, or amusement, can receive license to sell by any measure whatever, and no unnaturalized person under any circumstances.

4. Druggists are prohibited from selling intoxicating beverages, except when mixed with other medicines.

5. Clerks of Quarter Sessions cannot issue a license until the bond has been filed, fees paid, and the certificate furnished. Fees for license, three times the present amount; but no license granted for less than \$30.

6. Persons licensed to sell by the quart and greater measure, must frame their license, and place it conspicuously in their chief place of business, or forfeit it; and all sales contrary to this act, punished according to the second section.

7. Constables, for wilfully failing to return places, kept in violation of this act, are fined not exceeding \$50, and imprisoned from one to three months.

8. Importers may sell in the original package, without appraisement and license; commissioned auctioneers are also exempted; domestic producers, brewers and distillers, may sell liquor made by them, in quantities not less than five gallons.

9. Appraisers of licenses, under this act, are appointed according to former laws, except in Philadelphia, where three reputable and temperate citizens, in no way connected with, nor interested in, the liquor business, shall be appointed annually by the Court of Quarter Sessions.

These laws combined, in their practical operation, will produce the following results:

1. Entire prohibition on Sunday.
2. The abolition of all drinking houses, and sale by the small.
3. Entire prohibition of sale to all persons, except temperate adults.
4. The transfer of liquor-selling from hotels and eating-houses, to stores and other places of business.
5. No liquor sold by unnaturalized citizens.
6. The declaration by Government, that "intoxicating liquor is no part of entertainment for man or horse," and the holding of persons legally responsible for the damages resulting from either gift or sale.

Since the passage of the Restraining License Law, the people of Pennsylvania are presented with a spectacle never before witnessed in this State—a concerted and organized resistance to constitutional law! The liquor dealers, banded together in a secret oath-bound society, known as the Liquor League, have openly declared in many Counties that they will not submit to the law! The time therefore has now arrived, when the law and order-loving citizens of the commonwealth must determine whether good and righteous laws, passed by their legal representatives to protect society from the curse of intemperance, shall be violated and openly resisted with impunity, by a few tavern keepers and others—who act purely from selfish and mercenary motives. This law is general and was enacted for the general good—and would it not be a burning disgrace to the commonwealth if the Few should

be allowed to trample on the constitutional rights of the many? The Supreme Court of the United States—the highest authority on law in the country—has declared that “no one can claim a license to retail spirits as a matter of RIGHT.” Indeed, it must be apparent to every reflecting mind, that the liquor traffic is right or it is wrong. If right, why should one man be licensed and another prohibited? If wrong, why should the State attempt to clothe it with legal protection and respectability? “The tree shall be known by its fruits;” and if any man can honestly say that he has gathered good fruits from the tree of intemperance, then let him nurse the “accursed thing” in his bosom and brave the wrath of God, who declares that no drunkard can enter the kingdom of God, and who has pronounced an equally terrible curse upon the drunkard-maker!

The present laws, then, interfere with no RIGHT which the tavern keeper can claim. their opposition is prompted by selfish motives and a wanton disregard for “the greatest good to the greatest number.” Friends of law and order in Pennsylvania! see o it that this law, like other good laws, is enforced and sustained. Shrink not from your duty; not only enforce the law, but sustain men for the Legislature who will vote against repeal. Do this, and you will secure the blessing of heaven and the prayers of thousands of men, women and children who will be made happy by the suppression of the grog shops.

JOHN H. WHEELER has commenced a suit in the U. S. Circuit against Passmore Williamson, to recover the value of Jane Johnson and her two boys, and damages for personal injuries alleged to have been sustained at the time of the escape of his manumitted slaves. It is said that Judge Kane’s friends have counseled this prosecution as a means of giving his honor an opportunity of releasing Mr. Williamson from prison without directly compromising the consistency of the Court.

CUBA.—The slave trade is still extensively carried on in this island. Two cargoes were recently landed at Santa Cruz on the south coast of the island, and a considerable number of “half-starved” Africans were found in the woods, supposed to be part of another cargo. A Havana correspondent says he is thoroughly convinced that a cer-

tain high personage affords aid and assistance to the slave-traders, and that if a few Africans are sometimes captured, it is only because a sufficiently large bribe has not been paid to prevent their disembarkation without molestation, or else it is done to deceive the British authorities there and in England. The present ruler of Cuba certainly does not want to suppress this infamous trade, or he would take more effective measures towards that end. . . . The planters on the island are not favorable to the introduction of Chinese bond-labor, as they think the experiment would be attended with danger to the future safety of the island, by the negroes fraternizing with the Chinese, when in a few years it would be impossible to keep them in bonds. A horrible servile war would ensue and end only in the liberation and mastery of all the slaves.

THE OLD WORLD.

SEBASTOPOL has fallen! After a long and terrible struggle, in which thousands were slain, by war and pestilence in the Crimea, the Russians were driven from their fortifications in the south to those of the north of the city—not, however, until they had first blown up their forts and destroyed the city and their fleet. In this terrible contest the loss of the Russians is set down at 10,000 and that of the Allies 20,000. The fall of Sebastopol will prove a terrible blow to the Russians, and may have resulted before this in the capture of the whole Russian army in the Crimea. Their only hope of escape appears to be in retreating from the Crimea before their embarkation could be intercepted by the Allies. If drawn into an open field engagement, the Allies, with their 200,000 troops, now relieved from duty in their long lines of trenches, would be able to cut the Russians to pieces or compel an unconditional surrender. The greatest enthusiasm prevails among the French and English soldiers, and this will inspire them with fresh courage in succeeding conflicts. Sanguinary as the battles already fought in the Crimea have been, it is possible that the work of blood is but fairly begun.

Another attempt has been made to assassinate Louis Napoleon. The culprit was arrested and found to be insane. He was put in safe keeping.

NOTES ON LITERATURE.

THE SAINTS' EVERLASTING REST. By Richard Baxter. With a memoir of his life, and a fine portrait. New York: Robert Carter & Bros. 1855.

This well-known book has been published in many forms; but this edition of Carter & Bros. exceeds all for beauty and completeness. We have here Baxter's own book, and not a PART of it after the fashion of abridgment and improvement by another hand, so common in these modern days. Give us the old divines as they are. Many thanks to the publishers for this complete edition of the Saints' Rest.

The book was politely handed to us by Murray & Stoek. We are glad to see the disposition manifested by this enterprising firm not only to keep up but to increase their already large stock of theological, religious and miscellaneous books. Clergymen and Sabbath-schools in the country can here supply themselves with the standard works of the old and late divines; with Sabbath-school books for all denominations—with the books of the various Boards, and with the current literary publications of the day, as cheap as in the seaports; thus saving freight and time. Families can here find a choice variety of Bibles, and teachers will find all the text-books generally used in schools. It is encouraging to see book stores with so large a proportion of excellent religious publications so well sustained. We can heartily recommend to our readers the stock of Murray & Stoek, in Lancaster.

THE CHURCH MEMBER'S MANUAL AND PRAYER BOOK. By I. Stoneberger, of Patton, Mo. Chambersburg: M. Kieffer & Co. 1855. pp. 396.

This work treats on subjects pertaining to the duties and privileges of members of the church. It is instructive for the mind, devotional for the heart, and practical for the life. We think it admirably adapted to meet a want in the church. It ought to be in every family. Young professors of religion will find in it a safe guide into an active and useful Christian life. Mr. Stoneberger deserves the thanks of the church for having furnished it with a work so plain in style, correct in sentiment, and direct in aim. We hope it may be extensively circulated and read.

The work is gotten up in good style. The type is large and clear, the paper is good, and the binding is neat and durable. The book has twenty-five chapters, each of which has a prayer ap-

pended suited to the subject treated; in this way it answers the purpose of a manual of devotion. Besides several sketches of scripture characters, it furnishes at the end a full and interesting Life of Ulrich Zwingli, the celebrated Swiss Reformer. This alone is worth the price of the book.

THE FRUIT GROWER'S HAND BOOK: A concise manual of directions for the selection and culture of the best hardy Fruits in the garden or orchard. By William G. Waring, Boalsburg, Center county, Pa. pp. 134.

This is truly a useful book. No farmer should be without it. Any man who wishes only to purchase a few choice trees to plant round his house ought to consult this book before he selects. It is as easy to raise good as bad fruit. Mr. Waring's Hand-Book points out the peculiarities of all the varieties of fruit-trees in the most satisfactory manner. He gives the time when the different kinds ripen, so that one who pays attention to his directions can select his trees so as to have some fruit constantly ripening from the earliest to the latest of the season. The book contains also much valuable instruction in relation to cultivating fruit and ornamental trees. We feel assured that if farmers who have the necessary ground would consult this little book, and expend but a small sum annually in procuring the choicest fruit according to its direction, they would in a few years heartily thank us for our recommendation of Mr. Waring's book. This gentleman, in connection with his brother who resides at Tyrone, Pa., having extensive nurseries, have every opportunity of possessing the very best practical information on the subject of fruit trees. Having had the pleasure of a visit to Mr. Waring's extensive nursery near Boalsburg, this summer, we are sure that we do our readers a favor by calling their attention to the splendid assortment of fruit and ornamental trees which are there to be found. In few earthly pursuits is talent more nobly or usefully employed than in laboring to stock our rural districts with abundance of choice fruit. In this generous work Mr. Waring is engaged with an enthusiasm and intelligent zeal which does honor to his head and heart. May his zeal be appreciated.

THE ADDRESS of George W. Brewer, Esq., before the Alumni of Franklin and Marshall College has been received.

The Guardian.

VOL. VI.—NOVEMBER, 1855.—No. XI.

A PRELUDE TO WINTER.

BY NATHAN.

“The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the withered leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are gone, and from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow, through all the gloomy day.
And now when comes the calm, mild day, as still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out the winter home,
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,
The south wind looks for flowers whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.”

SURELY the author of this motto must have had a heart which throbbed in pious sympathy with the season, when he penned these plaintive lines. His story is so well told that it will bear repetition upon every returning autumn. Although he tells us nothing but what we see around us, this makes his sayings all the dearer to us. How vividly he calls to my mind the sportive rabbit-hunts of my boyhood. Methinks I still hear the rustling of the dry leaves as Adelphos and I, with our faithful dog, Major, pursued, with boyish enthusiasm, the inoffensive rabbit. Neither fences, ditches nor thickets could cool the ardor of the chase. And if our close pursuit would force him to seek shelter under ground, our cruel zeal would place a trap in his hole, and even deprive him of this last glimmering hope of escape.

We have just had the first rude strokes of autumnal treatment. The frost has made sad havoc among the flowers. They are all bleached and blighted by its deadly touch. One is reminded of the Scythian hordes which once flooded down over the Roman Empire, and with cruel coolness demolished the most splendid works of art, covering their path with one vast scene of desolation and ruin. The other day I strolled leisurely through the garden, and like the little busy bee, as I passed from flower to flower, regaled myself by gathering sips of pious reflections. How grateful to my soul

were their voiceless lessons. And I kept all their sayings in my heart. In the evening I thankfully laid me down to rest, thinking, of course rather presumptuously, that to-morrow would be as this day, and perhaps even more abundant. But what a dreary scene opened to my view on the morrow! There lay scattered the drooping, dying remnant of an army, that was fresh and beautiful the day before. The evening came as a thief in the night, and with one fell swoop stripped them of all their living charms. Who could help but say, "What a pity!" Still I bore my loss with philosophic patience, knowing that in this particular at least—

"Whatever is, is right."

Frost deals with flowers as death with man. "There is no discharge in this war." There are some which, according to the course of nature, we cannot expect to keep much longer. Old age ripens them for death. These we are willing to resign to their unavoidable fate. But those which have scarcely reached the bloom of middle life, we are loath to give up. And, florally speaking, were it not for the frost, they might remain with us for many days to come. And then the little infant-bud, so full of hope and promise, whose opening petals we watch with joyous care from day to day, surely its harmless innocence and great distance from old age, should protect it against the cruel hand of the frost. But neither age nor condition can avert the fatal stroke. The tender bud can not implore its clemency nor the pretty flower evade its touch. Even old age, whose frail and feeble stem trembles with the decrepid weight of worn-out limbs, must be hurried away by the dart of this midnight assassin.

The frost, like death, is a leveler of artificial grades. Here "tired dissimulation drops her mask," and all are brought to their true and natural level. What a rude disregard for the laws of floral rank and nobility! We wonder not at the neglected wild-flower, unaccustomed to the usages of refined society. This has never enjoyed the smiles of favor. Like the humble poor, it blooms to blush unseen, and, alas! too often wastes its virtuous fragrance on the desert air. Few care for it while living, few miss it when dead. But the garden flower moves among the higher classes. It claims a rich parentage, possesses a good training, and moves in respectable society. Though a descendant, away back, of the same general family, it has been taught to out-bloom in proud splendor its unpretending neighbor over the garden fence. It almost seems ready to be ashamed of and disown its own kindred. Yet the frost is insensible to its superior merits. The rare exotic, that prides itself in having cost twenty or thirty dollars, is stripped of its royal trappings, and like its poor neighbor, whom no one will receive as a gift, is shriveled into an unsightly mass of decay. The grave is their common dwelling-place. The smallest floweret that

blooms in unseen solitude, will there have for its peers those who in this life would have disdained its company.

"The tall, the wise, the reverend head
Must lie as low as ours."

Flowers come and go like the generations of men. Some die before they have reached the limits of the season. The few that reach the period allotted to floral life, are like the robust remnant of a departed tribe, whose natures have been tempered in the school of stern and severe trials. Their foundations have never been sapped by luxury and vice. They are the hardy sons of toil, more frequently found in fields and forests than in gardens. At length these stout-hearted veterans must also fall before the frost. And yet, no battle is so totally destructive as not to permit the escape of some one to tell the tale of ruin. Some—

"Last rose of summer, left blooming alone ;"

some revolutionary soldier, that looks with calm composure towards his inevitable end.

The death of flowers, like the death of friends, is not without its benefits, when properly improved. A Christian philosophy seeks relief from evil by improving the good. True wisdom, like the bee and humming-bird, can extract delicious sweets from seeming calamities. It possesses the rare virtue of transmuting apparent misfortunes into sources of joy. We can neither alter nor avert the desolation of floral mortality, but we can find a pleasant relief from its consequent bereavement, in the cultivation of house-plants. They are profitable as well as agreeable companions during the dreary season of winter. It is a pleasant triumph to raise a flower in spite of howling winds and heaps of snow. To look out upon ice-clad trees and snow-covered fields, from amid flower plants in a warm room, makes winter seem less wintry, and reduces the distance of spring. I have often wondered why so many persons are without house-plants, when there is so little labor and expense connected with their cultivation. We evince a generous hospitality when we take in these houseless strangers during the cold and inhospitable season. By this means many a one has entertained something better than a flower unawares. Their elevating and refining influence is a happy reward for the labor and care bestowed upon them. Permit a child to cultivate a flower-plant, and you give it a simple lesson in the art of doing good.

A pious matron whom I always delight to visit, especially during the season of winter, has a large and pretty assortment of house-plants. Indeed I have often admired her botanical industry and zeal, which enables her to attend to so many flowers in addition to the ordinary cares of her family. And she does it with such a

cheerful air which convinces one that she considers herself well paid for her labor. Her little girls pet and caress them with innocent fondness, and anxiously watch their slow and sometimes unwilling growth. A blessing on them. Children and flowers compose a lovely group. O, this is a lovely retreat, a joyous scene, this family of my friend's. Sometimes when winter grows dull and dreary to my mind, I derive much comfort from an hour or two spent in their midst, by taking a view of a miniature Spring in mid-winter.

I must ask pardon of the reader for obtruding upon him an appeal in behalf of a little plant of which I have grown extremely fond. It is very modest and unpretending, but I am partial to modesty. It is commonly called *mignonette*, which being interpreted means "a little darling." I prefer the English name, since it is more useful and pleasant to speak in a known tongue. No word in the English language could so well express my warm affection for this plant as that of "a little darling." It is like a sacred vase, the depository of sweet-scented memories of the past. The recollection of kind friendships have become incorporated with its nature and name. Some of my female friends have made it the medium to express and transmit to me their affectionate remembrance. They would send me its seed and flowers, the former to raise plants, the latter as a sweet-smelling savor of their kind regard. This imparts to it a monumental character. In its pleasant fragrance lies embalmed the memory of many fond wishes.

This little plant has been very much neglected on account of its unprepossessing appearance. The harsh shocks of unfriendly treatment make it look shy and sad. It is too poor to dress as gaily as some of its more fortunate fellows. It is not as large as the oleander, its flowers are not as gaudy as the cactus, its countenance is not as open and smooth as the morning-glory, which looks old and wrinkly enough a few hours after it opens. Its tiny leaves make a poor show, and its little flower looks rather homely. But just as homely people, though derided by the handsome, are often the most virtuous and useful, so its color is the symbol of purity and its scent most surpassingly sweet.

I have no ill-feelings towards any of its rivals. Not that I love them less, but this more. And my present zeal has been prompted by a most benevolent motive—a desire to secure a suitable reward for humble worth. The time has come when flowers as well as men should be judged by their intrinsic merits, and not by the color of the hat or the cut of the coat. Our botanical judgment is too often swayed by outward appearance. Any thing to get up a pomp and show. An orange or a lemon, which requires four men to move it, is often preferred to an humbler plant of greater worth, which a child can move. I earnestly implore a just and respectful

treatment for this little plant, at the hands of the flower-loving community on the ground of its own merits. It will bear acquaintance and will greatly improve by it. Its homely appearance and timidity can be greatly remedied by a kind and gentle treatment.

I have had an interesting discussion with an estimable friend of mine, whose kindness has reared me several stocks of my favorite plant. The hearty good-will with which she received the unknown stranger, at my recommendation, and her daily endeavors to minister to its comfort, are an honor to her benevolent heart. She happened to place beside them two other plants, which she calls "Bachelor's Button" and "Priscilla." Of course the former will at once be condemned on account of its ungallant name. And yet its velvet-like flower and neat appearance will make you respect if not admire it in spite of your prejudices. Its crimson blush of modesty reminds me very much of a bachelor friend on his wedding day, whose countenance was flushed with crimson waves, the playful images of his modest joy. But my friend, owing to the prejudices so common to her sex, has taken a great liking to the latter of these plants, and even contends that it is superior to the little darling, by which, however, she designs no disrespect for my plant, of which she is passionately fond. It has a lofty stout stem, broad bulky leaves, and has its clumsy white flowers arranged after the fashion of a mullen stock. Her main argument is derived from its superior fragrance. But according to my nasal judgment its fragrance is not sufficiently mild and soothing. It is too harsh and severe, and in this respect greatly inferior to my little plant.

This digressive discussion has led me into remarks not very pertinent to the season. For I had intended to take leave of the reader with a becoming solemnity. As our motto says, this season is "the saddest of the year." And yet it is a pleasant sadness which dreary autumn wafts over our spirits. Campbell says that—

"Beauty's tears are lovelier than her smiles."

So there is a certain loveliness in the grief-like aspect of this season, which ministers more to our piety than the bloom and verdure of June. It forces upon our minds the claims and promises of a better season—

"Where everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers."

"It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting." The fall of the year is the end of flowers, and men will lay it to heart. And often it is also the end of mortals. It claims more diseases and deaths than any other season of the year. It is the season of fevers as well as frosts. Some go with the birds, others fall with the sered leaf. "The mourners go about the street;" we meet them in the sanctuary. Their sad habiliments

betray their bereavement. The cemetery which I frequently visit has many new graves. Several clusters, where a number of the same family lie buried together. Many little ones, who were taken out of the way of danger into a more congenial clime. This sheds a gloom over many hearts, and makes the sadness of fall, outward and real. O, what bitter weepings have I seen around those graves! Sometimes I could scarcely stem my grief to pronounce life's closing service. Yet, why weep over the dust of our sainted dead? "They are not here." "In heaven we have a more enduring substance." Their spirits have removed into other dwellings more convenient and home-like. Plant ye a tree that may wave over their dust. Not a weeping-willow, for why surround their resting-place with the emblems of grief? Decorate it with living, growing garlands of joy. Plant an evergreen, that will never droop or weep. Put flower plants there. Make their graves attractive. Let flowers bloom over their sacred dust, to remind the passer-by of human frailty, and point the Christian to the resurrection of an eternal spring. The soul must drop the flower and frail husk of mortality, that it may be clothed with immortality.

In truth it is a season of melancholy delight. With all its griefs I love it still. It makes me think of death and the happy land beyond. It fills my mind with sober, earnest thoughts. "Weep not for the dead, neither bemoan him." The living—the living are the proper objects of compassion. The dead, the pious dead, need not our tears. With them all is well. But the living do. For them let us labor, for them let us pray. The ransomed dead, with soft rebukes they urge us to lay aside our earthly tardiness. Ye pious mourners, hear their tender pleadings that we should join their happy throng:

"Come to that happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand,
Why still delay.
O, we shall happy be, when from sin and sorrow free;
Lord, we shall live for thee, blest, blest for aye."

RED HAIR.

THE Phrenological Journal, in an article on temperament, says: "We have never seen or heard of a red-headed minister, or, rather, of a minister possessed of a pure sanguine temperament." We do not know whether the Journal is correct or not on this point; but it is stated that several years ago a minister being presented to the parish church of Crieff, in Scotland, the parishioners objected to receiving him, and when the case was tried before the Presbytery, it was found that their only objection to him was that his hair was red. The objection was insuperable.

THE PRAYERS OF LITTLE CHILDREN.

BY THE EDITOR.

How beautiful is praying infancy. How touching are the simple prayers of little children. Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings God ordains praise, because of His enemies. The enemies of Jesus, who resist the strongest arguments for religion that appeal to their mind, feel the prayers of little children. It were well if they could humble their lofty powers, so as to receive the kingdom of God as little children receive it.

Never have we seen the deep impression which innocent infancy, with its devotions, may make upon hearts hardened in sin, more beautifully and touchingly portrayed than by Moore in his "Paradise and the Peri." The Peri are fabled beings, that are, in the Orient, believed to have been cast out of Paradise for some crimes they committed. These go wandering lonely through the earth seeking rest and finding none. One of these spirits one morning found its way to the gate of Paradise, and as it heard, through the half-open portals, the sweet hymns of the blest, it imploringly asked the angel to let it in. The angel answered that it could not now get in. Yet, gently said the angel:

"One hope is thine,
'Tis written in the Book of Fate,
The Peri yet may be forgiven
Who brings to this eternal gate
The gift that is most dear to heaven!
Go seek it and redeem thy sin:
'Tis sweet to let the pardoned in!"

The Peri went away, hastily, inspired with hope. It found its way to a field of battle, and caught up the last drop of blood that oozed from the heart of a young hero who expired for the liberty of his native land.

"'Be this,' she cried, as she wing'd her flight,
'My welcome gift at the Gates of Light.
Though foul are the drops that oft distil
On the field of warfare, blood like this,
For Liberty shed, so holy is,
It would not stain the purest rill,
That sparkles among the Bowers of Bliss!
Oh! if there be, on this earthly sphere,
A boon, an offering Heaven holds dear,
'Tis the last libation Liberty draws
From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause!"

"'Sweet,' said the Angel as she gave
The gift into his radiant hand,
'Sweet is our welcome of the Brave
Who die thus for their native land.
But see—alas!—the crystal bar

Of Eden moves not—holier far
 Than e'en this drop the boon must be,
 That opes the Gates of Heav'n for thee!"

Disappointed the first time, the Peri went again to find the precious gift that should open heaven. It finds its way into a country where the poisonous breath of a fearful plague was breathing death upon multitudes. Along the shore of a lonely lake, the Peri saw a young man in burning agony: the plague had smitten him, and his lips and tongue were parched, and yet he had not strength to reach the cool waters of the lake that lay before his eyes. At that moment, a female drew near—it was his own betrothed! Though the dying youth implored her to remain away, for an approach would be certain death to her, yet she came!

"Oh! let me only breathe the air,
 The blessed air, that's breath'd by thee,
 And, whether on its wings it bear
 Healing or death, 'tis sweet to me!
 There, drink my tears while yet they fall,
 Would that my bosom's blood were balm,
 And, well thou know'st, I'd shed it all,
 To give thy brow one minute's calm.
 Nay, turn not from me that dear face—
 Am I not thine—thy own lov'd bride—
 The one, the chosen one, whose place,
 In life or death, is by thy side!
 Think'st thou that she, whose only light,
 In this dim world, from thee hath shone,
 Could bear the long, the cheerless night,
 That must be her's when thou art gone?
 That I can live and let thee go,
 Who art my life itself? No, no—
 When the stem dies, the leaf that grew
 Out of its heart must perish too;
 Then turn to me, my own love, turn,
 Before like thee I fade and burn;
 Cling to these yet cool lips, and share
 The last pure life that lingers there!
 She fails—she sinks—as dies the lamp
 In charnel airs or cavern damp,
 So quickly do his baleful sighs
 Quench all the sweet light of her eyes!
 One struggle—and his pain is past—
 Her lover is no longer living!
 One kiss the maiden gives, one last,
 Long kiss, which she expires in giving!

"Sleep," said the Peri, as softly she stole
 The farewell sigh of that vanishing soul,
 As true as e'er warm'd a woman's breast;
 'Sleep on, in visions of odour rest,
 In balmier airs than ever yet stirr'd
 The enchanted pile of that holy bird,
 Who sings at last his own death-lay,
 And in music and perfume dies away?"
 Thus saying, from her lips she spread
 Unearthly breathings through the place,
 And shook her sparkling wreath, and shed

Such lustre o'er each paly face,
 That like two lovely saints they seem'd
 Upon the eve of doomsday taken
 From their dim graves, in odor sleeping;
 While that benevolent Peri beam'd
 Like their good angel, calmly keeping
 Watch o'er them, till their souls would waken!
 But morn is blushing in the sky;
 Again the Peri soars above,
 Bearing to heav'n that precious sigh
 Of pure self-sacrificing love.
 High throb'd her heart, with hope elate,
 The Elysian palm she soon will win,
 For the bright Spirit at the gate
 Smil'd as she gave that offering in:
 And she already hears the trees
 Of Eden, with their crystal bells
 Ringing in that ambrosial breeze
 That from the Throne of Alla swells;
 And she can see the starry bowls
 That lie around that lucid lake
 Upon whose banks admitted Souls
 Their first sweet draught of glory take!
 But ah! e'en Peris' hopes are vain—
 Again the Fates forbade, again
 The immortal barrier closed—'not yet,'
 The Angel said as, with regret,
 He shut from her that glimpse of glory—
 'True was the maiden, and her story,
 Written in light o'er Alla's head,
 By seraph eyes shall long be read.
 But, Peri, see—the crystal bar
 Of Eden moves not—holier far
 Than e'en this sigh the boon must be
 That opes the gates of Heav'n for thee."

Joyless, with sad soul and weary wings, the Peri goes a third
 time in search of the gift that heaven will approve. It spreads its
 wings down along "sainted Lebanon," and the "flowery vales of
 Jordan," in hope of finding some precious relic sacred from its use
 in divine rites by God's own direction. At length—

"When o'er the vale of Balbec winging
 Slowly, she sees a child at play,
 Among the rosy wild flowers singing,
 As rosy and as wild as they.
 Chasing with eager hands and eyes,
 The beautiful blue-damsel flies,
 That flutter'd round the jasmine stems,
 Like winged flowers or flying gems:
 And, near the boy, who tir'd with play
 Now nestling 'mid the roses lay,
 She saw a wearied man dismount
 From his hot steed, and on the brink
 Of a small imaret's rustic fount
 Impatient fling him down to drink.
 Then swift his haggard brow he turn'd
 To the fair child, who fearless sat,
 Though never yet hath day-beam burn'd
 Upon a brow more fierce than that,

Sullenly fierce—a mixture dire,
 Like thunder clouds, of gloom and fire!
 In which the Peri's eye could read
 Dark tales of many a ruthless deed;
 The ruin'd maid—the shrine profan'd—
 Oaths broken—and the threshold stain'd
 With blood of guests! THERE written, all,
 Black as the damning drops that fall
 From the denouncing Angel's pen,
 Ere mercy weeps them out again;
 Yet tranquil now that man of crime,
 (As if the balmy evening time
 Soften'd his spirit,) look'd and lay,
 Watching the rosy infant's play:
 Though still, whene'er his eye by chance
 Fell on the boy's, its lurid glance

Met that unclouded, joyous gaze,
 As torches, that have burnt all night
 Through some impure and godless rite,
 Encounter morning's glorious rays.

But hark! the vesper-call to prayer,
 As slow the orb of day-light sets,
 Is rising sweetly on the air,

From Syria's thousand minarets!
 The boy has started from the bed
 Of flowers, where he had laid his head,
 And down upon the fragrant sod

Kneels, with his forehead to the south,
 Lispings the eternal name of God

From Purity's own cherub mouth,
 And looking, while his hands and eyes
 Are lifted to the glowing skies,
 Like a stray babe of Paradise,
 Just lighted on that flowery plain,
 And seeking for its home again!

Oh! 'twas a sight—that Heav'n—that child—

A scene, which might have well beguil'd

E'en haughty Eblis of a sigh

For glories lost and peace gone by!

And how felt HE, the wretched man

Reclining there—while memory ran

O'er many a year of guilt and strife,

Flew o'er the dark flood of his life,

Nor found one sunny resting-place,

Nor brought him back one branch of grace.

'There was a time,' he said, in mild,

Heart humbled tones—'thou blessed child!

When young and haply pure as thou,

I look'd and pray'd like thee—but now—'

He hung his head—each nobler aim

And hope and feeling, which had slept

From boyhood's hour, that instant came

Fresh o'er him, and he wept—he wept!

Blest tears of soul-felt penitence!

In whose benign, redeeming flow

Is felt the first, the only sense

Of guiltless joy that guilt can know.

'There's a drop,' said the Peri, 'that down from the moon

Falls through the withering airs of June

Upon Egypt's land, of so healing a power,

So balmy a virtue, that e'en in the hour

That drop descends, contagion dies,

And health reanimates earth and skies!
 Oh, is it not thus, thou man of sin,
 The precious tears of repentance fall?
 Though foul thy fiery plagues within,
 One heavenly drop hath dispell'd them all!"

"And now—behold him kneeling there
 By the child's side, in humble prayer,
 While the same sun-beam shines upon
 The guilty and the guiltless one,
 And hymns of joy proclaim through Heaven
 The triumph of a Soul Forgiven!
 'Twas when the golden orb had set,
 While on their knees they linger'd yet,
 There fell a light, more lovely far
 Than ever came from sun or star,
 Upon the tear, that, warm and meek,
 Dew'd that repentant sinner's cheek;
 To mortal eye this light might seem
 A northern flash or meteor beam—
 But well the enraptur'd Peri knew
 'Twas a bright smile the Angel threw
 From Heaven's gate, to hail that tear,
 Her harbinger of glory near!"

"Joy, joy for ever! my task is done—
 The Gates are pass'd, and Heaven is won!"

We do not mean of course to teach, that heaven can be won by any gift that we can bring; but the beautiful fable teaches correctly how acceptable to God is true repentance, over which our Saviour says the angels in heaven rejoice. Above all it illustrates how the devotions of childhood often impress the hearts of hardened sinners, and move them to penitence and prayer.

How beautiful, then, and blessed is the sight when an earthly parent teaches his child to look up to its heavenly parent. Those "little prayers" are seeds which will bring forth their rich fruits in after life. Those little prayers!—did ever any one forget them, when he was old, and learned and great in the earth. It is said that John Quincy Adams, to the end of his life, repeated every evening—

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
 I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
 If I should die before I wake,
 I pray the Lord my soul to take."

Why may not any one, at any period of life, pray in these words? Can any one construct a better?—so short, so simple, and so comprehensive. It has only one defect; it does not recognize the Mediator. Children ought by all means early be taught that all prayer must be made in the name of Jesus. We therefore much approve of the addition of another line, as is done by many parents, thus:

"And this I ask for Jesus' sake. Amen."

Pity the children who are not taught little prayers! They know

not, in after life, the holiest, sweetest, and strongest charm and joy of childhood. Their memories bloom not with those flowers so fresh and fragrant in the morning dew of life, which ever after linger around the heart like the scent around a vase in which roses have been kept. They can never feel the blessed truth of the poet's words:

"Heaven is nearest to us in our infancy!"

The Guardian may find its way into the hands of some thoughtless parents, who do not teach their children "little prayers;" who perhaps never learnt any themselves. We feel like closing our article by setting down a few, which we hope they will teach their little ones. Here is one:

"Blessed Jesus, meek and mild,
Look on me, a little child;
Pity my simplicity,
And make a pious (boy) girl of me. Amen."

We like this, because it is in the name of Jesus. Here is another which many little children have learned:

"Four corners round my bed;
Four angels overspread;
If any evil come to me,
Jesus Christ deliver me. Amen."

PAY AS YOU GO.

JOHN RANDOLPH of Roanoke said, near forty years ago, in his place in Congress, "I have discovered the philosopher's stone; it is to *pay as you go*." We should scarcely ever buy too many goods in Europe, if we should establish and adhere rigidly to the rule of paying for them at the time of making the purchase. Our country merchants would seldom buy too much, if they could only obtain what they pay for at the time. So of individuals; if they would only allow themselves to consume an article of necessity or luxury after it was honestly paid for, the number of extravagant and foolish purchases would be greatly diminished; and although they might not be entirely prevented, the individual would usually remain in a solvent condition, and would escape that vortex of embarrassment, bankruptcy, destitution, and the too often consequent humiliation and demoralization. The character, position and prospects of individuals and families, are often totally and irrevocably changed by a change in their pecuniary condition. Families are broken up and scattered abroad, children separated from their natural guardians and protectors, and even disease and death are caused by errors and follies in pecuniary matters. Let those who are convinced of the truth of these views, forthwith commence reformation, and act upon the motto, *Pay as you go*.

THE UNIFORMITY OF GOD IN THE WORKS OF NATURE AND REVELATION.

BY R. W.

NATURE, or the works of the physical world around us, has been called the "elder Revelation," because, like the Bible, those works show forth his "eternal power and God-head." The Bible is a transcript of his mind, and gives us an exhibition of his love and his compassion, whilst the works of Nature display his wisdom and his almighty power. Without the stupendous fabric of the universe, including the earth, the sun, the moon, the planets, the stars, the comets, and the remote stellar systems, we could not have such a clear idea of the great power of God! But when we look through the medium of modern astronomy, at the immense system of nature—when we behold the planet Neptune moving on in his orbit at the distance of three thousand millions of miles from the sun, and remember that this remote planet is very near to our system, when compared to the fixed stars, we can form a better idea of the immensity of space than we possibly could from any abstract revelation which can be made. God is the author of the Book of Nature and the Book of Revelation. Of this there can be no doubt. There is an unbroken chain of order and consistency running thro' both; and although the links of this vast chain may not always be contiguous, yet they are all perfect, and may all be brought together. The laws of gravitation are uniform all through the universe, and so are the laws of the refraction of light. The moral laws of God are the same every where on earth, in heaven, and in hell. The physical sciences are very extensive, there seems to be no end to them. There are more than two hundred thousand planets in the botanic world, every one of which forms a link in the great chain, yet you don't find them all set in order before you like the letters of the alphabet, but they are all somewhere in the world, and the business of the botanist is to hunt them up and arrange them into the proper order. One planet may be found in the burning sands of Sahara, and the very next link may be found blooming on some jutting rock amid the high Alps: one planet may be found amid the snows of Lapland, while its companion may bloom in southern Asia. The botanist, when he commences his studies, finds but little apparent order around him: he often becomes discouraged, but as his knowledge enlarges and his experience increases he sees more order and harmony. So in the world of astronomy, in entomology, in short in all the natural sciences. God has a beautiful and harmonious system in nature, but it is spread over a large space. The business of the man of science is to bring them together. The great Author of Nature has not planted all the

beautiful flowers on one soil, nor has he made all animals and insects indigenous to one country; hence the naturalist in order to complete his scientific arrangement of flowers, animals or insects, must visit every country or depend upon the investigations of others. Now who would dare to say because the flowers are so widely scattered over the surface of the whole earth, that there is no system of botany in Nature.

Now just as we find things arranged in the physical world, so they are in the spiritual and moral. God is uniform in all his works: the same principle of order and harmony runs through the Bible. And we have no more right to expect to find a scientific arrangement of the truths of God in the Bible than we have in the works of Nature. The Bible is a very large book; it contains an immense amount of knowledge, and will require a lifetime to understand it. Yea, we may spend half our time in the future world in studying the Bible. The Bible, as received by all Protestant churches contains, according to a curious calculation, 66 books, 1,189 chapters, 31,173 verses, 773,697 words, and 3,566,480 letters! To learn all these 31,173 verses would require a long time. A few simple truths can save the soul. The more we know of the Bible the better; but a small portion can bring peace and comfort to the heart. The man ignorant of science might say, in looking at the great world around him: this is unnecessary, and that is useless, like a fly sitting in judgment upon the magnificent proportions of St. Peter's Church at Rome, whose contracted vision could not take in at one glance that grand structure.

The Creator and Redeemer are one God; hence in the work of redemption are seen evident traces of that hand which is so conspicuous throughout the works of creation. In creation the scale is magnificent; and on every side appear things useful, pleasant, wondrous, in boundless profusion and infinite variety. Of this some contracted spirit might say, to "what purpose is this waste." But to the enlightened mind there appears in this exuberance not only the goodness, but also the wisdom that is divine, which produces riches out of poverty, plenty out of want. Thus from simplest elements, for all creatures, in all their kinds are brought forth means of life, sustenance, protection and enjoyment. So in the Scriptures; amid the rich profusion nothing is useless, nothing unimportant, nothing superfluous. It is the Book of God. Like the great Book of Nature, it bears the impress of its great original; it has none of the imperfections of man's methodical system about it. It is a book for all—the rich, the poor, the ignorant and the learned. We can joyfully exclaim with the poet:

Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find,
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
 Spreads heavenly peace around,
 And life and everlasting joy
 Attend the blissful sound.

O may these heavenly pages be
 My ever dear delight,
 And still new beauties may I see,
 And still increasing light.

Let the young study the Bible, it is able to make them wise unto salvation. It is the best companion for the young man, and the best protector of the young woman; it will be a crutch for the decrepitude of old age to go down the declivity of life with; it will be a bridge across the river of death, and a passport into the mansions of Heaven.

LET US BE HAPPY.

BY ELIZA COOK.

O, let us be happy when friends gather round us,
 However the world may have shadowed our lot,
 When the rose-braided links of affection have bound us,
 Let the cold chains of earth be despised and forgot;
 And say not that Friendship is only ideal,
 That Truth and Devotion are blessings unknown,
 For he who believes every heart is unreal,
 Has something unsound at the core of his own.
 O, let us be happy when moments of pleasure
 Have brought to our presence the dearest and best,
 For the pulse always beats to most heavenly measure
 When Love and Good-will sweep the strings of the breast.

O, let us be happy, when moments of meeting
 Bring those to our side who illumine our eyes;
 And though folly, perchance, shake a bell at the greeting,
 He is the dullest of fools who forever is wise.
 Let the laughter of Joy echo over our bosoms,
 As the hum of the bee o'er the midsummer flowers,
 For the honey of happiness comes from Love's blossoms,
 And is found in the hives of these exquisite hours.
 Then let us be happy when moments of pleasure
 Have brought to our presence the dearest and best,
 For the pulse always beats to most heavenly measure
 When Love and Good-will sweep the strings of the breast.

Let us plead not a spirit too sad and too weary
 To yield the kind word and the mirth-lighted smile,
 The heart, like the tree, must be fearfully dreary,
 Where the robin of hope will not warble awhile.
 Let us say not in pride that we care not for others,
 And live in our wealth like an ox in his stall;
 'Tis the commerce of love, with our sisters and brothers,
 Helps to pay our great debt to the Father of All.
 Then let us be happy when moments of pleasure
 Have brought to our presence the dearest and best,
 For the pulse ever beats with more heavenly measure
 When Love and Good-will sweep the strings of the breast.

OUR FOREFATHERS.

BY JUNIOR.

It has often been my privilege to attend the literary exercises of the Academy of the town in which I live. A peculiar interest belongs to these schools as we generally find them in the country villages of Pennsylvania and some neighboring States; and the village to which reference is made, being one of these, it may lay rightful claim to their common merit. Such villages appear to be a sort of compromise between the retired farm-house and the many-mansioned city; being neither the one nor the other, yet receiving shape from both. Streets and pavements like the city; gardens and orchards like the country. So, the people unite largely the commendable refinement, taste and courtesy of the one, with the substantial habits, industry and vigorous sense of the other. Their direct connection with the country around keeps them in full sympathy with its life, while, on the other hand, sources are not wanting to prevent overgrown rusticity and give them more of a literary and cultivated caste. "God has made the country but man has made the city," some one has well remarked. As civilization, however, of necessity calls into existence the latter, it would seem the towns we speak of mediate happily between the uncultivated regions of the no-made or savage, and the thickly-populated metropolis which presents scarce one untouched remnant of the Creator's workmanship.

It is a fact, becoming gradually well understood, that from our rural hamlets and inland vallies, come a majority of the men called to fill the posts of highest honor and responsibility in both church and state; the men, too, whose names are most esteemed by the nation, and heard at every family hearth. Impressed with a lively sense of this truth I have, for years, already, deemed it a privilege, as before said, to attend the common or special literary exercises of Institutions in which the country youths, fresh from their native hills and vallies, are taught the elements of knowledge and science.

We will single out one afternoon which we spent in such a school. It was Friday—the time for reading original compositions. No part of school exercises can have more interest belonging to it. So the youths themselves think. It affords an opportunity of showing what use they are able to make of that which they have learned. The idea at the bottom of this exercise, the very idea of which all likewise have some sense, is, that they have read to their listening compeers what is *their own*, drawn directly from their heads, not from the printed page. Their personal satisfaction cannot be as great when they recite a well-gotten lesson, for this is committed off the text-book—it is not altogether theirs.

On the occasion to which we refer, a number of good compositions were read. One could not help thinking that some of them augured well for the future career of their authors. There was, as a matter of course, considerable variety in several respects; enough at any rate to remind one of Cowper's lines—

“Variety's the spice of life
Which gives it all its flavor.”

One of the compositions engaged our particular attention. It was among the best in the number, so far as its style and general merits were concerned. Its author treated of the hardships and sufferings, the trials and privations, which the original settlers of our country underwent. He tried to show, too, that there is a debt of gratitude due on our part to them for sacrifices of which we are now reaping the rich fruits. “Honor to whom honor is due.” But read the following sentence, taken *memoriter* from this composition: “Such were the obstacles, such the labors, our English forefathers met and mastered.” *Our English* forefathers, forsooth! We could not avoid looking around in the school-room to see what applicability this assertion had in the present case; for, as before intimated, we were not in the Eastern States, nor in the extreme Southern, but within the limits of that vast domain which may properly be called the heart of the country, and which is mainly inhabited by the descendants of settlers who never saw Albion's shore. There was not a single individual in the whole number, who, for aught we could tell, had one drop of *English* blood coursing in his veins. As well might you have sought for Italian blood in the hale youths within the walls of a district school in the valleys of Vermont. The boy—for such he was yet—who had written the composition, was in this respect as well off as were his companions. His name was German, and so was his parentage. His father's family, though among those who, generations ago, “met and mastered the obstacles and labors” which their grateful descendant rehearsed, still spoke their mother tongue (the German) with fluency. His grandfather, on the mother's side, closed his useful life in the village of which we speak, after having preached in the German language for more than a score and a half of years the Gospel of Peace.

Some of the reflections naturally elicited by the sentence we have quoted, shall be stated here for the consideration of the reader.

I. The most pleasing and happy remembrances of life are those which date back to the time when we were yet little boys and little girls; when, unconscious of the wide world, with its ups and downs, we enjoyed a miniature world at our father's home, amid parents' tender smiles and brothers' or sisters' affectionate favors. Then were instilled the principles which have since mostly governed our actions. The lessons learned on a mother's lap are never forgotten.

Seeds there implanted afterward germinate and bring forth abundant fruit. Traditions, such as every family has, are at home handed down from one generation to another. These traditions, embracing interesting reminiscences of our ancestors, their deeds, incidents of their lives, fortunes and misfortunes, all told and retold with that peculiar pathos which belongs to the language of those who speak of that in which they are themselves concerned, we learn when young, we delight to tell when grown, and love to the end of life. Their influence upon ourselves is great; society owes its loveliest features to them, and the nation's existence is absolutely dependent upon them.

At school and after leaving the parental roof, we come under influences and receive a kind of training to which we were not previously accustomed. Companions, teachers, books, the various relations of life, exercise an educational influence and make divers impressions upon us. No harm lies of necessity in all this; the process is needed, and may be productive of much good. The general influences of the school and those of life may differ and do differ from those we have learned to cherish at home. There is, however, a sanctuary within every family, the precincts of which may not be entered with unhallowed feet. From it issue streams in antagonism to which no outside current has a right to place itself. Humanity, as realized in us, derives from it deep significance. Society, education, books, opposing or falsifying its best breathings, the violent and unrighteous, every way fraught with untold evils.

II. We have spoken of general truths. Their particular applicability now claims attention. Take the instance of national descent as being directly to our purpose. The German, the Englishman, the Frenchman differ widely. So the citizens of every distinct nation. Difference here is not owing alone to language or climate, education or habits of life. They have their influence, but the root lies deeper. Remove these, and the difference, though perhaps lessened, still remains. The look of the eye, the form and features of the person, the soul of his actions, mark unmistakably the nation from which he is descended. You have been trimming the branches and changing the soil, while the tree itself remains the same. This is a general fact. A demonstration of its correctness has been furnished on the grandest scale in our own country. We are all living witnesses of it; and it becomes us as men and women, desirous of acting wisely, to bear it well in mind.

Americans are not indigenous—sprung as by chance out of the earth—but it is their glory to have a lineage that grounds itself deep in the history of various nations of the Old World. This being the case, the difference of their ancestral descent should be honestly acknowledged without prejudice to one or another, whenever occasion calls for it. Right and duty demand it. Surely, also, the

children of parents, who *came* alike to this country from common objects, bore common burdens, shared common labors, in common fought their battles and established their liberties, have no cause for envying one another's ancestral birthright.

III. Has the plain and righteous policy of doing justice to all, in the respect spoken of, been carried out through the various important relations of society, government and education in our country? Let facts witness. In order to be brief and direct to our purpose, we shall only refer to the Germans, who have made this country their home since its original settlement. Their descendants now number millions.

So large and respectable a portion of our population, one would reasonably expect, occupied a corresponding position in the literature of the nation. If the Germano-Americans themselves be not ambitious to trumpet abroad their own praise and standing, it might be presumed their Anglo-American brethren would not have failed duly to notice them in their hay-stacks of orations, references and labored works, nominally descriptive or in eulogy of the whole or sections of our country. Those who are acquainted with the facts will, upon a moment's reflection, perceive how the matter stands.

Amusing, indeed, is the pretended nationality of the majority of our school-books. A thoroughly *mixed* nation like ourselves, demands proper regard to this fact in its educational works. Do these, however, meet this demand?

Take almost any of our "Histories of the United States" intended for youths, and see how justice is meted out there. They claim to be national, they ask to be introduced into our schools all over the land, and in many States have been legislated into the hands of our children; yet we protest that, as regards important points, they are sectional, and by no means entitled to such universal acceptance. Who that is not of English origin has justice done to his ancestry, to his religious opinions, to his habits of life and modes of thought, as contra-distinguished from his English brethren? With how much fairness is the internal history of Pennsylvania, for example, generally represented as compared with that of Massachusetts? So, to the end of the chapter.

Over and over again have we seen children recite that which boldly suppressed facts of dearest interest to them, while in place thereof some empty husks were substituted. Spend pages in talking of mineral and agricultural wealth, and then thrust into the background the living souls who own and turn it to account. Our "Readers" are loaded with extracts, orations, etc., eulogizing the "pilgrim fathers," to the exclusion of much, comparatively equally important, and more sensible matter. Was this great nation descended from a ship-load of settlers, landed in 1620 on Plymouth Rock?

The child that has been faithfully trained in the family, heard its simple recollections, learned the general traditions of the country with which its own ancestors had some worthy connection, will find, on growing up, that the most popular system of education ignores such feelings and associations in two-thirds of the population. Here lies the radical evil. There may be palliating reasons for its happening to be so, but it is an evil still. So long as it remains, a canker-worm gnaws at the heart of our educational system; a withering influence weakens our national energies.

One word more for the present. We have given some reasons impliedly why so many of us stand in danger of sacrificing our birthright, and with it a rich inheritance of associations and principles for which nothing else can make us amends. Many more instances might be referred to, but let these suffice. Our complaint is not particular, but general. The evil calls not for a change to this or that: it demands a re-construction of a misformed public sentiment and educational apparatus.

We have plead for justice. Let it be administered to all. Many of us have had German forefathers. *Many*, I say—yea, many. Let the child and the youth learn the truth in the case—learn not to be ashamed of his ancestry but highly to esteem it. It is time to bestir ourselves, to vindicate our rights and establish our honor in the literature and education of our country. No folding of hands, no sitting at ease will accomplish the desirable end. Better service none can render to his country and to the memory of those who gave him birth, than to cherish and perpetuate, with living freshness, the best lessons, connections, associations and traditions amid which we have been reared.

THIS WORLD IS ALL A FLEETING SHOW.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

THIS world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given:
The smiles of joy, the tears of wo,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—
There's nothing true but Heaven!

And false the light on glory's plume,
As fading hues of even;
And love and hope, and beauty's bloom,
Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb—
There's nothing bright but Heaven!

Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave were driven,
And Fancy's flash and Reason's ray,
Serve but to light the troubled way—
There's nothing calm but Heaven!

THE PRAYER-MEETING UNDER THE HAY-STACK.

IN the year 1802, a father overheard his son say, "There is no business I should like better, than to pass my life in preaching the gospel to the heathen." The father thanked God if this were indeed the spirit of his boy, for he took it as an indication that he had found that gospel precious to his own soul. And this proved to be the case. His name was Samuel J. Mills, and he lived in Torrington, Connecticut, where his father was minister.

A few years after, Samuel entered Williams College, and was diligently studying in order to prepare for the ministry. There he found a few pious students, and they formed a little prayer-meeting. Williams College is situated among the green hills of western Massachusetts, and surrounded by very picturesque and beautiful scenery. During the hot weather, this little prayer-meeting was often held in a neighboring grove between the College and the Hoosac river, and the old forest trees echoed the words of prayer and praise.

One very hot afternoon they went to the grove, expecting to hold their meeting there; but a dark cloud was rising in the west: it soon began to thunder and lighten, and they went under a haystack for refuge from the coming storm. The subject of conversation under the stack, before and during the shower, was the heathen darkness of Asia. Mills said the gospel should be sent there, and, "We can do it, if we will," he cried, with a large heart full of faith. The idea was new and grand.

"But missionaries sent to Asia would be murdered," answered one. "Christian armies must conquer the country before the gospel can be carried to Turks and Arabs."

"God would have his gospel spread throughout the world, and if Christians will be up and doing, the work *will be done*," cried those upon whom the glorious work began to flash with the clearness and warmth of sunlight. "Come," said Mills, "let us pray over it under this hay-stack, while the dark clouds are going and the clear sky is coming." Fervent prayers were offered, and foreign missions was the subject.

These little meetings were continued, and the duty of preaching the gospel to the heathen, was the constant subject of prayer, conversation, and discussion among the members. Their souls were stirred in thinking how large a portion of the world was destitute of the knowledge of Jesus Christ, the Saviour of lost men; and his last command, "Go ye into *all the world*, and preach the gospel to every creature," came with a divine power to their conscience, quickening them to action.

But what could a few college students hope to do? The subject was new to ministers and new to the churches. "Carrying the

gospel to Asia!" "Foreign missions!" Would it not be looked upon by sober people as a very rash and foolish enterprise—foolish, because impossible? Let us see what brave spirits firmly persuaded of their duty can do. This little praying band next formed themselves into a society, whose object was, *themselves* to effect a mission or missions to the heathen: personal consecration to the work was the pledge. The pledge was made Sept. 7, 1808.

"What ministers can we hope to interest in this great work?" was the next question. Dr. Worcester, of Salem, Dr. Spring, of Newburyport, Dr. Morse, of Charlestown, Dr. Griffin, of Newark, were among those to whom they more particularly looked for sympathy and countenance. Attempts were made to awaken interest among the pious students of other colleges, and for this purpose one of their number took a dismission to Middlebury; Mills visited Yale, and a correspondence was entered into with members of Dartmouth and Union colleges. Two sermons were also published and circulated, at the expense of the society to arouse and move the Christian mind.

Samuel J. Mills, James Richards, and Luther Rice, having finished their college course, entered upon their studies for the ministry at Andover, Massachusetts. Here they were joined by Adoniram Judson, Gordon Hall, Samuel Newell, and Samuel Nott. Mr. Judson had already caught the missionary spirit by reading the book of an English missionary, called "The Star in the East," and he was prepared not only to enter fully into their plans, but with his ardent spirit to urge them on. Judson said he was ready to seek help from English Christians, if his countrymen held back, and Gordon Hall declared he would *work his passage* to India, and rely upon God to take care of him. Of course such spirits could not be held back.

In June, 1810, the general association of ministers met at Bradford, and four of these young men, Mills, Judson, Newell and Nott, presented to them a written statement of their views and wishes, and besought the advice of their fathers in the ministry. These good men cordially approved of their object; the duty of immediately sending the gospel to the heathen was clearly recognized, and the formation of a society for this purpose was recommended.

On September 5, 1810, at Farmington, Connecticut, the committee to whom the matter was referred, organized a foreign missionary society, by the name of "The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions," the first foreign missionary board in the United States; and this board has now 663 laborers connected with its missions. The first missionaries which it sent out—the self-denying and heroic pioneers in this great work—went to Asia. Their names were Adoniram Judson, Samuel Nott, Samuel Newell and Gordon Hall.

Samuel J. Mills, whose youthful mind was first impressed with the wretched state of the poor heathen, did not live to go to tell them of a Saviour's love. Though modest and retiring, his activity in doing good was remarkable. Besides foreign missions, the Bible and the African-school societies were set on foot through his efforts. He died at the early age of 34, on board a ship, of an African fever caught on the coast of Africa, where he had been to seek out a suitable spot for a Christian colony for the colored man on his native soil.

At a meeting of some gentlemen last August, at Williams College, it was "Resolved, That the grounds north of the west college, where Mr. Mills and his associates used to meet for prayer, and where the first American missions were projected, be purchased by the Alumni of the college, and be called the Mission Park and Grounds."

If battle-grounds, and the generals who fought on them, have monuments to hand down their memory to future generations, how fitting is it that Christian heroes, and the spots marked by the triumphs of their faith, should have some suitable memorials to designate their worth. To the pious heart, the grove on the banks of the Hoosac, and the site of the old hay-stack, is consecrated ground, for there was poured forth that fervent effectual prayer from believing men, which hath availed so much in extending the Redeemer's kingdom.

CHRISTIAN UNION: TO A FRIEND AT PARTING.

THERE is a strange and mystic bond
That holds the human heart,
And breaketh not tho' we be called
On earth awhile to part:

It is that bond of quenchless love
Which binds the happy souls above,
And sheds on man's deep-fallen race
A halo bright of matchless grace.

Where'er we be
On land or sea,
May still this bond with us subsist
In clearest light or darkest mist,
To keep our souls with sweet accord
United firm in Christ our Lord;

And on our way
To endless day
Whene'er we seek the Saviour's face,
Enjoy his love and sing his grace,
Then may we feel a brother's care
And seek for him a blessing there.

Thus may we love each other still
While on Life's stormy sea,
And each breathe out this tender pray'r,
Dear friend, remember me!

X. Y. Z.

THE FIRST SNOW IN AUTUMN.

BY THE EDITOR.

"The pale descending year, yet pleasing still,
A gentle mood inspires; for now the leaf
Incessant rustles from the mournful grove."

THERE is much about the later days of Autumn that fixes itself in the minds and memories of those whose early life has been passed in the country. Who does not remember the first snow? It comes as a kind of first-fruit before the general reign and rigor of winter begins.

First we have fog-like, chilly-looking clouds gathering along the horizon, and gradually extending up the sky. Soon successive showers of cold, mist-like rain begin to roll from the mountains, and extend over the country; but there is not enough to start rills in the road, only to soften the surface into slush. At length the drops grow larger, come down faster, and the rain would soon begin to wash the slushy mud in the road, did it not—see!—turn silently into snow!

At first there is only here and there a large flake, coming down more slowly than the rain; but soon the snow prevails, and all around there is one general shower of flakes making toward the earth with a silent majesty of movement that makes one quiet to see. Even the form of the clouds are hid by the millions of falling flakes, so that the sky looks like a deep white sea above. The distant hills and mountains are almost hidden by the intervening sheet of descending show. Only now and then, when there is a gentle momentary abatement, do their outlines appear. How peculiarly pleasant it is to sit at the window in the house, or stand under the feeding-room door at the barn, and look out, dry and sheltered, into the mingled scene of rain and snow. How sweet the sense of security which then steals over the spirit!

See! the snow does not make much impression upon the earth. There is too much rain mixed with it; and the ground is too warm and wet. In the road it but barely congeals the mud, and leaves no trace of snow. On the wood-pile the chips are thinly covered. In the house-yard and meadow it hangs here and there in a thin sheet upon tufts of heavy grass. In the garden it lingers on the broad leaves of cabbage, on red-beet and turnip tops, and covers the saffron beds. The barn-yard remains slushy and bare, and the snow melts as fast as it falls, except where it lodges upon the unrotted straw. All around the smoking manure, and the backs of the patiently standing cattle, receive the flakes as to their tomb, as quickly do they disappear as on the surface of the open lake, or gliding stream.

It is so new and interesting to see in the orchard, how the trees,

still covered with yellow-tinged leaves and ripe fruit, stand silently, half hid by the flakes, as if to mock and defy the stern approaches of winter—as if they said to the snow shower, Cease and abide your time! The snow is lodged upon the leaves and branches, and the wet glistening apples are seen, as if they smiled, through the sheet of falling snow. What a mingling of summer and winter; yet both the snow and the apples remind us of the coming cheerful Christmas fire.

Now the snow comes down hurriedly and thick. It seems as if it could not melt as fast as it falls. Yet still, most that it can do on the surface of the earth in general, is to chill the mud and hang the green blades of grass and wheat with cold drops. It is the *early* snow, and the earth is yet too warm to sustain a wintry sheet upon its bosom. There are yet many sunshiny and genial days behind the storm; and though the youngsters, too easily swayed by first impressions, are already thinking of sleighs, rabbit-tracks, and partridge-traps, yet the “old people” soon correct their hasty decision by the words, “The Indian summer must first come.” The winter apples are yet on the trees, the corn is yet in the fields; and when did Providence bury the rich treasures of autumn with the snows of winter? Father has known God too long to be alarmed by the early snow!

As we expected the snow-shower is abating. Gradually there falls less and less. The mountains, the trees, the fences, the distant woods, and the shape of the clouds appear, and as they are seen they already begin to hasten away. In an hour the wood-pile, and the straw are bare: the green leaves and tufts of grass are uncovered; and the garden is as before. Though the clouds still hang upon the mountain’s brow, and lie low and heavy along the distant horizon, yet the sun will be out to-morrow and the farmer will go forth to gather his corn, potatoes, and apples. The housewife, with her daughters, will be busy in gathering the “garden things” into the cellar, or bury them in round heaps of straw and earth.

Behold! the early snow is past. The Indian summer is here. It is mellow Autumn again.

Such a day as we have just described is not lost to the farmer. After breakfast an hour is spent in a kind of easy leisurely deliberation around the kitchen fire, and sometimes not without some annoyance to the women to whom that dominion properly belongs. Now and then we look out at the window, or the door to see—what is firmly looked for—that the storm will soon abate. As, however, the snow continues longer than was at first expected, and as the whole day now bids fair to be too unpleasant for out-door work, the boys may get up a large fire in the cellar, and the horse-gears, which have just gone through a season of severe use in seeding-time—having been exposed to the hot sun and sudden summer

showers, and being now dry and brittle—must receive a thorough greasing, that they may again become both softer and stronger. A few articles are needed from town; and as the snow and rain have somewhat abated, one of the boys may attend to that little business. Meanwhile the fruit-cellar needs to be cleared out, and a place prepared for the potatoes, for they must be taken in as soon as the ground is dry enough after this wet spell. The same kind of work is needed in the corn-crib; and in the stables there must be a place provided for the pumpkins with which the cattle are to be fed in early winter. There has been some new corn cast into the bake-oven to dry for cakes and bread. This may now be brought into the cellar, and before the cheerful fire, shelled—this will be a pleasant evening employment. How fine will the first cakes taste!

Such is the day in a farm-house, which ushers in the first snow of autumn. How beautiful are all things in their time and season. How pleasant are the memories of the past; and with how many and strange cords of association does a kind Providence bind back our life to its early beginnings that we may not forget the earlier good which is too often covered with later evil.

A U T U M N .

BY WORDSWORTH.

THE sylvan slopes with corn-clad fields
Are hung, as if with golden shields,
Bright trophies of the sun?
Like a fair sister of the sky,
Unruffled doth the blue lake lie,
The mountains looking on!

And, sooth to say, yon vocal grove,
Albeit uninspired by love,
By love untaught to ring,
May well afford to mortal ear
An impulse more profoundly dear
Than music of the spring!

For that, from turbulence and heat
Proceeds from some uneasy seat
In nature's struggling frame—
Some region of impatient life;
And jealousy and quivering strife
Therein a portion claim!

This, this is holy, while I hear
These vespers of another year,
This hymn of thanks and praise,
My spirit seems to mount above
The anxieties of human love,
And earth's precarious days!

THE TREES OF THE BIBLE.

NO. XIII.—THE BAY TREE.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE Hebrew word *Æsrach*, translated Bay-tree, occurs only once in the Bible. "I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay-tree. Yet he passed away, and lo! he was not: yea, I sought him, but he could not be found." Is. 37: 35, 36.

Interpreters differ much as to the kind of tree here indicated. Jewish writers suppose that no specific tree is meant, but that the original word merely means, "a native tree," or "a tree growing in its native soil," not having been disturbed in its growth by transplantation into a different soil. Such a tree, they say, spreads itself very luxuriantly because it grows in the soil adapted to its nature. So a wicked man grows great in wickedness, when he is suffered to grow undisturbed in the native soil of sin.

Some suppose it to be the Tamarind, a native of the East Indies, and flourishing in Egypt and Arabia. "This tree," says Roberts, "resists the most powerful storms; it never looses its leaves, and is sacred to Vyraver, the prince of devils. I have seen some that would measure from thirty to forty feet in circumference." This tree would also illustrate the passage in the Psalms. Its wood is exceedingly hard, and its fruit is sour.

In the Septuagint and vulgate the word is rendered "cedar." The version of Luther, the old Saxon, the Spanish, the Italian of Diodata, and the version of Ainsworth, make it "laurel." The learned nonconformist, Ainsworth, paraphrases the passage thus: "I have seen the wicked daunting terribly, and spreading himself bare as a green, self-growing laurel." Its being said to spread itself in pride, or flourishing in splendor, also fits the laurel, which in its season is covered with pleasant flowers.

Whatever may be the particular tree alluded to, the symbol is very striking as applied to the wicked. How suddenly are they often cast down from their greatness as a tree scorched and shivered by the lightning, or suddenly dying where no direct cause is visible to a human eye. The sumptuous Dives is now luxuriating in his palace and now he lifts up his eyes in the lowest hell. Pride and sin go before destruction; and are generally the true prophesy that a terrible end is near!

"Such is the state of man!
To-day he puts forth tender leaves of hope:
To-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;

The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And, when he thinks. good easy man, full surely
His greatness is ripening, nips his root,
And thus he falls, never to hope again!"

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

THE following anecdote of Booth, the great tragedian, will be perused by the readers of The Guardian with pleasure. It occurred before the sparkle of his great black eye had been dimmed by that bane of genius, strong drink. Booth and a number of his friends had been invited to dine with an old gentleman in Baltimore, of distinguishing kindness, urbanity and piety. The host, though disapproving of theatres and theatre-going, had heard so much of Booth's remarkable powers, that curiosity to see the man had, in this instance, overcome all his scruples and prejudice. After the entertainment was over, lamps lighted, and the company re-seated in the drawing-room, some one requested Booth, as a particular favor, and one which all present would doubtless appreciate, to read aloud the Lord's Prayer. Booth expressed his ready willingness to afford them this gratification, and all eyes were turned expectantly upon him. Booth rose slow and reverently from his chair. It was wonderful to watch the play of emotions that convulsed his countenance. He became deathly pale, and his eyes, turned tremblingly upwards, were wet with tears. As yet he had not spoken. The silence could be felt. It became absolutely painful, until at last the spell was broken as if by an electric shock, as his rich-toned voice, from white lips, syllabled forth, "Our father, who art in heaven," &c., with a pathos and fervid solemnity which thrilled all hearts. He finished. The silence continued. Not a voice was heard or a muscle moved in his rapt audience, until, from a remote corner a subdued sob was heard, and the host stepping forth with streaming eyes, seized Booth by the hand, said, in broken accents, "Sir, you have afforded me a pleasure for which my whole life will feel grateful. From my boyhood to the present time I thought I had repeated the Lord's Prayer, but I never heard it before; never." "You are right," said Booth; "to read that prayer as it should be read, has cost me severe study and labor for thirty years, and I am far from being satisfied with my rendering of that wonderful production. Hardly one person in ten thousand comprehends how much beauty, tenderness and grandeur can be condensed in a space so small and in words so simple. That prayer of itself sufficiently illustrates the truth of the Bible, and stamps upon it the seal of Divinity."

So great was the effect produced, that conversation was sustained but a short time longer, in subdued monosyllables, and almost entirely ceased; and soon after, at an early hour, the company broke up, and retired to their several homes, with sad faces and full hearts.

Our Monthly Retrospect.

UNITED STATES.

THE ELECTIONS held in Pennsylvania and Ohio on the 9th ult., with the curious and somewhat anomalous results which followed, have formed the leading theme for newspaper and general gossip. While we take no interest in "politics as a trade," or in mere party measures, it is due to our readers that we should have something to say on certain great principles always more or less involved in our general elections, and which rise far above all mere selfish party issues. It is certainly incumbent upon every citizen to be enough of a politician to be able to discharge his duty as a voter understandingly—although this qualification by no means implies his blind identification with this or that party or faction. It is clearly the duty of every man to vote—and if each man who is competent to discharge this high duty does not do so understandingly, it is equally clear that the control of our government will fall into the hands of those who do not represent the higher interests of society.

Up to within a fortnight of the late election, the Democrats were very confident of carrying the State by a heavy majority; and this confidence was based on very good reasons. While the party representing the national administration was well organized, and acting as a unit in support of Mr. Plumer, their candidate for Canal Commissioner, the opposition were divided into three or four parties, represented by as many candidates. About two weeks before the election, the State Central Committees of the American, Whig and Republican parties met at Harrisburg, and agreed upon a "fusion," by which Messrs. Martin, Henderson and Williamson agreed to be withdrawn, and Thomas Nicholson was nominated as the representative of all the elements opposed to the Democrats. Had there been time and sufficient unity of action to carry out this fusion complete, Mr. Nicholson could have been elected without doubt. In some counties the tickets with the names of the original candidates had already been printed

and circulated, while in a few others, such as Lancaster and Allegheny, the Whigs and Republicans declined abandoning their candidates. The result was that although Arnold Plumer received a plurality vote, there were enough votes thrown away upon other candidates to have secured the election of Mr. Nicholson. This is illustrated by the official vote, which is as follows:

Arnold Plumer, Dem.....	161,280
Thos. Nicholson, fusion....	150,359

Plumer over Nicholson..	10,921
Williamson, Rep.	1,063
Cleaver, N. A.....	4,041
Martin, American	571
Henderson, Whig....	2,270
	<hr/> 13,945

Plumer's minority.....	<hr/> 3,023
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In the election of members of the Legislature there were still more exciting and distracting elements at work. The liquor dealers had formed a well organized combination known as the Liquor League, which operated extensively in a number of counties, and almost invariably in favor of the Democrats. The result is that the Democrats will have a majority in the next Legislature of 31, on joint ballot, viz., in the Senate 17, opposition 16; House, Dem. 65, opposition 35.

Although it is generally supposed that the Liquor League had a great deal to do with this result, the figures show that the new Restraining Liquor Law will not likely be repealed by the next session. The law will evidently be safe in the Senate; and even if a repeal bill could be passed, Governor Pollock would hardly consent to approve an act repealing a law before it had fairly gone into operation. Of all the Senatorial districts whose representatives voted for the Law last winter, the only one which returns a member opposed this year is Allegheny, which sends Judge Wilkins in place of Mr. Darsie. All the other changes among the districts where members supported the law are in its favor, giving a result,

on full vote, of 17 for the law and 16 against it, with a fair chance of the vote for the Law being increased by one or two members who voted against its passage, but who will not consent to repeal a law before it has been fairly tested. We have not the least doubt, therefore, that this law will be sustained by the Senate and the Governor, and if it is enforced for one year, so as to show the good results that will flow from it, no power in the State can effect its repeal hereafter.

In OHIO the Republican party carried their candidates over the Democrats and Americans, electing Salmon P. Chase Governor by a large majority. Both branches of the Legislature are overwhelmingly Republican and Temperance.

THANKSGIVING.—Gov. Pollock has appointed Thursday, the 22nd of the present month “as a day of general thanksgiving and praise throughout this State, and earnestly implores the People that setting aside all worldly pursuits on that day, they unite in offering thanks to Almighty God for past goodness and mercy; and beseech him for a continuance of his blessings.” This Proclamation is one of the soundest we have seen for many years, and speaks the sentiment of the true christian. He says “a public recognition of the existence of God, as the Creator of all things and the Giver of ‘every good and perfect gift,’ with an humble acknowledgment of our constant dependence upon the Providence of Him, ‘who rules in the army of Heaven and among the children of men,’ is alike the duty and the privilege of a free and Christian people.

“‘He has crowned the past year with his goodness and caused our paths to drop with fatness.’ He has blessed our country with peace. The Union of the States—our free institutions—our civil and religious privileges—right of conscience and freedom of worship have been continued and preserved. The great interests of education, morality and religion have been encouraged and promoted—science and art advanced—industry rewarded—and the moral and physical condition of the people improved.

“The goodness of God has signally blessed our Commonwealth. War with its desolations—famine and pestilence with their horrors, have not been permitted to come near us! and whilst the ravages of disease and death have afflict-

ed the citizens of other States, we have enjoyed the blessings of health and unusual prosperity. The seasons, in their annual round, have come and gone—‘seed time and harvest’ have not failed—smiling plenty cheers the husbandman, and, surrounded by the abundant fruits of autumn, he rejoices in the rich rewards of his toil. ‘The pastures are clothed with flocks—the valleys also are covered over with corn—they shout for joy—they also sing.’

“Acknowledging with grateful hearts these manifold blessings of a beneficent Providence, we should ‘offer unto God our thanksgiving, and pay our vows unto the Most High.’”

KANSAS.—The Free State election for a Delegate to represent Kansas in Congress, was held on the 9th ult., and every thing seems to have passed off with the utmost order and regularity. The vote polled for Whitfield, the pro-slavery candidate, at a previous election ordered by the Legislature, was about twenty-one hundred, not more than nine hundred of that number being legal. It is thought that the vote for Governor Reeder, whom the Free State men supported on the 9th, will reach 3,000, all of which were polled by actual residents of the Territory. Reliable advices from there assure us that the contest in Kansas is over, and that the Territory will become a free State. Gov. Reeder was there during the election, and seems to enjoy the full confidence of the People. The admission of Kansas as a State will be a great question in the next Congress.

Gov. POLLOCK delivered the introductory of a course of Lectures to be given this winter before the Young Men’s Christian Association, on the evening of the 25th ult. His subject was the “Known and the Unknown,” in their relation to Man, as a physical, moral and intellectual being. This lecture was listened to with deep attention by a very large and intelligent audience. The Gov’r spoke with great eloquence and no less christian fervor. The aim of his discourse was to show the great results and attainments of the Known and to point his hearers to the greater and more important concerns of the Unknown, all centering in the elevation of the race, the glory of God, and the salvation of the immortal soul. Gov. Pollock is a living illustration of the truly christian chief magistrate.

THREE CASES have been tried at Pitts-

burg under the new Restraining Liquor Law, being the first in the State, all of which have resulted in the conviction of the offenders. It is supposed that one of them will be carried into the Supreme Court on a writ of error, and the question finally decided, that tribunal being now in session in Pittsburg. There is not the least doubt that the constitutionality of the law will be affirmed.

PASSMORE WILLIAMSON is still confined in Moyamensing prison, by order of Judge Kane, for contempt of Court—although the question of his release has been up before the Court in various shapes. The Judge has decided that Williamson, being in contempt, has no standing in Court; and that he cannot receive any petition unless it be an application to purge himself of the contempt. If both Williamson and Judge Kane hold to their present positions of law and right, the former stands a fair chance of living and dying in prison.

CALIFORNIA.—The late election has resulted in the success of the "Americans" or Know Nothing party, who have elected their Governor, State officers, and a majority of the members of the State Legislature. The people also voted on the abstract question of a prohibitory liquor law, but the vote was small and the issue still in doubt when the last steamer sailed. The progress which California has been making in her moral and social relations of late is quite encouraging—for certainly no place stood more in need of it. The progress of religion, too, has become one of the marked features of the place; and although much still remains to be done there, owing to the incongruous material composing the population, California is already claiming to be not the least comely among her fair and elder sisters of the national Union.

THE KANE EXPEDITION.—The expedition which left New York on the 31st of May, 1853, in search of the ill-fated Sir John Franklin and his faithful crew, arrived at New York on the 12th ult. Although subjected to almost unheard-of dangers and privations, subjected to the intensest extremes of cold, fatigue and hunger, the expedition lost but three of its number, among which we regret to notice the name of Jefferson T. Baker, of Philadelphia, a brother of Dr. J. T. Baker, of this city. The scene at the landing of the expedition at New York was said to have been very affect-

ing and the news caused great excitement throughout the city. The officers of the expedition were hardly recognizable by their best friends, so much had they been changed in personal appearance. Their long beards and hair, with dog-skin boots and pantaloons, and bear-skin coats, caps, etc., made them look like quite another race of beings; and it was only after undergoing a metamorphosis the next day at the clothing emporiums of New York that their old acquaintances began to recognize their familiar features. The incidents of the expedition are full of interest, but too voluminous for review in these pages.

THE OLD WORLD.

The news from the seat of war received since our last is less important than was expected. The Russians still remain in possession of the North Forts of Sebastopol, and the fact of the Czar being on his way to the Crimea indicates his intention to prolong the struggle in that quarter. The belief which had obtained in England and France, that the Allied Generals would follow up the capture of the South part of Sebastopol by an immediate attack on the Russian army in the field, has not thus far been realized. A letter from St. Petersburg says that the evening before the departure of the Emperor for the Crimea, a counsel was held, at which it was determined to carry on the war with the greatest determination; and the Emperor directed Count Nesselrode to announce this intention to the political agents of Russia in foreign countries. Gortschakoff is to be appointed Minister of War. Mouravieff is to assume the command of the army in the Crimea, which is to be defended to the last extremity.

A "brilliant" contest of Cavalry was fought on the 20th of September, near Eupatoria, in which the Russian Cavalry, commanded by Gen. Korf, were defeated by the French Cavalry under General Allenville. The French took 100 prisoners, 250 horses, six guns, and a number of ammunition wagons. The Russians lost 50 killed—the French six killed and 27 wounded.

The latest advices look to the bombardment of Odessa as the next important movement on the part of the Allies. Gortschakoff admits a loss of from 500 to 1000 men per day during the last thirty days of the siege.

NOTES ON LITERATURE, &c.

American papers are remarking on the absence of all literary effort in the Crimea, and are therein noting a characteristic difference between the surroundings of an American and of an English army. The London Athenæum says: "The contrast is fair. The self-laudation is not unjust. Our readers know that when the Yankees marched into Mexico they carried with them a printing press, and published a newspaper along the line of invasion. Across prairies, through dangerous passes, over mountain ranges, sometimes on mules, oftener on men's shoulders, occasionally in wagons—traveled press, paper, type and ink—editors, contributors, and pressmen—fighting, foraging, writing, working onward. Infinite were the uses of the press. It carried orders through the camp. Every morning the soldier read in it the story of the previous day. It anticipated the gazettes. It disseminated orders of the day; it perpetuated the gossip of the camp; reflected public opinion in the army; made known every want; supplied every information; exercised, inspired, and animated every heart. Had the Americans been in the Crimea, they would have had daily papers at Balaklava, Eupatoria, Yenikale and Constantinople; and these papers reflecting the humors, incidents and life of the camp—would have ranked among the best historical documents on the war. As it is, our soldiers in the Crimea are indebted to the London journals for authentic information of what occurs in the camp itself, and within a mile or two of their own tents. Jonathan is far ahead of us in some respects."

To Mr. Bancroft and through him to American literature, the compliment has recently been paid of a Danish translation of his History of the United States, three volumes of which have already appeared in Copenhagen, the first in 1853, and the second and third in 1854. A good deal of interest in the history of our country and her institutions is felt in Denmark, which the appearance of this translation cannot fail to augment. The Danish work bears the title, "De forenede Staters Historie, fra Opdagelsen af det Americanske Fastland, af George Bancroft. Oversat af Chr. Wulff." We understand that Mr. Wulff is a man of great accomplishments and perfect knowledge of the English language; he has the

highest admiration for the progress of freedom in America, and his labor in his excellent translation has been one of enthusiasm and love.

At a sale of autograph letters in London, recently, a characteristic note from Benjamin Franklin brought one pound and nineteen shillings. It ran: "Mr. Strahan—You are a member of Parliament, and one of that majority which has doomed my country to destruction. You have begun to burn our towns and murder our people. Look upon your hands! They are stained with the blood of your relations! You and I were long friends; you are now my enemy, and I am
Yours, B. FRANKLIN.

THE Perth Courier says, Mr. J. N. Nevin, gardener, has succeeded in fabricating paper and rope from the common garden hollyhock, and has patented his invention under the title of "Nevin's Patent Hollyhock Paper and Rope." The paper is of the appearance and texture of that used for small bags and parcels by grocers, etc., and is very clean and firm. The rope is about half an inch thick, light and shining in color, and apparently of considerable strength.

THE Boston Public Library building, of which the corner stone was laid, with appropriate ceremonies, a few days since, will be 82 feet in front, 128 feet deep, two stories in height, beside the basement. It will be built of brick, with free-stone facings. The architecture will be of the Roman school of Italian architecture, plainly fashioned, and without elaborate ornament. The first story will be 24 feet high; the second 52 feet high, containing the library room, 40 by 85 feet, with ample alcoves for books. The first story will contain the reading and conversation room, and it is here that the books will be distributed. The upper rooms will contain accommodation for 200,000 volumes, and the shelves to be erected in the lower room will give space for 40,000 more. The building will be entirely fire-proof.

THE N. York Historical Society held their monthly meeting October 2nd. A document said to have been written by Geo. Washington was presented to the Society by Rev. Mr. Tweed. A painting of N. York a year after its capture from the Dutch, was also exhibited in the Societyroom, presented by Mr. John McGregor, M. M., from the city of Glasgow, through the Hon. James Buchanan.

The Guardian.

VOL. VI.—DECEMBER, 1855.—No. XII.

PARABLES.

FROM THE GERMAN BY THE EDITOR.

I.

THE WORLD IN A DROP OF WATER.

AFTER a fearful summer shower, a father went forth with his child into the garden. Here all the flowers, hung around in drops, gave thanks and praise to God with their delightful odor. The child rejoiced with the freshness of nature, and stretched forth its hands towards a beautiful rainbow, which had arched the whole heaven.

"How blessed," said the father, "is our Father in His great creations above us. How all His works praise Him: the rainbow, even as the refreshed flowers: the warming and the light-giving sun by day, the silver moon and twinkling stars by night! Who counts their hosts, and who calls them all by their names? But, my child," he added, "do not seek the great only in what seems great; for in this little rain-drop there is also a world, infinite like those worlds above."

Now the father permitted his child to look at a drop of rain through a magnifying glass. "What do you see?" asked the father.

"I see," said the child, "an infinite number of little worms, in a large bright globe: they all spring up and down, full of joy, and are very busy. Whence come all these creatures, O father? They are all so different in their forms, and they are countless in number."

"All this," said the father, "has God made. His works are infinite—infinately small as well as infinitely great. In a drop of water there is also a WORLD."

—THEO. SCHWARTZ.

II.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

John, the pious John, one evening as the sun was setting, and the sky was still red from his departing light, sat and taught on a

mountain under the shade of a tall palm-tree. His silver locks hung around his peaceful countenance, and his eye glistened with youthful freshness in the red beams of the evening sun. Close around him reclined a circle of blooming youths, all listening to the lovely words of wisdom which dropped from his lips like the dew of heaven from the cups of the field-lily.

"Children," he began, "God is love, and they that dwell in love dwell in God, and God in them. Do you see the beautiful sunbeams that fall at our feet? How can these beams exist without the sun from which they come? How can man exist without God? Children, he that abideth in love abideth in God, and God in him."

So spoke the gray-haired man, and a silent prayer, like a sigh, flowed tremblingly from his lips. The youths were silent with reverence.

Behold! now from the west the evening wind came playing in the tops of the lofty palms, and the friendly teacher began anew: "Do you hear the breathing presence of God in the sacred branches? The spirit of the Lord comes in the soft voice over us, and the palm-leaves rustle. How deep it has struck its roots into the bosom of the loving earth! and out of the deep it draws forth the nurturing sap, sends it up into the spreading branches and the tall top, that it may become life-giving to the waving leaves, and the fragrant blossoms. Thus it grows, vigorous and lovely, forming for itself high in the air a rustling crown, and lifts its arms longingly up towards the light of heaven.

"So, also, does man rest in God, and in his love, and opens for itself in God the fountain and the power of life, that his days may be full of fragrance and bloom, and that he may turn his face towards the bright beams of eternal life. See! it is the love of God which infuses fragrance and bloom into earthly life."

Here the friendly teacher arose and walked with his scholars towards his dwelling in the valley below.

While now they were descending from the mountain, behold! they found a palm-tree lying upon the earth, which was dead and dry. A storm from the north had cast down the power of the trunk, broken the limbs, and torn the roots out of the earth, so that it was dead.

The friendly, gray-haired man stood still, and the features of love changed into the earnestness of sorrow. "Behold!" he said, "here is an emblem of men who have torn away from the love of God. The freshness and the fountain of their life is wasted, and the rich odor of its bloom-days is withered leaves."

A tear trembled in his pious eye, and he said: "Children, God is love, and those that dwell in love dwell in God, and God in them."

--RONNE.

THE TREES OF THE BIBLE.

NO. XIV.—THE SYCAMORE TREE.

BY THE EDITOR.

“Zaccheus he,
Did climb the tree,
His Lord to see.”

THE Hebrew name of this tree is *Schikmim*. The English name is derived from a Greek, or rather from two Greek words: *Suke*, a fig, and *moros*, a mulberry. There is a reason for this combination in the nature of the tree itself. It partakes of the nature of two distinct species, the mulberry and the fig. It has a leaf like the mulberry, and a fruit like the fig. Some have imagined that it was originally produced by engrafting the one tree upon the other.

This tree is common in Palestine, in Arabia, and in Egypt. It is a spreading tree, which may furnish the reason why Zaccheus climbed upon it; from one of its branches extending over the way he could look down on the Saviour as he passed. It is often so thick that three men joining hands can hardly reach round the trunk. Hasselgriest says the stem is often fifty feet thick. Its wood is much used in building, and is said to be very durable. Dr. Shaw says, in his travels in Egypt, “The mummy chests, and whatever figures and instruments of wood are found in the catacombs, are all of them of sycamore, which, though spongy and porous to appearance has, notwithstanding, continued entire and uncorrupted for at least three thousand years.” On account of this virtue of its wood, as well as for the grateful shade afforded by its wide-spreading branches, and its useful fruit, it was held in the highest estimation by the Egyptians.

Mr. Norden, in his travels into Egypt and Nubia, gives us a particular description of this interesting tree. “The sycamore is of the height of a beech, and bears its fruit in a manner quite different from other trees; it has them on the trunk itself, which shoots out little sprigs in the form of grape-stalks, at the end of which grow the fruit, close to one another, almost like clusters of grapes. The tree is always green, and bears fruit several times in the year, without observing certain seasons; for I have seen some sycamores that have given fruit two months after others. The fruit has the figure and smell of real figs, but is inferior to them in the taste, having a disgusting sweetness. Its color is a yellow inclining to an ochre, shadowed by a flesh color. In the inside it resembles the common figs, excepting that it has a blackish coloring with yellow spots. This sort of tree is pretty common in Egypt; the people, for the greater part, live upon its fruit, and

think themselves well regaled when they have a piece of bread, a couple of sycamore figs, and a pitcher of water."

Paxton says that the sycamore tree produces fruit as high as seven times a year, though it bears only one crop annually that can be called perfectly formed and perfectly ripened fruit; the rest is of inferior quality.

We find the sacred writers several times referring to sycamores and cedars in contrast. 1 Kings 27; 2 Chron. 1: 15-27; Is. 9: 40. Though the sycamore was a magnificent tree and durable in its wood, the cedar was regarded still more so. The latter, however, was a more rare tree than the cedar. To "make cedar as a sycamore," or to "change cedar into sycamore," denotes a promise of blessing, of increased favor.

The sycamore figs are very easily gathered. They seem to have such little hold upon the tree, that, as one says, "if they be shaken they shall even fall into the mouth of the eater." Even before they are ripe they are easily cast. This explains that solemn passage in the Revelation of John: "And the stars of heaven fell unto the earth, even as a fig-tree casteth her *untimely* figs when she is shaken of a mighty wind." This also explains why a particular officer was appointed, in the reign of David, whose sole duty it was to watch over the sycamore and olive groves. 1 Chron. 27: 28.

The prophet Amos, before his call to the sacred office, was "a gatherer of sycamore fruit." Amos 7: 14. On this passage Paxton makes the following instructive remarks: "Pliny and other natural historians allege, that it continues immature till it is rubbed with iron combs, after which it ripens in four days. It is not an operation of this kind to which the prophet Amos refers, in the text which we translate, 'I was a gatherer of sycamore fruit?' The Septuagint seems to refer it to something done to the fruit, to hasten its maturity; probably to the action of the iron comb, without an application of which the figs cannot be eaten, because of their intolerable bitterness. Parkhurst renders the phrase, a scraper of sycamore fruit; which he contends, from the united testimony of natural historians, is the true meaning of the original term. The business of Amos, then, before his appointment to the prophetic office, was to scrape or wound the fruit of the sycamore tree, to hasten its maturity and prepare it for use. Simon renders it a cultivator of sycamore fruit, which is perhaps the preferable meaning; for it appears that the cultivation of this fig required a variety of operations, all of which it is reasonable to suppose, were performed by the same persons. To render the tree fruitful, they scarified the bark, through which a kind of milky liquor continually distilled. This, it is said, causes a little bough to be formed without leaves, having upon it sometimes six or seven figs. The are hollow, without grains, and contain a little yellow

matter, which is generally a nest of grubs. At their extremity, a sort of water collects, which, as it prevents them from ripening, must be let out. Amos, it is probable, was employed in these various operations; which has induced Simon and others to render the words, not a gatherer of sycamore fruit, but a dresser of the sycamore tree; which includes all the culture and attendance it requires."

In confirmation of this testimony, that a certain attention was bestowed upon the sycamore fig, to aid it to become more perfectly ripe, another traveler says: "At the time when the fruit has arrived to the size of an inch diameter, the inhabitants pare off a part of the centre point. They say that without this paring it would not come to maturity."

In Psalm 78: 47, there is an allusion to a judgment which God would send upon his unfaithful people, namely, he would destroy "their sycamore trees with frost." To see the full force of this, we must remember that naturally it is a very unusual thing for sycamore fruit to be injured by frost. It buds late in the spring. On this account it was called by the ancients *arborum sapientissima*, the wisest of trees, because it thus avoids the nipping frosts. The blighting of the sycamore figs was therefore the more plainly a curse from God on the people for their sins.

Some have supposed that the sycamine tree, mentioned by our Saviour, differs from the sycamore; but critics generally make it the same. "If ye had faith as a grain of mustard-seed, ye might say unto this sycamine tree, Be thou plucked up by the root, and be thou planted in the sea; and it should be done." Luke 17: 6. On this passage Paxton, applying it to the sycamore, remarks: "It strikes its large diverging roots deep into the soil; and on this account our Lord alludes to it as the most difficult to be rooted up and transferred to another situation: 'If ye had faith as a grain of mustard-seed, ye might say unto this sycamine tree, be thou plucked up by the root, and be thou planted in the sea, and it should obey you.' The extreme difficulty with which this tree is transferred from its native spot to another situation, gives to the words of our Lord a peculiar force and beauty. The stronger and more diverging the root of a tree, the more difficult it must be to pluck it up, and insert it again so as to make it strike root and grow; but far more difficult still to plant it in the sea, where the soil is so far below the surface, and where the restless billows are continually tossing it from one side to another; yet, says our Lord, a task no less difficult than this to be accomplished, can the man of genuine faith perform with a word; for with God nothing is impossible, nothing difficult or laborious."

Thus we have found this tree rich in instruction and in sacred associations. How often are we reminded, by the frequent allusions of Scripture to objects in nature, how necessary to the full

understanding of the Divine Word, is a thorough acquaintance with natural history of the Bible. We sincerely hope our articles on this subject may serve our young readers in this way; and also awaken in their minds a desire to pursue the subject for themselves by the aid of other helps. Thus they will find the sacred scriptures, not only rich in themselves, but also a constant stimulus to them to seek knowledge from other sources. They will find the world of nature an interesting and instructive commentary on the world of spirit and grace.

THE BROKEN HOUSEHOLD.

BY ALICE CAREY.

Vainly, vainly, memory seeks
Round our father's knee,
Laughing eyes and rosy cheeks,
Where they used to be;
Of the circle once so wide,
Three are wanderers, three have died.

Golden haired and dewy eyed,
Prattling all the day,
Was the baby that first died;
Oh! it was hard to lay
Dimpled hand and cheek of snow
In the grave so dark and low.

Smiling back on all who smiled,
Ne'er by sorrow thrall'd,
Half a woman, half a child,
Was the next one called;
Then a grave more deep and wide
Made them by the baby's side.

When or where the other died
Only Heaven can tell:
Treading manhood's path of pride
Was he when he fell.
Happy thistles, blue and red,
Bloom round his lonely bed.

I am for the living three
Only left to pray;
Two are on the stormy sea;
Farther still than they
Wanders one, his young heart dim,
Oftenest, most, I pray for him.

Whatsoever they do or dare,
Wheresoe'er I roam,
Have them, Father, in thy care,
Guide them safely home!
Home, oh! Father in the sky,
Where none wander and none die.

THE CALL OF ABRAM.

BY LEHICTON.

ABRAM the son of Tereh, was born in Ur of Chaldea. It was customary in scripture genealogy to mention the first born of the family upon whom, in virtue of this relation, were bestowed peculiar blessings. In particular cases the Lord saw fit to deviate from this custom, and to bestow peculiar favors upon a younger member of the family. Such was the case with Abram, as he seems to have been the youngest of the three sons of Tereh, who are mentioned in the Scriptures. The name Abram, which means a high father, was afterwards changed to that of Abraham, the father of a multitude.

When Abram was about seventy-five years of age he received a call from the Lord to depart out of his native country; to leave his friends and kindred, and to get himself into a land which God would show him. In the land in which he lived he was surrounded with idolatrous neighbors, and idolatrous practices, into which he was continually liable to fall. This, together with other purposes laid up in the councils of God concerning Abram and his posterity, and which were remarkably fulfilled afterwards, may be among the reasons for his call. We are now concerned with the *call*, and Abram's conduct in the premises.

In the sacred narrative we read of no hesitation on the part of the patriarch; no arguing the case in his own mind; no counting the costs, although the command may not have appeared to his own mind—that is, to his reason simply, as being very full of promise, or even perhaps promising at all. He was no doubt happily and comfortably situated among his friends; his outward circumstances may have presented no cause wherefore he should arise and go into a strange land. And God did not see fit at the first to unfold to him his designs concerning him and his posterity. It then required a *sacrifice* on his part, and was from the start an act of *faith*.

In the call of Abram we may see a type of what must take place in every one who is called from the kingdom of darkness into that of light and grace. The analogy is of the most perfect kind, and logical and natural withal. Abram was the type of the faithful, and the truths with which he was brought into contact, which are absolute and eternal, and which, although brought down in the sphere of nature, pointed to others in the order of grace. These truths were *lived out* in the person of Abram, and have therefore become for us flesh and blood.

Man cannot be saved in the condition in which he is born. That may be one in which he is well pleased to dwell and remain. He

may be among his friends in a two-fold sense; outwardly the world is in harmony with him, and inwardly his thoughts and feelings are pleasing and familiar to him. Going out of this condition involves a *sacrifice*. This is sometimes as painful as the plucking out of an eye, or the severing of a right arm. It involves a struggle in our nature, with our own sins, and with the prince of the air. These contests are hidden, and are not understood by the children of the world. They are known however to the Christian, and when you speak to him of sore conflicts, of hard fighting, of inward groanings and of mighty breathings, you do not speak in an unknown tongue. His experience responds to the descriptions. Indeed when this is not the case there is room to fear that all is not right. If all is still within, it affords room to fear that the enemy holds absolute dominion.

This sacrifice must be in disposition complete. Abram left all. Not many Christians in the present day are called to forsake father, mother, wife and children, lands and houses, for the Gospel's sake, as were some of the primitive Christians, yet Christianity is now precisely what it was then, and Christians must have the same disposition should circumstances require it. There should be a disposition to give up all for Christ's sake. If the disposition be complete, no contingencies will occur under which there will not be a safe and certain rule. Suppose Abram had cast longing eyes back upon his native hills and vales, the lovely associates of his childhood days; upon the prospects of wealth and enjoyment that may have been opening up for his manhood, and had commenced to hesitate and doubt respecting the righteousness of the command that was given him. What, suppose ye, would have been the language addressed to him? "He, that having put his hand to the plow, looketh at the things that are behind, is not worthy of the kingdom of heaven."

The act requires *faith*. Had Abram lacked faith, his obedience would have been blind and slavish. His reason might have suggested that God had the right to command, and the power to punish disobedience. Influenced by such motives, he might have started upon his journey, but that would not have been a cheerful obedience. It was an intelligent obedience, and not blind. It was not, however, what might be called an intellectual assurance. He was unable by a logical process of reasoning simply, by deductions from natural causes, to calculate the interest involved. It was the assurance of *faith*. God had called him, and had promised to bless him, and he knew by this kind of assurance that he was faithful to fulfil.

There is something peculiarly interesting in this part of the analogy. It teaches that, in the kingdom of grace, *obedience continually goes before knowledge*. This is the case in the first step, and in all the life of the Christian. This was the motto of the

learned and pious Anselm. The scriptures teach us the same: "If ye *obey* my commandments, ye shall *know* of the doctrine." Men, in seeking salvation, generally commence directly the opposite of this; they want to know all about the kingdom of grace before they enter it. If you speak of mysteries in religion, they think of phantoms, of creations of the imagination, which are not for one the same as for another. They resort to the Scriptures, and expect every thing to yield to the scrutiny of their search; they imagine that they find dark sayings and contradictions there, and perplex themselves with these, while they have not yet made the first step in obedience to the command of the Gospel; they expect to be able to see clear through the way before they have yet entered upon it.

In what, then, does this first act of faith consist? In the case of Abram it consisted in taking God at his word; submitting to his guidance; trusting implicitly and without wavering in him. He arose and departed, leaving all the consequences to God. It is submitting one's self to Christ in the ordinance of his Church. This is an act of obedience that must rest upon faith, and knowledge must come afterwards. Abram could not understand fully the nature of the promised land that lay before him, until he had journeyed and beheld it for himself. There are those who are hindered from obeying his call by considerations like these—"they must become good" before uniting themselves to the church—that is, as if poor, hungry, and starving men, before whom a plentiful table had been spread, and of which they had been invited to partake, should say, "We must first provide ourselves with food, and satisfy our craving hunger, and then we will accept of the invitation, and partake of the bounties spread out for us." In a state of nature men are poor, and blind, and naked, momentarily standing in danger of falling into the pit. In the church is salvation; treasure to enrich; light to shine upon our darkness; garments of salvation to clothe our nakedness; yet many imagine that they will get all these *out* of the church, and thus *qualify* themselves for its service.

This mistake arises from the low views which we permit ourselves to entertain of the nature and powers of the church. Are we about to connect ourselves with some respectable human society, we prepare ourselves to give character and weight to that society by our wealth, influence and talents. Reasoning thus of the church, we imagine that it has need of us, while precisely the opposite is the truth—we have need of the church. It is a mournful fact, staring us in the face every day. Vast numbers of young persons, members of Christian families, and who rest under the solemn vows of baptism, seem to feel quite at rest out of the church, and deem their position, to say the least, quite as *safe* as any other. They do not despise the church; they attend upon its or-

dinances, and feel themselves at home, it may be, in doing so; but, so low and mean are the views of church members themselves, and even of ministers sometimes—and what could be expected under these circumstances of those without?—that no special concern is felt in the case. Now, if church relations are of such small account that persons may assume them or not, let it be proclaimed. But, if an awful hazard hangs upon the obedience of men in this particular, nothing but the most stolid indifference can complacently look upon these things. This state of affairs is increasing. It seems to be the reaction upon the cold formalism that preceded the vortex of new measures, into which the Reformation churches were in danger of falling a few years ago.

There are cheering indications in the liturgy movement that seems to be springing up in all the churches, and hopes are beginning to be entertained that the services of the church will again be clothed with flesh and blood, and that the church will address itself to the world as the only ark of safety, in which men may ride above the troubled waters of the world, and escape the wrath to come.

THE ECHO.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE.

A horseman through the mountain pass
 Proceeds in silent gloom;
 "And haste I to my love's embrace,
 Or to the dusky tomb!"
 The mountain voice replies—
 "The dusky tomb."

And onward still the horseman rides
 With gloomy thoughts,
 "And shall I reach the grave so soon?
 Well! in the grave is rest."
 The voice again replies—
 "The grave is rest."

The tears fall from the horseman's eyes,
 And on his pale cheek rest;
 "Since only death can comfort me,
 For me the grave is best."
 The hollow voice replies—
 "The grave is best."

HEAR ME BUT ONCE.

HEAR me but once, while o'er the grave,
 In which our love lies cold and dead,
 I count each flatt'ring hope he gave
 Of joys now lost, and charms now fled.
 Who could have thought the smile he wore,
 When first he met would fade away!
 Or that a chill would e'er come o'er
 Those eyes so bright through many a day!

"MY ANGEL LOVE."

There is a poem, written by one of our foster-children of genius, of which I am reminded by this question of angelic aid to our moral imperfectness of reach. I am not sure that it has ever been published. "Fanny Forester" wrote it, and it has been among my manuscripts till I have learned its inspired harmonies by heart. If it be found elsewhere in print, however, it will not be unrefreshing to read—for a change—a bit of the old-fashioned poetry that had in it both meaning and music. The widowed heart of the gifted one—with her apostle husband just gone before her into heaven—thus exquisitely tells the story of their earthly love and still lingering "hold of hands:"

I gazed down life's dim labyrinth,
A wildering maze to see,
Crossed o'er by many a tangled clew,
And wild as wild could be,
And as I gazed in doubt and dread
An angel came to me.

I knew him for a heavenly guide,
I knew him even then,
Though meekly as a child he stood
Among the sons of men—
By his deep spirit loveliness,
I knew him even then.

And as I leaned my weary head
Upon his proffered breast,
And scanned the peril-haunted wild
From out my place of rest,
I wondered if the shining ones
Of Eden were more blessed.

For there was light within my soul,
Light on my peaceful way,
And all around the blue above
The clustering star-light lay;
And easterly I saw upreared
The pearly gates of day.

So hand in hand we trod the wild,
My angel love and I—
His lifted wing all quivering
With tokens from the sky.
Strange my dull thought could not divine
'Twas lifted but to fly!

Again down life's dim labyrinth
I grope my way alone,
While wildly through the midnight sky
Black, hurrying clouds are blown,
And thickly, in my tangled path,
The sharp, bare thorns are sown.

Yet firm my foot, for well I know
The goal can not be far,
And ever through the rifted clouds
Shines out one steady star—
FOR WHEN MY GUIDE WENT UP, HE LEFT
THE PEARLY GATES A-JAR.

In those last two unsurpassed lines—lines in the golden cadence of which lay the lark-song of her own then dawning morning in heaven—EMILY JUDSON has

expressed the faith for which the imaginative world is now zealously contending—SPIRIT-VISION ACROSS THE GRAVE. I should be reluctant to relinquish my own hold, instinctive rather than philosophical though it be, of faith so precious.

—N. P. WILLIS.

THE JEWISH IDEAL OF CHRIST.

BY THE EDITOR.

THERE are many saints in bliss now who lived and died under the Old Testament dispensation. The number of those who died in faith not having received the promise, but who saw it afar off and embraced it, is like the stars of heaven and the sand on the sea-shore, innumerable; these now are represented as bending down, like the spectators in an amphitheatre, around us, to witness our conflicts and triumphs in the Christian race. These all, now clothed in white, washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb. These all were saved by Christ as well as we, for there is no other name given under heaven whereby men may be saved but the name of Jesus. Abraham saw his day and was glad, and all the patriarchs, and prophets, and saints were saved believing on him who should come.

If these saints believed in Christ unto salvation they must have had him before the eye of their faith. The Saviour promised and expected, in some form, moved before their minds and lived in their faith. Some representation of him floated continually before them in prophetic vision. It becomes a matter of interesting inquiry what was this IDEAL Messiah which they loved and upon which they rested their faith with such ardent and saving firmness? Our minds are so constituted that they give form to every unseen object upon which they are intensely directed. As the poet, painter, and sculptor desires to give form and tangible existence to their conceptions, so do our thoughts seek to corporealize themselves. The word became flesh. There is nothing hid that does not reveal itself. The inner world always struggles towards a manifestation. It is only natural, then, that the saints under the Old Testament should clothe their conceptions in flesh and blood, and place this created ideal before their faith as their hope and consolation.

To the formation of this ideal Messiah, all the hints of him, made through Divine revelation at sundry times and in divers manners, contributed. "To him give all the prophets witness." All their revelations, indistinct and fragmentary as they were, aided in painting the image of him who should come as Israel's consolation. If we hear of a person whom we have never seen, but whom we expect to see, we immediately represent him to ourselves, and everything we hear of him afterwards seems to modify and perfect

the idea we first formed of him; so in the case of the Jews in reference to Messiah, every new truth and promise concerning him revealed by the prophets had its influence upon the ideal Messiah, as he stood before the faith of pious Jews.

Our ideas of an unseen person will be erroneous or correct according as the representations are obscure or clear which we have of him, and according as we are able to apprehend these representations in our minds, and form them into the conceptions of a harmonious ideal. We are often disappointed when we see a person of whom we have previously heard; this is because either his character was vaguely represented to us, or vaguely apprehended by us. So, many of the Jews had been so dull and obtuse to prophetic announcements of Christ, and had permitted their own subjective and selfish ideas to enter so largely into their conceptions of him, that he for whom they looked was quite another Messiah than the one which the prophets saw and which actually came; and when he came they crucified him in their ignorance, not recognizing in him the "Holy One and the Just." He came to his own, and to those who looked for him and desired him to come; but so far did the actual Messiah differ from the ideal of him in their minds that he was as a root out of dry ground, and they cried, away with him, not this man, preferring that a murderer and a robber should be granted to them rather than the Prince of Life. This, however, was their own fault. Had they carefully looked upon the prophetic canvass they might have seen his portrait more clearly drawn. All the prophets, at sundry times and in divers manners, spoke of him, and drew his portrait before the Jewish people. They spoke of him in the animated inspiration of prophecy; he was revealed to them in his true character in types, shadows and ceremonies of the law. Many stupid souls, however, stood before the altar in dumb amazement, looked upon the significant ceremonies of the tabernacle as empty forms, and listened to the announcement of prophetic visions as a relation of pleasant dreams. Or at least these things were considered merely as serving the purposes of present devotion, instead of being a shadow of good things to come, the substance of which was Christ.

Others there were, however, who had studied the character of the promised Messiah to some effect. They had such correct views of him that they knew him immediately. Such was old Simeon; he was a man just, devout, full of the Holy Ghost, waiting for the consolation of Israel. He came by the spirit into the temple, at the time that Joseph and Mary brought the holy child to be circumcised. Long and ardently had he waited for a sight of him who should come; and now, though the Messiah appeared before him in the form of an infant, so correct were his views of him that he immediately recognized the divine babe, took him into his arms, and blessed God that he could now die in peace because he

had been permitted to see with his own eyes the salvation of Israel. Such, also, was Anna, a devout prophetess, who departed not from the temple, but served God with fastings and prayers night and day. She coming that instant into the temple, gave thanks likewise unto the Lord, and spoke of him to all them that looked for redemption in Jerusalem. Such was also Andrew and the other disciple who immediately followed the Saviour when John pointed to him and said, "Behold the Lamb of God!" "We have found the Messiah," he exclaimed to Simon, "which is, being interpreted, the Christ." Such was also Philip. Jesus said to him: "Follow me," and he did, and soon he said to Nathaniel, "We have found him of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets, did write, Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph." Nathaniel, a little dark in his ideas of the promised Messiah, thought at first that no good could come out of Nazareth; but one sight of him, and one or two questions to the Saviour, and as many answers from him, were sufficient, and he exclaimed: "Rabbi, thou art the son of God; thou art the king of Israel."

How quick their conceptions! What a difference between them and those dull Jews whose ideas of him were so distorted by carnal fancies, and so unenlightened by the prophetic revelations concerning him, that all the mighty works which he did in their midst, and before their eyes, could not open their eyes to his true character. Those who had heart-wants, received him as naturally as a wound receives the healing balm. He comes, thought the carnal Jews, to restore at this time the kingdom of Israel, and to put his foot upon the neck of Cæsar, and his hand upon the Roman yoke now galling the necks of Abraham's freemen, who were never in bondage to any man. No! exclaimed the blind, he comes to open the blind eyes. No! exclaimed the dumb, he comes to loose our tongues. No! said the possessed, he comes to destroy the power of the devil and to cast out legions. No! said weary and heavy-laden penitents, whose sense of guilt the cold ritual of the Scribes and Pharisees, and the teachings from Moses' seat could not remove, he comes forgiving iniquity, transgression and sin; he comes to heal the broken-hearted, to preach to the poor, to give deliverance to the captives of sin, and to be wounded, pierced, and to receive stripes that we may be healed. Thus there was a division among them. The one party knew him not, and therefore crucified him. The other knew him and exclaimed: Hosanna in the highest, blessed is he that cometh according to the testimony of Moses and the prophets as the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth.

All wrong conceptions of the Saviour were grounded in a partial and fragmentary view of him. All wrong conceptions of him among the Jews harmonized themselves in the central and prevailing notion that he should be a great temporal deliverer. Around

this idea all their conceptions of him clustered; toward it all their hopes were made to bend, and with it all prophecy was made to agree. Of him under this form they dreamed; with this image before them they looked into the prophetic revelations; for him in this character they longed as the long-promised hope of Israel. The grand object of his mission having been thus conceived to be temporal, it is only natural that their notions of him, in every detail, took a carnal and earthly form. Thus, then, the ideal Messiah of this class was only a mighty HERO. If he was a law-giver it was to give laws to the conquered; if he was a teacher it was to teach the conquered submission and obedience to his laws; if he was a king it was to be king of the world on the Jewish throne; if he was a priest it was of a Jewish priesthood; in short, if he was a Saviour it was a Saviour of the Jewish nation and of the Jewish religion. In this heroic, royal character he stood in the eye of the Jews in large and mighty relief against all earthly power. Here, then, was an ideal Christ—but, alas! with what disappointment were those whose conceptions created this picture doomed to meet, for this ideal never became incarnate. True, he was a hero, but not of this world; and this was not the *central*, around which all his other attributes should cluster.

The humble, pious class of Jesus had a different ideal of the promised and expected Messiah. What this ideal was, would be difficult in one sentence to say. Perhaps we might say it was the living embodiment of a perfect Being. He was all that heart could wish in all the varying circumstances and in all the multiform wants of life. He would be—

“A sovereign balm for every wound.”

As heaven is now to our hopes, so was the coming Messiah to the hopes of the devout Israel. Heaven lies before the eye of our faith as a full and perfect portion, adapted to every want. To the poor riches, to the stranger home, to the exile an inheritance, and to the weary rest! So Christ was to them all in all. To the oppressed a deliverer, to the ignorant a teacher, to the sick a physician, to the sinner an atonement, to the blind sight, to the lame feet, to the dead life, and to all that came to him salvation! The feeling and the conceptions of the entire devout portion of the Jewish believers finds voice and expression in the enraptured declaration of the wisest among them. Ask them what their beloved is more than another beloved, and they will with one heart and one voice reply: My beloved is the chiefest among ten thousand; he is altogether lovely!

Truth, it must not however be forgotten, has a history. Life manifests itself in a process. The rising of the sun of righteousness is first in a gleam, then in a twilight, then a glimmer, rising higher and higher, and shining more and more unto the perfect day. The

picture is not transferred to the canvass by one touch. God through successive revelations gradually created in the Jewish mind the conception of this perfect ideal, which afterwards became incarnate. He taught them as fast as they could bear, hence he chose sundry times and divers manners. How interesting is the sun of righteousness, rising gradually higher and higher in the firmament of the Jewish cloudy and shadowy dispensation. As, after his incarnation, it was necessary that his character should be developed, from the babe in the manger on through all the intervening stages of human life, so it seems to have been necessary that the true idea of him should have a development from the first promise in Paradise through all the stages of typical, ceremonial, and prophetic representations until he lay incarnate as the divine babe in the manger at Bethlehem.

THE TURF SHALL BE MY FRAGRANT SHRINE.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

THE turf shall be my fragrant shrine,
My temple, Lord, that arch of thine ;
My censer's breath the mountain airs,
And silent thoughts my only prayers.

My choir shall be the moonlit waves,
When murmuring homeward to their caves,
Or when the stillness of the sea,
Even more than music, breathes of thee !

I'll seek, by day, some glade unknown,
And light and silence, like thy throne ;
And the pale stars shall be at night,
The only eyes that watch my rite.

Thy heav'n, on which 'tis bliss to look,
Shall be my pure and shining book,
Where I shall read, in words of flame,
The glories of thy wond'rous name.

I'll read thy anger in the rack
That clouds awhile the day-beams track ;
Thy mercy in the azure blue
Of sunny brightness breaking through !

There's nothing bright, above, below,
From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,
But in its light my soul can see
Some feature of thy Deity.

There's nothing dark, below, above,
But in its gloom I trace thy love,
And meekly wait that moment, when
Thy touch shall turn all bright again !

BAPTISMAL NAMES OF GERMANS, WITH THEIR SIGNIFICATIONS.

BY I. D. RUPP.

THE following, if presented to your numerous young readers, may prove to them both interesting and instructive. Allow me to say to them, that I have copied from the original in the archives of the State upwards of twenty thousand names of German immigrants who landed at Philadelphia prior to 1776. These names, with the names of ships in which they sailed, the names of the captains of vessels, whence they sailed, and the time of arrival in America, with other interesting notices, will form part of the appendix to the *History of German Immigrants*. It is confidently hoped, that thousands of the descendants of those immigrants will be gratified, when the history appears in print, to be able more readily to trace their genealogy, and ascertain with certainty the time when their ancestors arrived at Philadelphia.

The names in *italics* exhibit the German orthography; the others, in Roman, the English; then follows the meaning or signification of names, and usual abbreviations.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <i>Abraham</i> , father of many nations. | <i>Benedictus</i> , Benedict, blessed—occurs abbreviated Beni. |
| <i>Adam</i> , earthly man, red. | <i>Bernhard</i> , Bernard, a strong, robust child. |
| <i>Adolph</i> , a noble helper. | <i>Berthold</i> or <i>Berechtold</i> , stately or grand age—sometimes written Berdolf, Berdolt. |
| <i>Albertus</i> , nobly born, of noble birth—usually written Albert, occasionally Albrecht. | <i>Bertram</i> , magnificent hero, or grand hero. |
| <i>Alexander</i> , one who assists men, a male helper. | <i>Benjamin</i> , son of the right hand, son of fortune. |
| <i>Anastasius</i> , one who is recovering, a convalescent. | <i>Blasius</i> , Blase, royal one, splendid and magnificent. |
| <i>Andreas</i> , Andrew, strong, one who is stout, manly. | <i>Burchard</i> , one who is strong, one that is energetic. |
| <i>Anton</i> , Anthony, inestimable, priceless. | <i>Clement</i> , one who is benign, indulgent, kind, benevolent—occurs several times, variously spelled Clemin, Clemenzen. |
| <i>Arnoldus</i> , Arnold, a hero of honor, an honorable hero. | <i>Christian</i> , a follower of Christ—sometimes written Christel, Christly. |
| <i>Augustus</i> , noble, high, lofty, elevated, sublime, exalted. | <i>Christopher</i> , a bearer of Christ—of various orthography, Christoffel, Christoph, Stoffel. |
| <i>Bartholomaeus</i> , Bartholomew, a son who suspends the waters, a martial, valiant son—sometimes written Bartel. | |
| <i>Balthasar</i> , council of war, court-martial—variously abbreviated, Balthos, Baltzer, Baldis. | |

Constantinus, Constantine, one who is steadfast, firm, stable, faithful, resolute—sometimes written Constant, Cons.

Cornelius, home-like, one that is strong.

Daniel, judgment of God, a righteous judge.

Darius, he that informs himself.

Dietrich, Derrick, a patriot, a friend of the people—variously written Dieter, Ditrich, Tietrich.

Dionysius, divinely touched.

Dominicus, belonging to the Lord.

Eberhard, Everard, a man of strength.

Egbert, faithful and kind.

Eginhard, one faithfully tried, proved true.

Erhard, one that is magnanimous—sometimes it occurs Ehrhart, Erhat.

Edward, a noble watchman.

Edmund, a generous protector or shield.

Elias, God the Lord, the mighty Lord.

Emanuel, God-man, God with us.

Erasmus, love-worthy.

Ernst, Ernest, serious, grave, sober, stern, austere, earnest.

Felix, one who is fortunate, happily blessed.

Ferdinand, well-deserving, meritorious, full of merit.

Filbert, *Fillibert*, renowned, most illustrious.

Friederich, Frederick, one that is peaceable—written differently Friedrich, Fridriek; abbreviated Fritz, Fred.

Gabriel, God is my strength, man of God.

Georg, George, farmer, husbandman, one that tills the earth.

Gerhard, *Gerhart*, a man of strength, one strong, mighty, energetic.

Gideon, one that bruises or breaks, or one that cuts off iniquity.

Gottfried, Gotfrey, Geoffry, Jeffery, Jeffry, peace of God.

Gottlieb, Theophilus, friend of God.

Gregorius, Gregor, Gregory, one that is cheerful, wakeful, "wide-a-wake."

Gustavus, lofty, exalted.

Heinrich, *Henrich*, Henry, a courageous, spirited hero.

Herrmann, Herman, a war-man, one that is gallant, brave, valiant.

Hieronymus, Jerome, one consecrated to the service of the church.

Ignatius, fiery, ardent, glowing.

Irenacus, one that is peaceable.

Isaac, laughter, son of joy.

Jacob, one that supplants, or undermines.

Jeremias, Jeremiah, exaltation of the Lord.

Jonas, one that oppresses.

Jonathan, given to God, a faithful friend.

Johannes, John, the grace or mercy of the Lord, a child of favor, one that is gracious, benevolent—differently spelt Johann, Johan, Hannes, Hans. This seems to be a sort of a *Lieblings-namen* with the Germans. In a list of 21,315 names, Johannes, Johann, Johan, Hannes and Hans occurs 7,612 times, singly and connected, as Johan Jacob, Hans Peter, Han Nicklaus, with another baptismal name.

- Justice, Just, Yost Jocelin, Jocelyn*, upright, or just.
- Julius*, a pubescent young, a downy or soft-haired young man.
- Joseph*, increase or addition.
- Karl*, Charles, one that is strong.
- Kaspar, Casper, Jasper*, a royal treasurer.
- Konrad, Conrad*, a counsellor—sometimes written Konrath, Conrat.
- Lazarus*, assistance of God.
- Lebrecht*, live right.
- Leonhard*, lion's heart, lion-hearted, undaunted—differently written Leonard, Lenhardt, Lenhard, Lennerr.
- Lorentz, Laurentia*, Lawrence, one that is crowned or laureated by way of distinction.
- Ludwig, Louis, Lewis*, one that is illustrious, renowned, celebrated or famous—sometimes written Ludewig, Ludwick.
- Luther*, reverend, venerable, respectable.
- Marcus*, Mark, one who contends, a champion, a combatant, warrior.
- Martin*, a hero.
- Mattheus, Matthew*, one that is given.
- Matthias, Mathias*, the gift of the Lord—sometimes spelt Matheis, Matteis, Matheis.
- Maximilian*, the greatest.
- Melanchton*, black earth.
- Melchoir*, a royal person.
- Michael, Michel*, one who is perfect.
- Moritz, Maurice*, auburn, one that is dark-colored or brown.
- Moses*, taken out of the water.
- Nicolaus, Nikalaus, Nicholas*, victory of the people—written occasionally Nicklas, Nickel, as in Han Nickel; i. e., Johannes Nicalaus Spannseiler.
- Onesimus*, one that proves useful, profitable.
- Oswald*, a steward, administrator, manager.
- Otto, Otho*, father of a family, an economist.
- Paulin, Paul*, small, little, diminutive, a worker.
- Petrus, Peter*, one that is enduringly faithful, immovable, firm, a rock.
- Phillippus, Philipus, Philip*, a lover of horses, a warlike knight.
- Reuben*, the vision of the son, who sees the son.
- Rudolph*, a counsellor, an adviser, abbreviated Rudy.
- Samuel*, heard of God, asked of God.
- Sebastian*, elevated, sublime, exalted—written occasionally Bastian, Bast.
- Schem, Shem*, renown, a name.
- Seth*, one who puts.
- Simon, Simeon*, one that is heard.
- Salomo, Solomon*, peaceable.
- Stanislaus*, gloriously, stability, constancy.
- Stephanus, Stephen*, crowned, one who crowns—occasionally written Stefar, Steffy, Steffe.
- Theobald*, one that is valiant—also written Debald, Dewalt.
- Theodor, Theodore*, gift of God.
- Thomas*, a twin.
- Tobias*, the goodness of God, the Lord is good.
- Traugott*, trust God.
- Ulrich, Ulric*, richly endowed; abbreviated Uli.
- Urban*, one that is polite, courteous, urbane.

Valentine, one who is passionate,
affectionate, or vehement; ab-
breviated Felty.

Vincent, one who conquers or
overcomes.

Walther, one who governs, rules,
or reigns.

Witfried, one who defends wis-
dom.

Wilhelm, William, a powerful
rock, a potent shield or pro-
tector.

Wolfgang, a helper, an assistant.

Zacharias, Zachariah, memory
of the Lord.

THE DOVE.

THE rosy light of Sabbath eve
On hill and valley lay,
And lingered long, as if to leave
A blessing on the day.

The village bell had sweetly tolled
Its chime upon the air,
To summon to their hallowed fold
The worshippers for prayer.

The organ's deep and solemn peals
Fell on the listening ear,
As o'er the senses gently steals
The feeling—God is near.

The youthful preacher rose, and
Took his theme—'twas Jesus' love;
When lo! beside the sacred Book
There stood a snow-white dove.

With timid gaze and folded wing
It paused, then soared away;
In vain we sought to track its course,
In vain we bid it stay.

Onward and upward still it flew,
Till not a speck was seen,
To tell that in the vaults of blue
Its graceful form had been.

I know not if the thought be wrong;
But it hath seemed to me
That some mute herald from the skies
That gentle bird might be,

To teach us, if to innocence
Our days on earth are given,
We, too, may plume our spirits' wings,
And take our flight to Heaven.

The memory of that Sabbath eve—
That quiet sunset scene—
Did on my heart an impress leave,
From which this truth I glean:

That nature's simplest lessons tend
To show some moral plan;
For on the page that God hath penned
No line is writ in vain.

SOMETHING FOR A YOUNG WIFE.

BY MARGARET DERENZY.

AFTER marriage, a man generally takes his wife to his home, perhaps to the seat of his ancestors, where every object is endeared to him by local attachment and interesting remembrances. With pride and pleasure does he walk out with his fair bride, to exhibit to her the beauties of his domain and the scenes of his youth. "Look," says he, "at that noble view down the river; see that boat, how softly it glides, and that little temple on the hill, where on a fine evening I used to sit with my excellent mother, and say my tasks by her side: she was, in truth, my Emily, an *excellent* mother; several years have elapsed since I lost her, and yet I cannot think of her but with the strongest feelings of affection and regret." Endeavor, gentle lady, to enter into his feelings, and to admire, and to feel pleased with every thing with which he is pleased. In those bridal moments, your smiles and approbation are delightful to him: and although alterations and improvements may occur to you, let him see it is for the sake of those improvements, not for the sake of finding fault, you point out the defect.

Study your husband's temper and character; and be it your pride and pleasure to conform to his wishes. Check *at once* the *first* advances to contradiction, even of the most *trivial* nature. I repeat the word *trivial*, for it is really inconceivable the power which the veriest trifles have, at times, over the mind, either in irritating or pleasing. And the woman who after a few years are gone by can say, "My husband and I have never yet had a loud or angry debate," is, in my opinion, better entitled to a chaplet of laurels, than the hero who has fought on the plains of Waterloo.

"There is one simple direction, which, if carefully regarded, might long preserve the tranquillity of the married life, and insure no inconsiderable portion of connubial happiness to the observers of it: it is, to *beware of the FIRST dispute*."

An admired writer says, "Let it never be forgotten, that, during the whole of life, beauty must suffer no diminution from inelegance, but every charm must contribute to keep the heart which it has won. Whatever would have been concealed as a defect from the lover, must, with greater diligence, be concealed from the husband. The most intimate and tender familiarity cannot surely be supposed to exclude decorum; and there is naturally a delicacy in every mind, which is disgusted at the breach of it, though every mind is not sufficiently attentive to avoid at all times that mode of conduct which it has often itself found offensive. That unwearied solicitude to please, which was once the effect of choice, is now become a duty, and should be considered as a pleasure."

"E'en in the happiest choice, where favoring Heaven
Has equal love and easy fortune given,
Think not, the husband gain'd, that all is done,
The prize of happiness must still be won."

When once you enter the matrimonial state, gentle lady, prepare for the various trials of temper which each day will produce. Your husband perhaps does, or says, something provoking; your servants do, or say, something provoking;—or some valuable article is injured by their negligence;—a handsome piece of China or glass is broken;—a tiresome visitor comes in at a most *mal-a-propos* moment, and breaks in some matter of consequence. But remember the great Solomon's words: "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." Prov. xvi: 32. By the expression *ruleth his spirit*, the inspired writer's views on the subject are evidently wide and extensive. He alludes to those infirmities of temper and disposition which so often corrode our peace, and make us unamiable and uncomfortable to ourselves and those around us. When the risings of discontent, peevishness, envy, anger, resentment, or any evil passion, disturb or threaten to take possession of our hearts, *then* is the man *that ruleth his spirit* superior in the eyes of the eastern monarch to the hero returning from the battle or the siege, crowned with laurels, and covered with glory! I cannot dismiss this subject without remarking, the very sweet and engaging point of view in which persons appear to me when I see them pliantly yielding their own will to the will of another. A late writer makes the following excellent remark: "Great actions are so often performed from little motives of vanity, self-complacency, and the like, that I am apt to think more highly of the person whom I observe checking a reply to a petulant speech, or even submitting to the judgment of another *in stirring the fire*, than of one who gives away thousands!"

Let your husband be dearer and of more consequence to you than any other human being; and have no hesitation in confessing those feelings to him. Leave father and mother, and brother and sister, and cleave only to him. It is expressly the will of God; for of course the command applies to woman in the same degree as to man. What is any one to you in comparison of your husband? Whom have you a *legal* claim on, gentle lady? Your husband only. Whose *home* have you a *lawful* right to?—whose purse have you a *lawful* claim on?—Your husband's only. In whose house do you feel the sweets of independence? and in whose house can you proudly look round you, and say, "I reign as *mistress* here?"—Your husband's, and your husband's only. Turn then, gentle lady, to your husband: let his interest, his comforts, his wishes, all be yours; and without hesitation give up for his sake all the world besides. There is an old Irish saying, and, like the generality of

Irish sayings, expressive and true, the translation of which is as follows: "He must be a very good-for-nothing, indifferent husband, whose bosom is not the best pillow a woman ever laid her head on."

Endeavor to make your husband's habitation alluring and delightful to him. Let it be to him a sanctuary to which his heart may always turn from the ills and anxieties of life. Make it a repose from his cares, a shelter from the *world*, a *home* not for his person only, but for his *heart*. He may meet with *pleasure* in other houses, but let him find *happiness* in his *own*. Should he be dejected, soothe him; should he be silent and thoughtful, or even peevish, make allowances for the defects of human nature, and, by your sweetness, gentleness, and good humor, urge him continually to *think*, though he may not *say* it, "This woman is indeed a comfort to me. I cannot but love her, and requite such gentleness and affection as they deserve."

I know not two female attractions so captivating to men as delicacy and modesty. Let not the familiar intercourse which marriage produces, banish such powerful charms. On the contrary, this very familiarity should be your strongest excitement in endeavoring to preserve them; and, believe me, the modesty so pleasing in the *bride*, may always, in a great degree, be supported by the *wife*.

"If possible, let your husband suppose you think him a *good* husband, and it will be a strong stimulus to his being so. As long as he thinks he possesses the character, he will take some pains to deserve it: but when he has once lost the name, he will be very apt to abandon the reality altogether." I remember at one time being acquainted with a lady who was married to a very worthy man. Attentive to all her comforts and wishes, he was just what the world calls a very good husband; and yet his manner to his wife was cold and comfortless, and he was constantly giving her *heart*, though never her *reason*, cause to complain of him. But she was a woman of excellent sense, and never upbraided him. On the contrary, he had every cause for supposing she thought him the best husband in the world; and the consequence was, that instead of the jarring and discord which would have been inevitably produced had she been in the habit of finding fault with him, their lives passed on in uninterrupted peace.

I know not any attraction which renders a woman at all times so agreeable to her husband, as cheerfulness or good humor. It possesses the powers ascribed to magic: it gives charms where charms are not; and imparts beauty to the plainest face. Men are naturally more thoughtful and more difficult to amuse and please than women. Full of cares and business, what a relaxation to a man is the cheerful countenance and pleasant voice of the gentle mistress of his home! On the contrary, a gloomy, dissatisfied manner is an antidote to affection; and though a man may not seem to notice it, it is chilling and repulsive to his feelings, and he will be very

apt to seek elsewhere for those smiles and that cheerfulness which he finds not in his own house.

In the article of dress, study your husband's taste, and endeavor to wear what he thinks becomes you best. The opinion of others on this subject is of very little consequence, if *he* approves.

Make yourself as useful to him as you can, and let him see you employed as much as possible in *economical* avocations.

At dinner, endeavor to have his favorite dish dressed and served up in the manner he likes best. In observing such trifles as these, believe me, gentle lady, you study your own comfort just as much as his.

Perhaps your husband may occasionally bring home an unexpected guest to dinner. This is not at all times convenient. But beware, gentle lady, beware of frowns. Your fare at dinner may be scanty, but make up for the deficiency by smiles and good humor. It is an old remark, "Cheerfulness in the host is always the surest and most agreeable mode of welcome to the guest." Perhaps, too, unreasonable visitors may intrude, or some one not particularly welcome may come to spend a few days with you. Trifling as these circumstances may be, they require a command of feeling and temper; but remember, as you journey on, inclination must be continually sacrificed; and recollect also, that the *true* spirit of hospitality lies, (as an old writer remarks,) not in giving great dinners and sumptuous entertainments, but in receiving with kindness and cheerfulness those who *come* to you, and those who *want* your assistance.

Endeavor to feel pleased with your husband's bachelor friends. It always vexes and disappoints a man when his wife finds fault with his favorites—the favorites and companions of his youth, and probably those to whom he is bound not only by the ties of friendship, but by the cords of gratitude.

THE CHRISTIAN'S CONFIDENCE.

When the spark of life is waning,
Weep not for me;
When the languid eye is straining,
Weep not for me;
When the feeble pulse is ceasing,
Start not at its swift decreasing—
'Tis the fettered soul's releasing:
Weep not for me.

When the pangs of death assail me,
Weep not for me;
Christ is mine—He cannot fail me,
Weep not for me:
Yes, though sin and doubt endeavor
From his love my soul to sever,
Jesus is my strength for ever!
Weep not for me.

CHILDHOOD.

BY THE EDITOR.

"The Child is Father to the Man."

EVERY thing is beautiful in its place. All things are unlovely when they are out of place and out of season. God shows his adherence to this principle in all His works, in the world around. The same order He has introduced into human society; indeed He has constructed society according to this order; and we find it in the family, in the state, and in the church. He has assigned a place to husbands and wives, to parents and children, to rulers and subjects, to ministers and members. When this order is observed, and each one stands and acts in his sphere, there is harmony, energy, efficiency, and success. Where this order is violated there is confusion, weakness, and failure.

Society at present seems to suffer from a spirit which would reverse the divine order in these things. There is a restlessness in the different members of society to be active out of their own proper sphere, and to overlook the duties which belong to it.

This spirit has taken hold, especially in towns, even of little boys and girls. Boys would be men, and little girls would be young ladies. There is a certain humble deference and modest reserve, which belongs properly to childhood, and which gives it great beauty and attractiveness. It is not easy to describe it; but every one knows what it is, and how well it becomes children. Children who possess it are easily governed, docile, and kind. They are amiable towards their parents, and courteous toward all with whom they are brought in contact; and when they grow up in that spirit they become, among the young, ornaments and favorites. Every one must, however, have observed that a spirit, where all this is absent, reigns to a great extent at present in the ranks of childhood. There is, in many instances, boldness, assurance, and forwardness; and this, if it progresses in the same direction, soon grows into rudeness, impertinence, and impudence. How many sad examples of this degeneracy meet us almost every day! We need hardly say that where this spirit prevails, all that is lovely in childhood is lost; and a course is entered upon which must, if not arrested, end in ruin.

If we should say that this evil is, to a great extent, the result of a lack of discipline on the part of parents, we should speak the truth, and yet not all the truth. It is owing to this, in part; but chiefly it betrays a lack of a true christian spirit in the family. Where the lovely spirit of piety does not reign in the family it cannot reign in the hearts of children. Instead of being molded by the mild and gentle influences of home, they will be molded by

the coarseness and rudeness of the street. The rough spirit of outdoor freedom will soon make them impatient to parental restraint and discipline, even when it is attempted to exercise it. They will imbibe a spirit of independence, which pleases nature, and this will soon gain supremacy over every gentler influence. The rude words and conduct which pass between them and their companions will soon be used to repel every attempt at the exercise of parental authority; and parents find too late that their own influence over their children is lost, hopelessly lost.

The case of such children becomes almost hopeless. This spirit of boldness, when it is found in childhood, is scarcely ever lost in youth. The rude boy, soon becomes the swaggering youth; and dead to all the finer feelings, he soon learns to take pride in his own shame. Is not this dreadful picture realized in the case of hundreds. When their habits are once fixed, reformation becomes almost hopeless. Can an Ethiopian change his skin, and a leopard his spots, then shall they learn to do well who have been accustomed to do evil.

Let parents be awake in time, to the true interests of their children. Prompt action in training the boy may save the man. Ease and carelessness on the part of parents have been the ruin of many children. It is heavenly wisdom which says: Train up a child in the way it should go, and when it is old it will not depart from it. Let God have the little boys and girls, and He will have the young men and women.

MOTHER, HOME AND HEAVEN.

In the holy hush of night, Mother,
A vision came to me;
In floating robes and trembling light,
And whispered me of thee.
I felt a soft kiss on my brow,
Like that which you had given—
And heard the dear words in mine ear
Of Mother, Home and Heaven.

It whispered me of by-gone hours,
Of your sad eyes and mild,
When last you parted, bathed in tears,
From me, your wayward child;
And how we talked 'neath the moon's clear light
On that fair, cloudless even—
And how I vowed I'd ne'er forget,
My Mother, Home and Heaven.

And I will strive, my Mother dear,
To keep my childhood's trust;
And where thy sainted form is laid
Beneath the hallowed dust—
I'll kneel upon the sacred mound
And pray to be forgiven;
That I may soar, when death shall come,
To Mother, Home and Heaven.

Our Monthly Retrospect.

CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

This number of The Guardian closes the sixth volume, and is the last in which the "Monthly Retrospect" will appear. In parting with the friends of The Guardian, in this connection, we feel it to be our duty to improve the occasion by speaking a word in behalf of a Periodical whose mission is the noble one of seeking the literary, moral and religious interests of the young men and women of our country. For six years The Guardian has pursued its quiet and unpretending way in the work of disseminating a pure and elevating literature—in furnishing food for mind and heart without pandering to a vitiated taste or corrupt passions. Discarding all idle fiction and exciting romance, the aim of the Editor has been to make its pages true, pure, fresh, healthy, and animated, "as the morning of life in which the young have their being." It seeks to encourage self-culture and to lead to the useful improvement of leisure time. It urges the claims of early piety and seeks to aid in making it intelligent, consistent, and lovely. Having no denominational bias, The Guardian advocates no religious peculiarities, but moves in the free element of its motto—"LIFE, LIGHT, LOVE." Moving in this path, at once humble and noble, the history of The Guardian for the past six years has become a fact among the literary experiments of the day. It has been established on a permanent basis and rejoices in a list of patrons composed of the good and true, among the young men and women of this and adjoining States, of which the Editor and Publisher have just reason to feel proud.

The experience of the past has inspired the Publisher with encouragement for the future. He has completed arrangements for presenting the new volume, commencing in January, in a much improved form. The type with which it will be printed has been cast expressly for this purpose, and while it will allow an increased space for reading matter, it will be much more pleasing to the eye than that now used.

The paper used for the next volume will be of a very superior quality, much heavier and whiter, thus adding materially to the general neatness of the monthly numbers and considerably increasing the size of the bound volume. Other improvements will be made as may suggest themselves in making up the forms. In a word, we can assure the reader that it is the determination of the Publisher to make The Guardian one of the handsomest, as the Editor will make it one of the very best, magazines which can be had in the country for the extremely low rate at which it is furnished to subscribers.

And, kind patrons, we ask you to remember that all these improvements, made for your gratification and instruction, involve a heavy expenditure of money, and can only be justified by an increase of its subscription list and a punctual renewal of old subscribers. If every one who is familiar with the character of The Guardian, and who feels interested in the dissemination of a pure literature, will constitute himself or herself an agent to solicit an additional subscriber, the Publisher will not only be remunerated for his outlay, but the influence of the magazine for good will be doubled. Will you not do this? Can you not spare at least one day, or an hour, to be spent in so good a work? We know you can and believe you will. In this number you will find a copy of the Prospectus for 1856. May we not ask you to take it out among your friends and solicit their names? By procuring five new subscribers, with \$5 cash, you will be entitled to a sixth copy for yourself, your Pastor, or a friend, without any charge, for one year.

As already intimated, the Retrospect closes with this number. The space it has heretofore occupied will be filled with matter similar to that in the body of the work, and which we feel assured will be more acceptable to the reader than what we have been able, under the circumstances of the past year, to offer them. We therefore conclude by again urging every one who reads this

paragraph to renew his own subscription and solicit his neighbor to subscribe, feeling entirely safe in pledging ourself that at the end of the year they will find it to have been one of the most satisfactory dollar investments he ever made. G.

THE LADIES.—Among the most efficient workers for The Guardian heretofore, we take pleasure in naming our female friends as the most prominent. We thank them cordially for what they have done in the past, feeling assured that they will not relax their efforts in behalf of the Guardian for the future.

"A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR."—Such is our earnest wish to each and every one of our readers: but while we wish merriness to every heart and happiness to every family circle, there are suggestions which we would make and thoughts that we would awake in the minds and hearts of all who feel a Humanity living within them. The approaching holidays will be a season of mirth and gladness to many—we trust to all—whose eye may chance upon these pages; but how many, alas! are these who will enjoy no merry Christmas and whose eyes will not open upon the light of a happy New Year! The poor have no Christmas—for through He in honor of whom the day was named was poor himself—born in a stable and cradled in a manger, having not whereon to lay his head—though he suffered and died for the poor as well as the affluent—how often are the poor overlooked and neglected by those who are blessed with an abundance of this world's goods. Our Saviour has said that if we give a cup of cold water to one of these little ones in his name we shall have our reward—that whatever good acts we do to his children he will regard it as having been done unto himself—and who is there among the many readers of The Guardian that would not rejoice in that blessed welcome—"Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into thy reward!"

When you sit in your warm and comfortable home, around the Christmas table groaning beneath the necessities and luxuries of life, oh, remember how many on that natal day of the Poor Man's Christ may be suffering with cold and hunger, and living without hope in the world! When your children gather around their gay Christmas tree, and your heart is cheered

with their joyous, innocent prattle, pause in the fullness of your heart and cast a thought over the many poor children who instead of shouting over a merry Christmas are crying over the miseries of poverty and orphanage. Nor stop you here. Not only cast a thought but open your heart and give liberally in their behalf. "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord," and that man or woman who refuses or neglects to contribute of their means—of which God has graciously made them his steward—can not lay claim to the title of Christian. If you wish to have a truly happy Christmas make some other heart happy beside yours. Then you will have cause in after years to remember at least one holiday with gratitude.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—It is desirable that all persons desiring to make any change in our subscription list, either by renewal, procuring new subscribers, or discontinuance, should do so before the printing of the January number. The publisher hopes that all old subscribers will not only renew their subscriptions but interest themselves in procuring new ones.

NO WAR YET.—The "sound and fury" indulged in by the London Times, about a war between England and America, has turned out as we expected—to "signify nothing." The great "thunderer" has a tremendous influence over Europe—more, perhaps, than all other newspapers on the continent combined—but it is a significant fact that this influence falls far short of the power to provoke the English people to a war with their Anglo-Saxon brethren of this country. The principles of christianity, it is to be hoped, have taken too deep a hold in the hearts of the English and American people ever to allow their respective governments to embroil themselves in a cruel and destructive war, about some "vague, uncertain and undefined pretext."

THE ORGANIZATION OF CONGRESS is becoming the most interesting and exciting topic of discussion in political circles. The first great question will be the admission or rejection of Gov. Reeder, as Delegate. On the decision of Congress in this question will no doubt turn the future fate of Kansas. The Constitutional Convention of Kansas, which has just concluded its labors, has agreed upon a constitution excluding Slavery from the new State.

